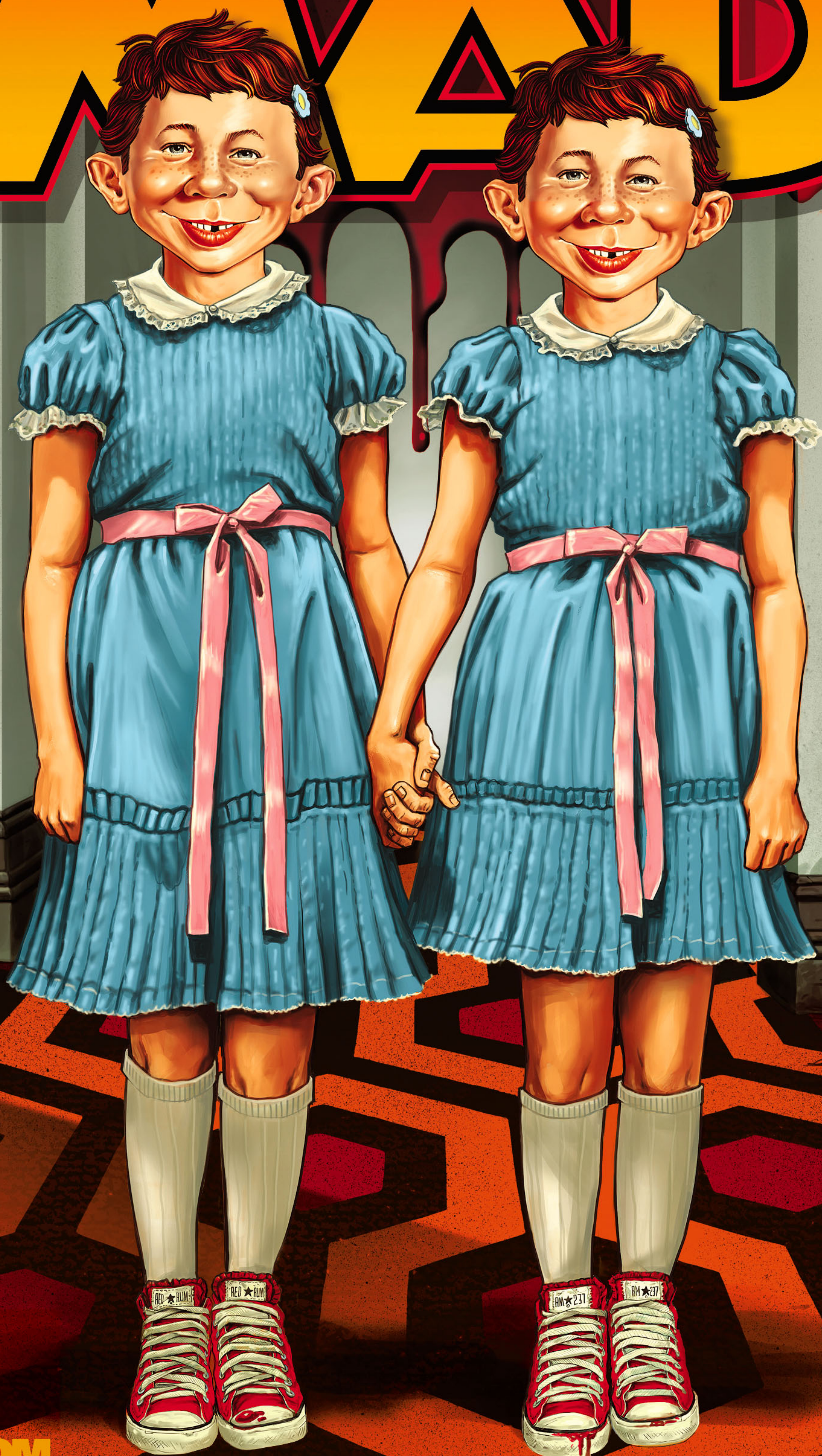


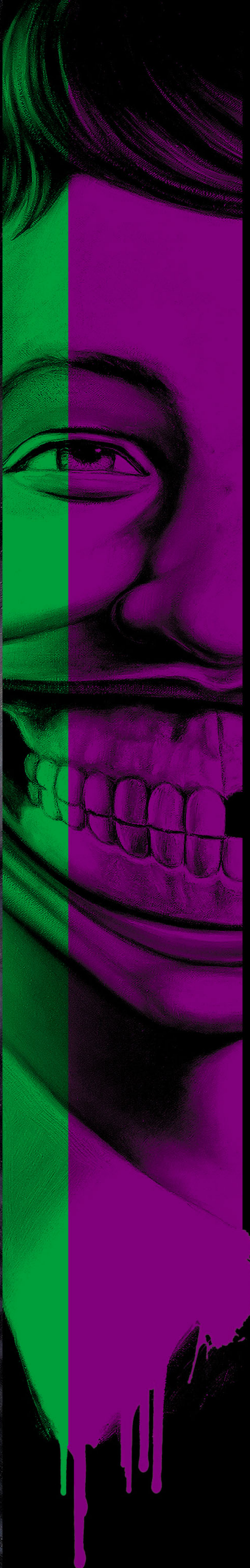
MARIA BAMFORD • BRIAN POSEHN • SVENGOOLIE
SPECIAL HAUNTED HUMOR ISSUE!

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THE USUAL GANG OF IDIOTS

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INSIDE BACK COVER Another Ridiculous Fold-In by Al Jaffee
BACK COVER Don't Die This Halloween!!!
VARIOUS PLACES Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragonés
COVER ARTIST Gary Pullin

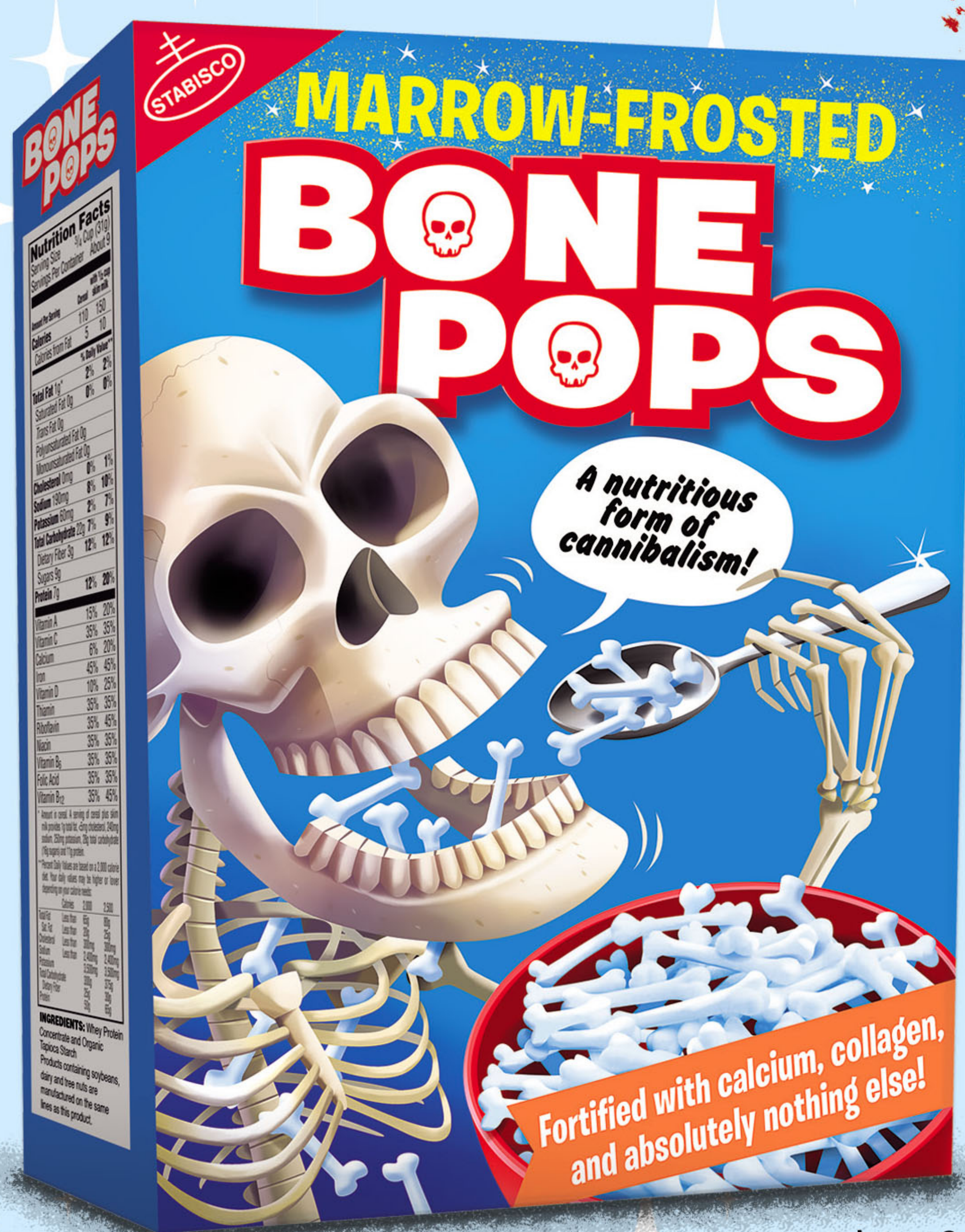
Remember the good old days of spooky breakfast kibble like Count Chocula and Franken Berry? Back when cereal was 100 percent sugar, dental work was affordable, and your free toothbrush at the dentist came with a little bottle of laudanum? Those days (and teeth) may be long gone, but what's important is that you've refused to move on. With that in mind, we've dug up some old...

REJECTED MONSTER CEREALS

WRITER **JEFF KRUSE** ARTIST **DEAN MACADAM**



FDA REJECTION "High probability of children choking on/being cursed by free toys."



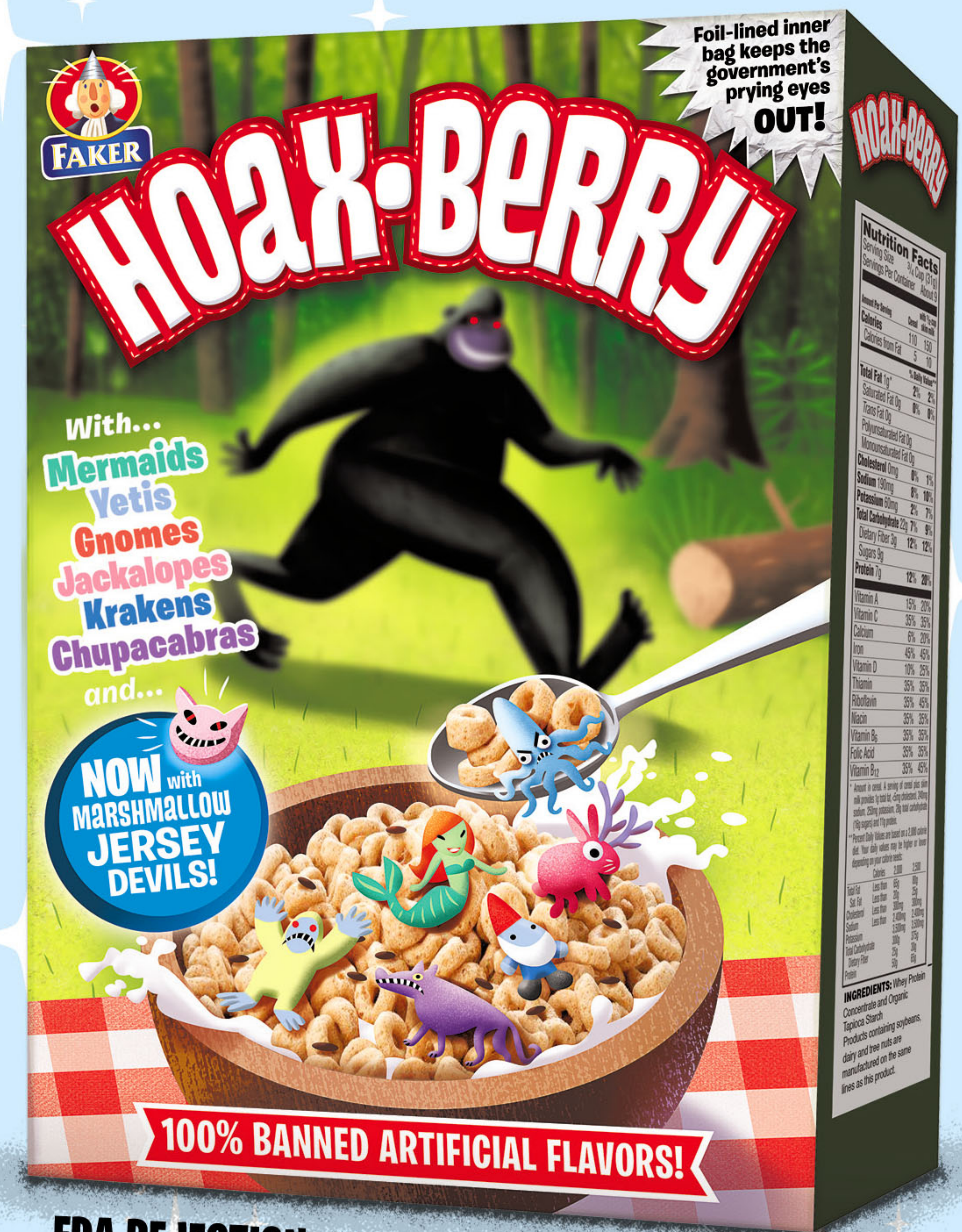
FDA REJECTION "These are literally just bones. Manufacturer is not even trying."



FDA REJECTION "Even in our dimly lit offices, the box screamed when we opened it."



FDA REJECTION "All FDA testers mysteriously found naked and dead."



FDA REJECTION "Found to have more than double the amount of rat feces allowed."



FDA REJECTION "Marshmallow brown recluses full of real spider eggs."



FDA REJECTION "Results in outer demons in the bathroom, if you know what we mean."



Self-esteem—so important, yet so hard to come by. Luckily, almost everything in the world is such a hot mess right now that your own personal loser-ness doesn't seem so bad by comparison! Read on for examples of how to scrape together some thumbs-up ego boosting with...

Sad New Ways to Feel Good About Yourself



I got the Loan for the storage pod to keep all of MY unfinished craft projects in!



The picture of MY fingers before they were reattached got seventeen LIKES!



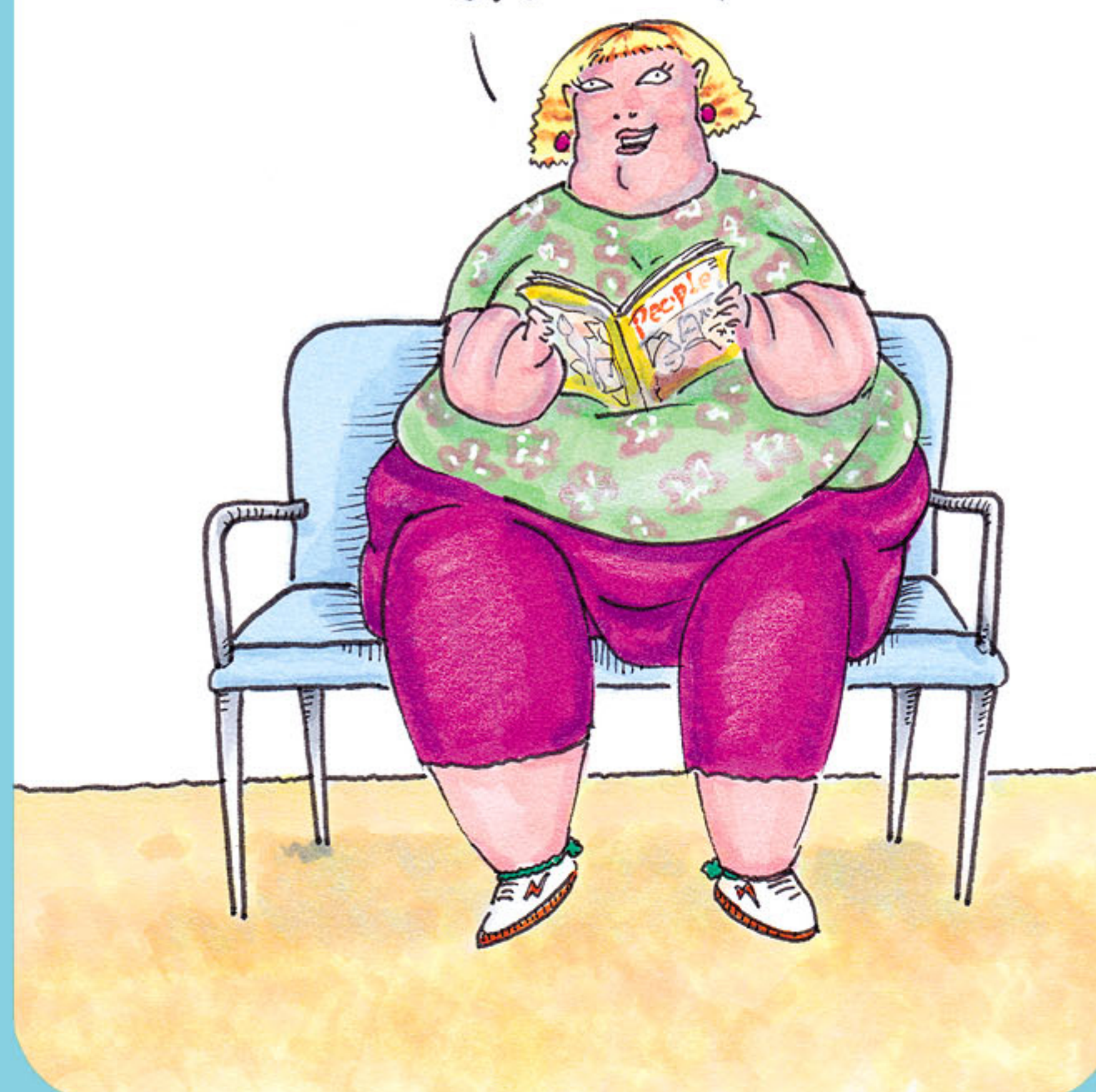
I cut back to using only three jumbo, nonrecyclable styrofoam cups a day!



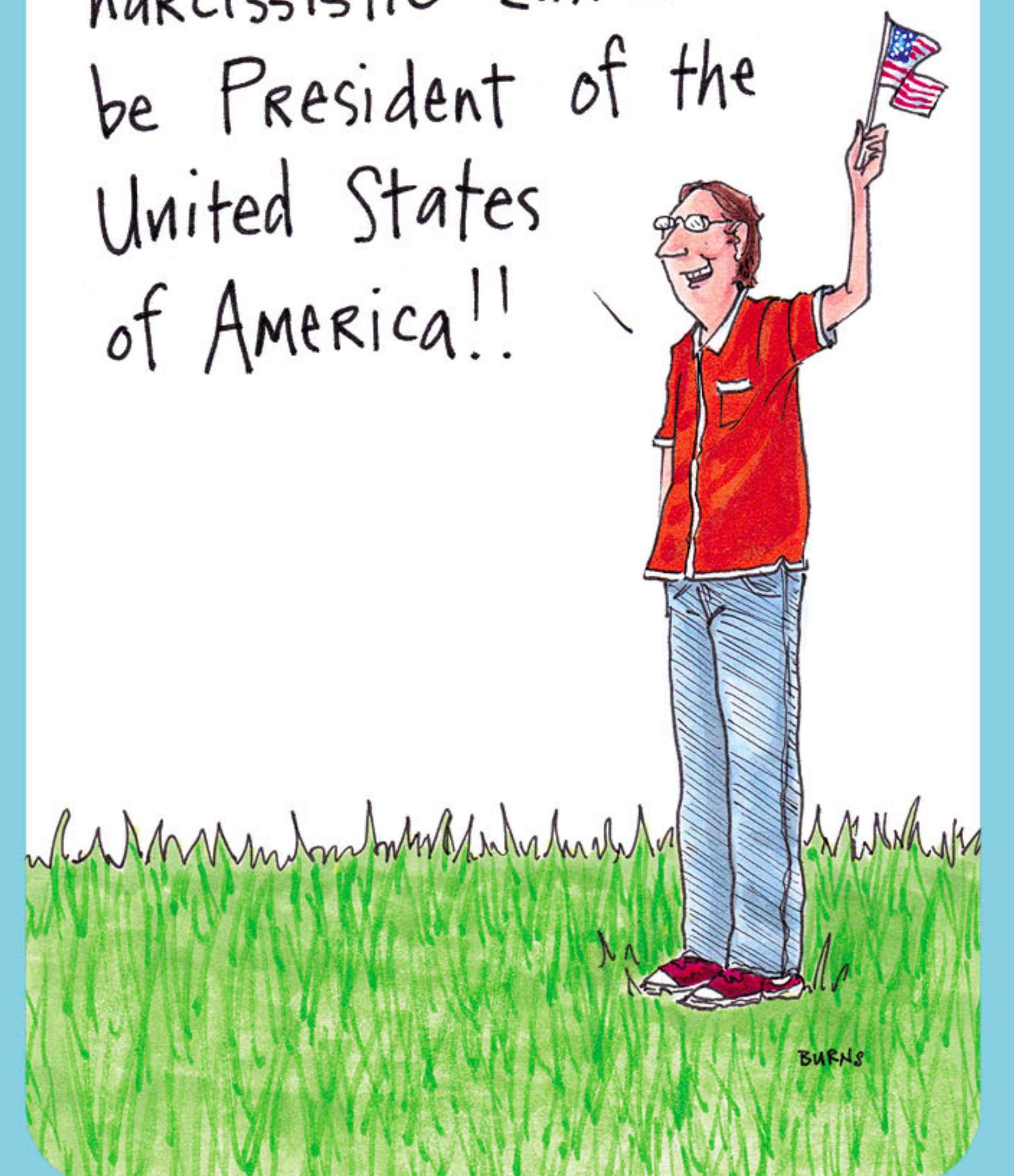
This credit card gives me 1% Rewards each time I add to MY staggering debt!!



Huh! My ass doesn't even totally fill up these new double-wide waiting room chairs!



I did NOT vote for a narcissistic Lunatic to be President of the United States of America!!





We take jabs at movies and television, and there's nothing we love more than a TV show that takes swipes at movies! So pardon us as we pop in on a classic character's weekly broadcast!

We interrupt this magazine with a program from MehTV, your home for moth-eaten television.

Hey, folks! Tonight we'll be watching a movie where everyone's down for the count. **Count Dracula**, that is!

My, I'll bet you monsters lead **innnteresting** lives!

Never mind! Y'know, I have a lot in common with Dracula. We buy our coffins at the same **hole-sale** store, **Tomb Depot**! And I've been told I **suck** the life out of a room!

You stole my joke!

During casting of the 1931 film, there was a rumor **W.C. Fields** was up for the part of Dracula's mortal enemy, **Van Helsing**. But the studio was worried he'd never give a **sucker** an even break!

That's the same joke!

Anyway, the film stars **Bela Lugosi**, who at the time was looking for a role he could **sink his teeth** into!

Did you know **Bela Lugosi** is Portuguese for "**beautiful lug**"?

That's ri--huh? Well, it is true that Dracula feasted on **people**, but he also enjoyed fruit, like a **blood orange** or a **neck-tarine**! He also liked **vein-illa** ice cream! After all, the only thing worse than being "**hangry**" is being "**fangry**."

STOP!

MehTV

WRITER IAN BOOTHBY
ARTIST TOM RICHMOND



Aaaah! Ow! Okay, I'm going to relax in my Dracuzzi while you enjoy a film that really bites--Tod Browning's classic, *Dracula*!



This is very old. I hope you like it.

Aren't you drinking?

I never drink... wine. Unless it's Gallo. See what I did there?

Yeah, I get it. Gallo's humor!



Killing helpless villagers was bad enough, but serving red wine with fish? You diabolical fiend!

What the what now?

SPLORTZ!



There's only room in this town for one bat-man!

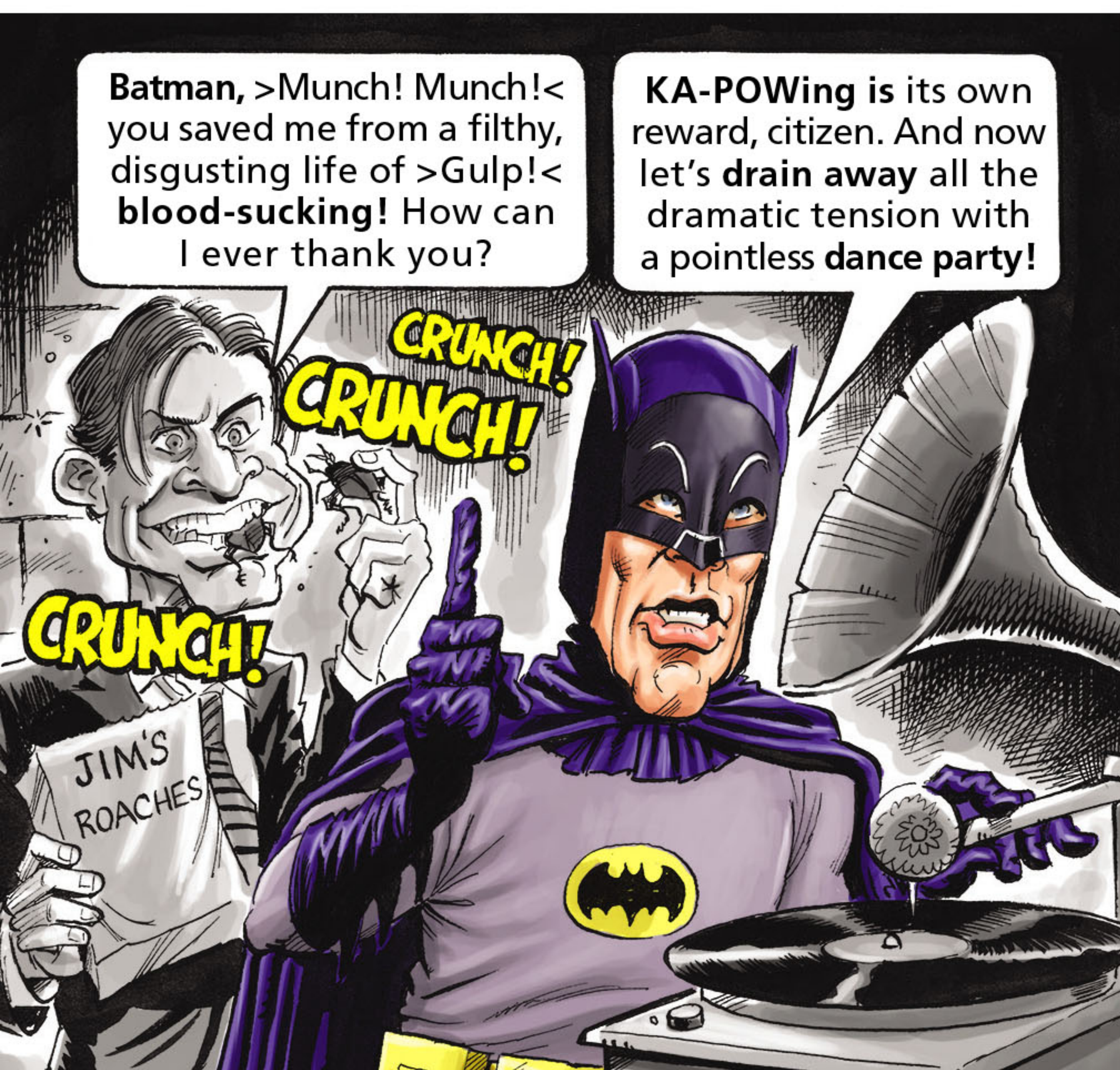
Nonsense! This town consists of one castle and a dozen villagers, tops! It can easily accommodate--say, where did you get that fabulous cape?



FALSE TEETH ARE LIKE VAMPIRES, THEY ONLY COME OUT AT NIGHT!

Joseph A. Blood-Bank! And if you didn't care for that punchline, how about this one?

KA-POW!



Batman, >Munch! Munch!< you saved me from a filthy, disgusting life of >Gulp!< blood-sucking! How can I ever thank you?

KA-POWing is its own reward, citizen. And now let's drain away all the dramatic tension with a pointless dance party!

CRUNCH! CRUNCH!

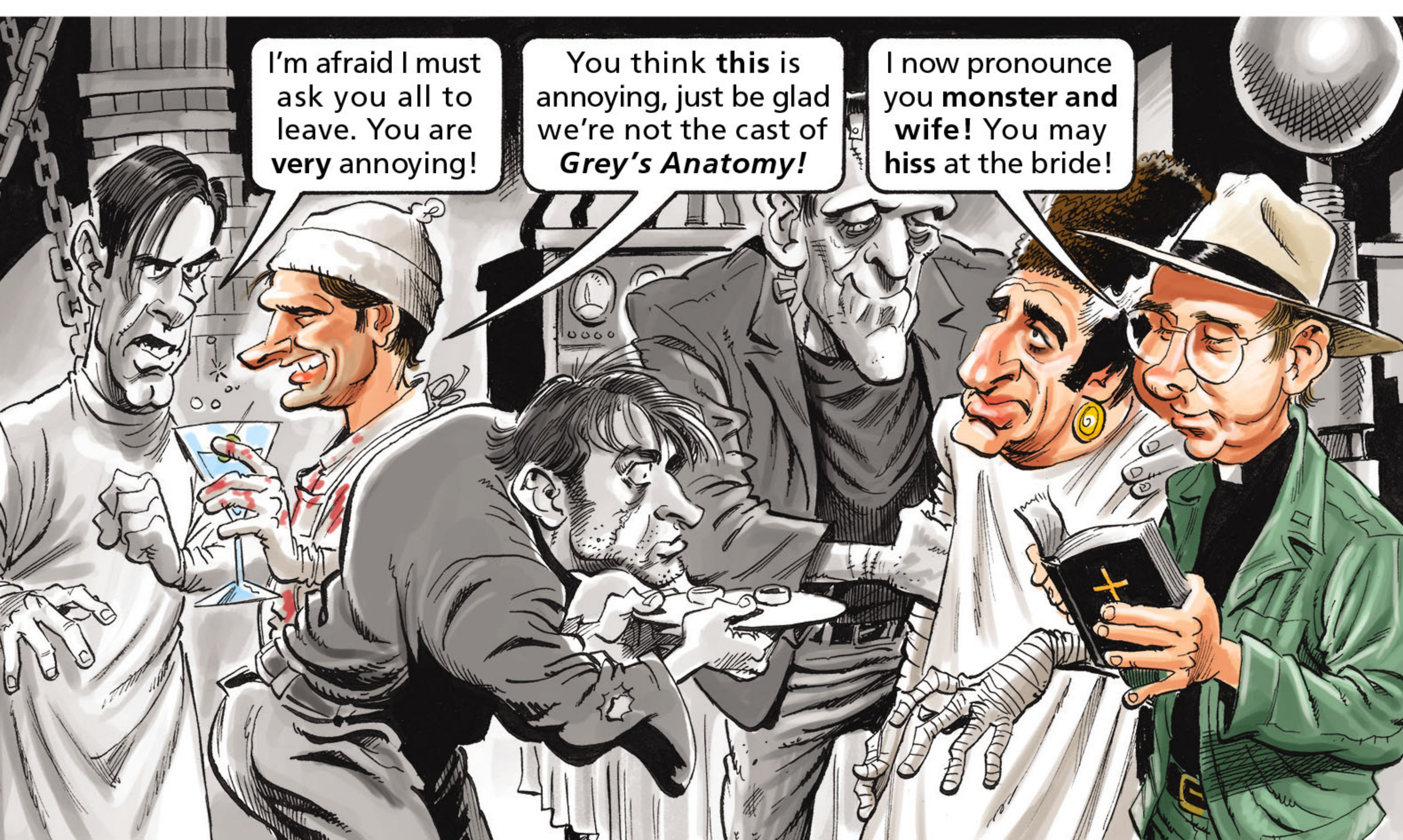
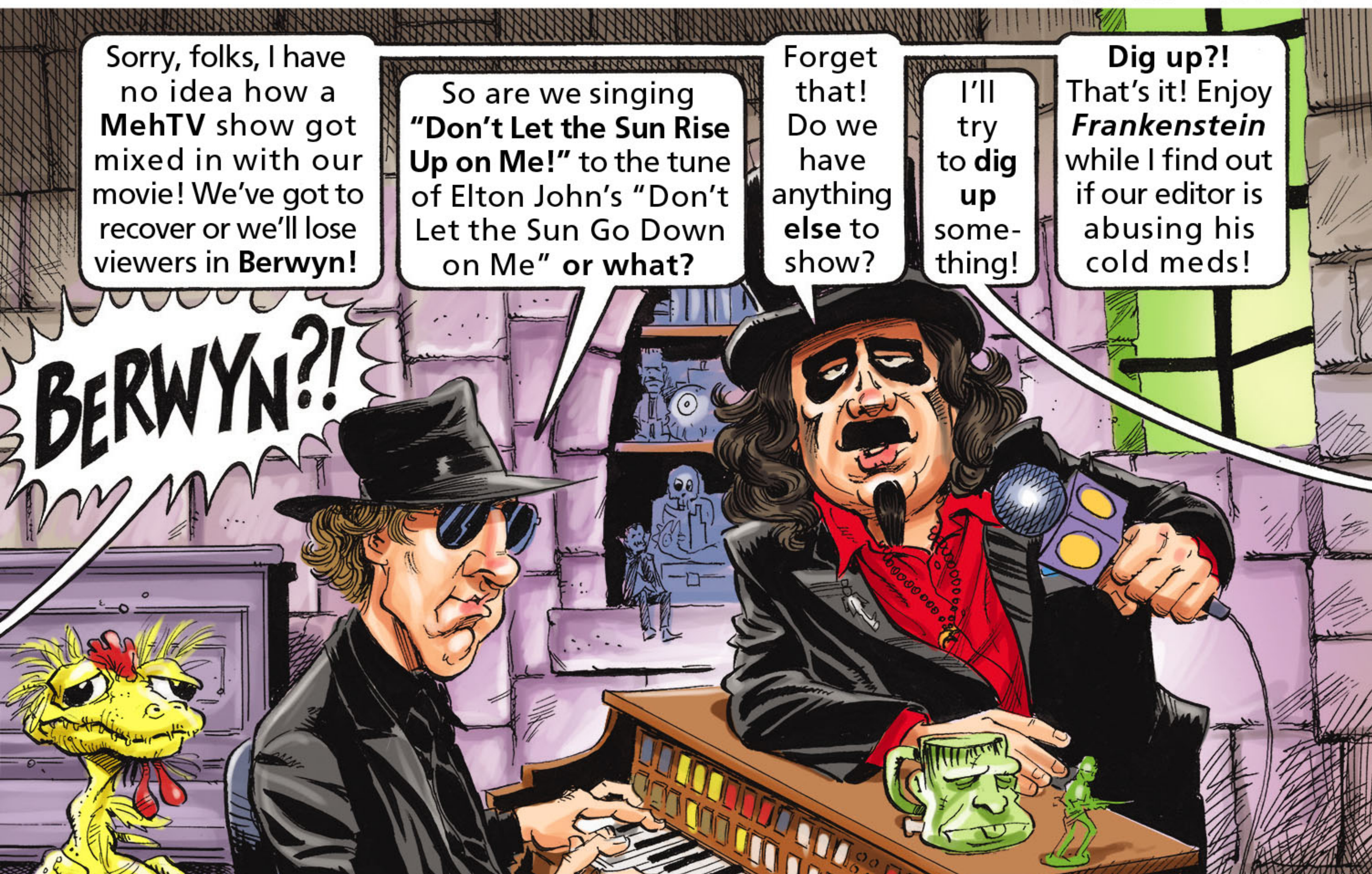
CRUNCH!

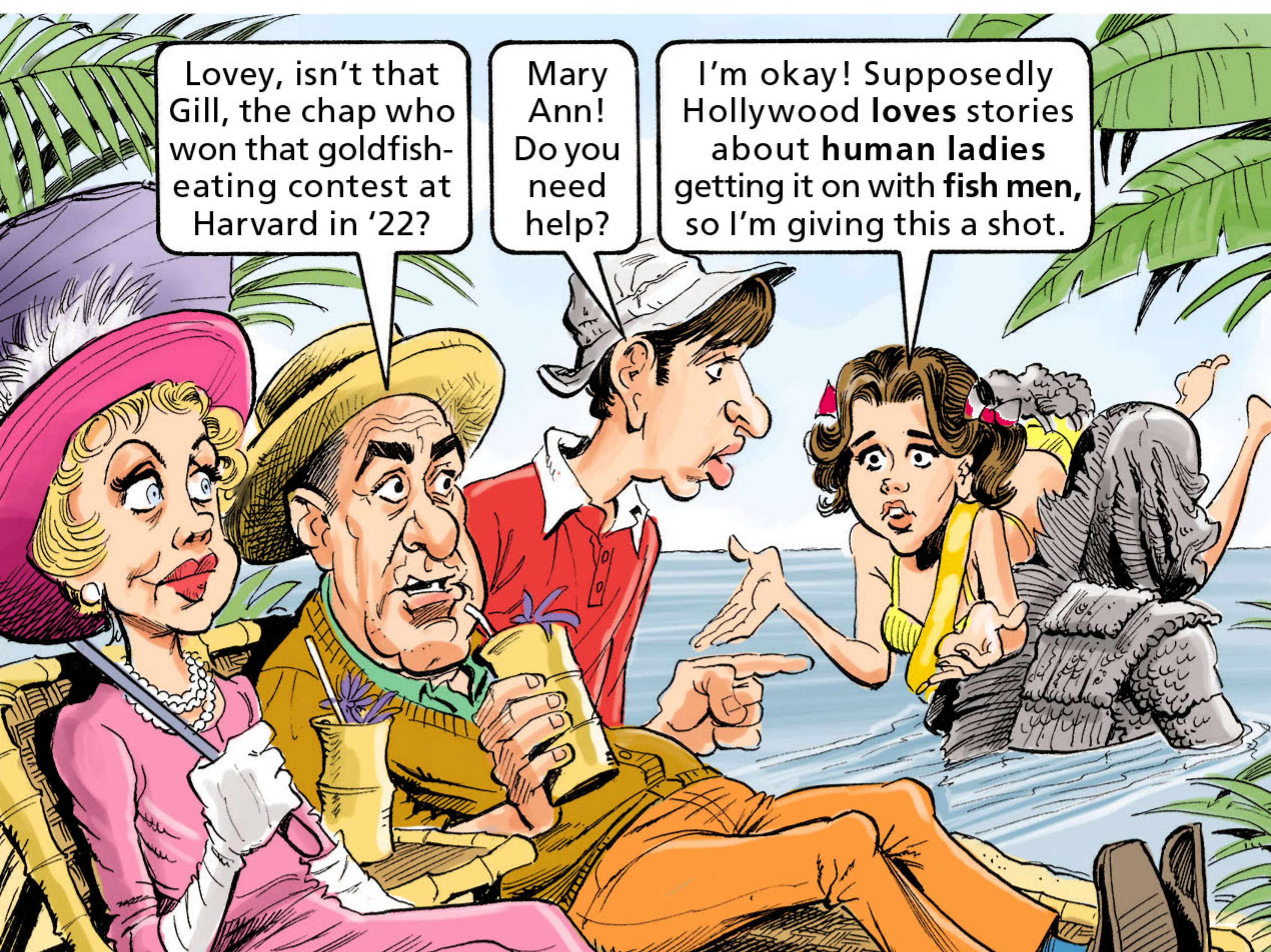
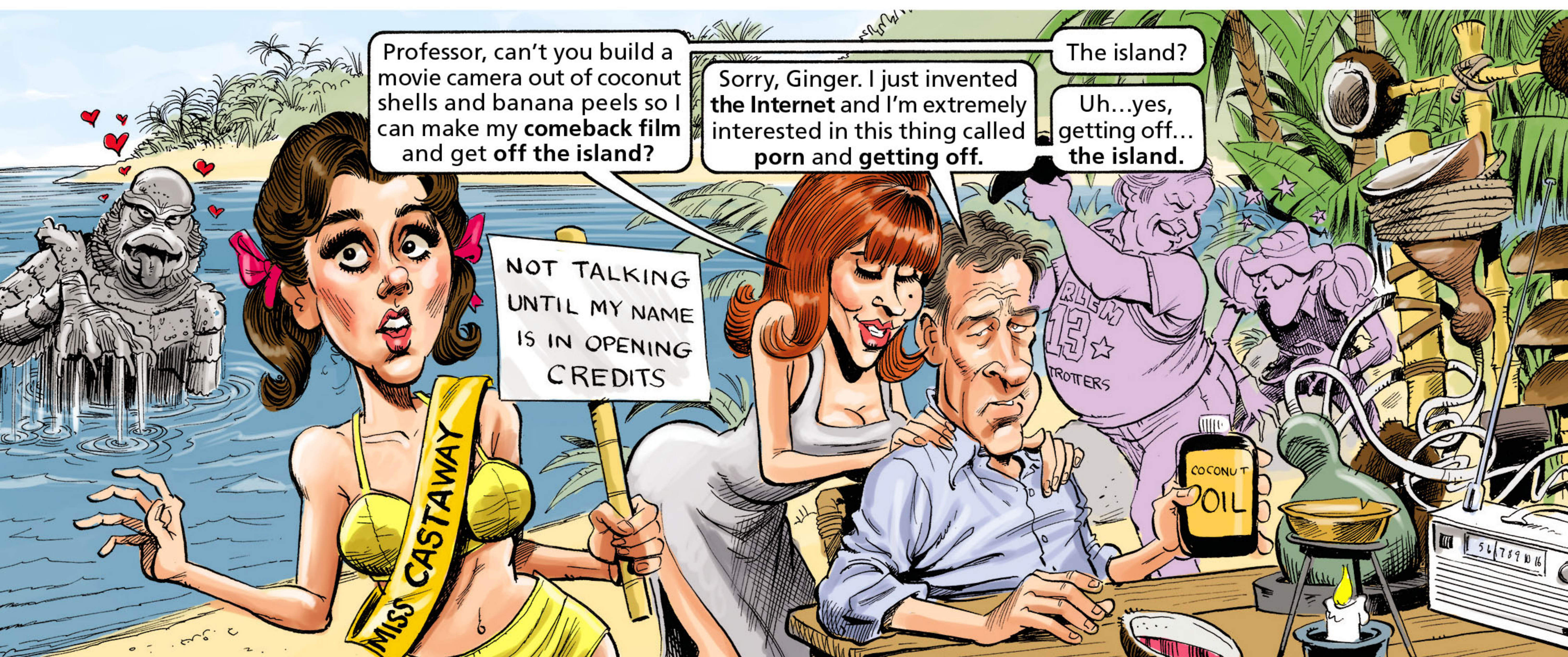
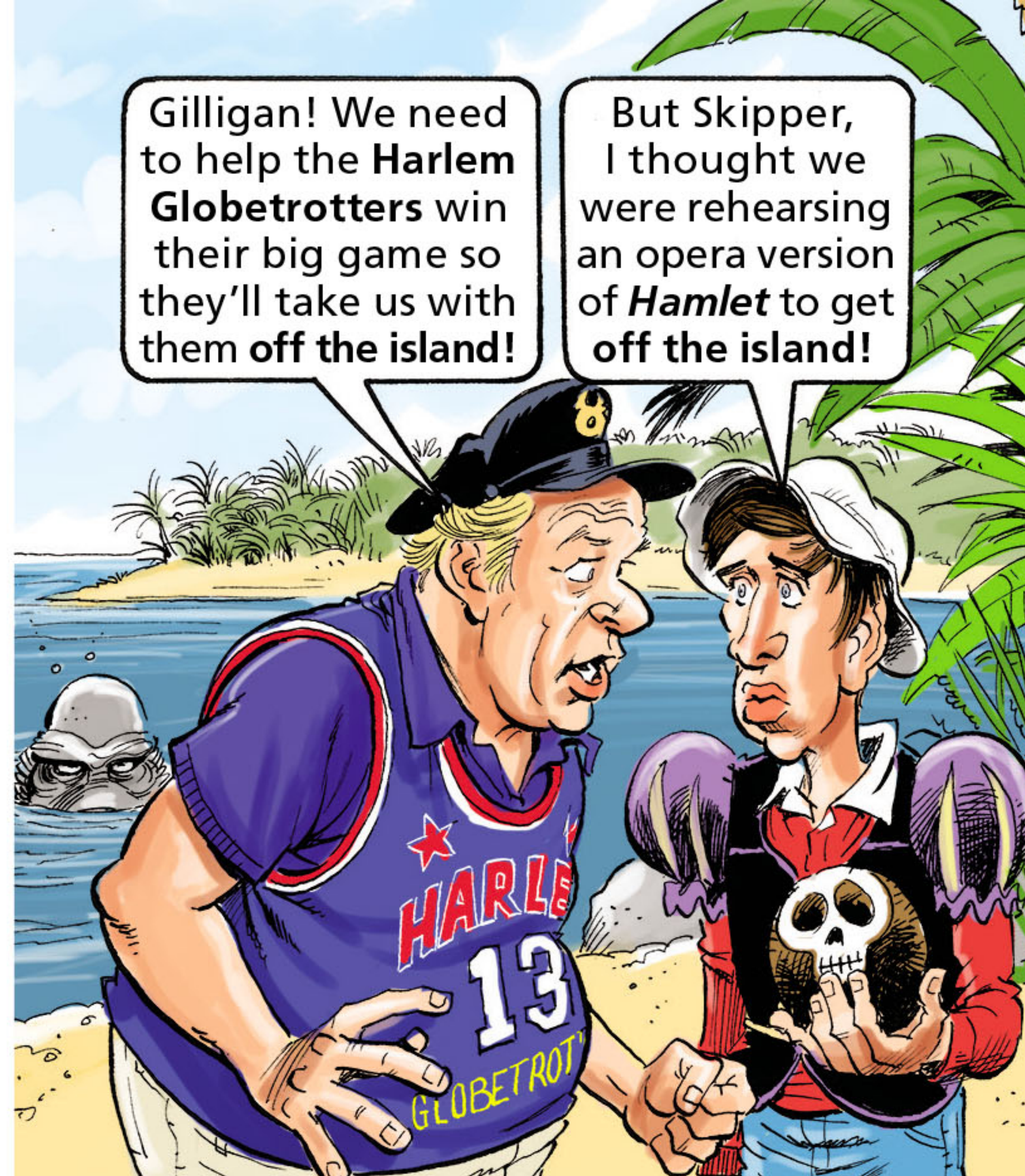
JIM'S ROACHES



Whatever happened to my Transylvania Twist?

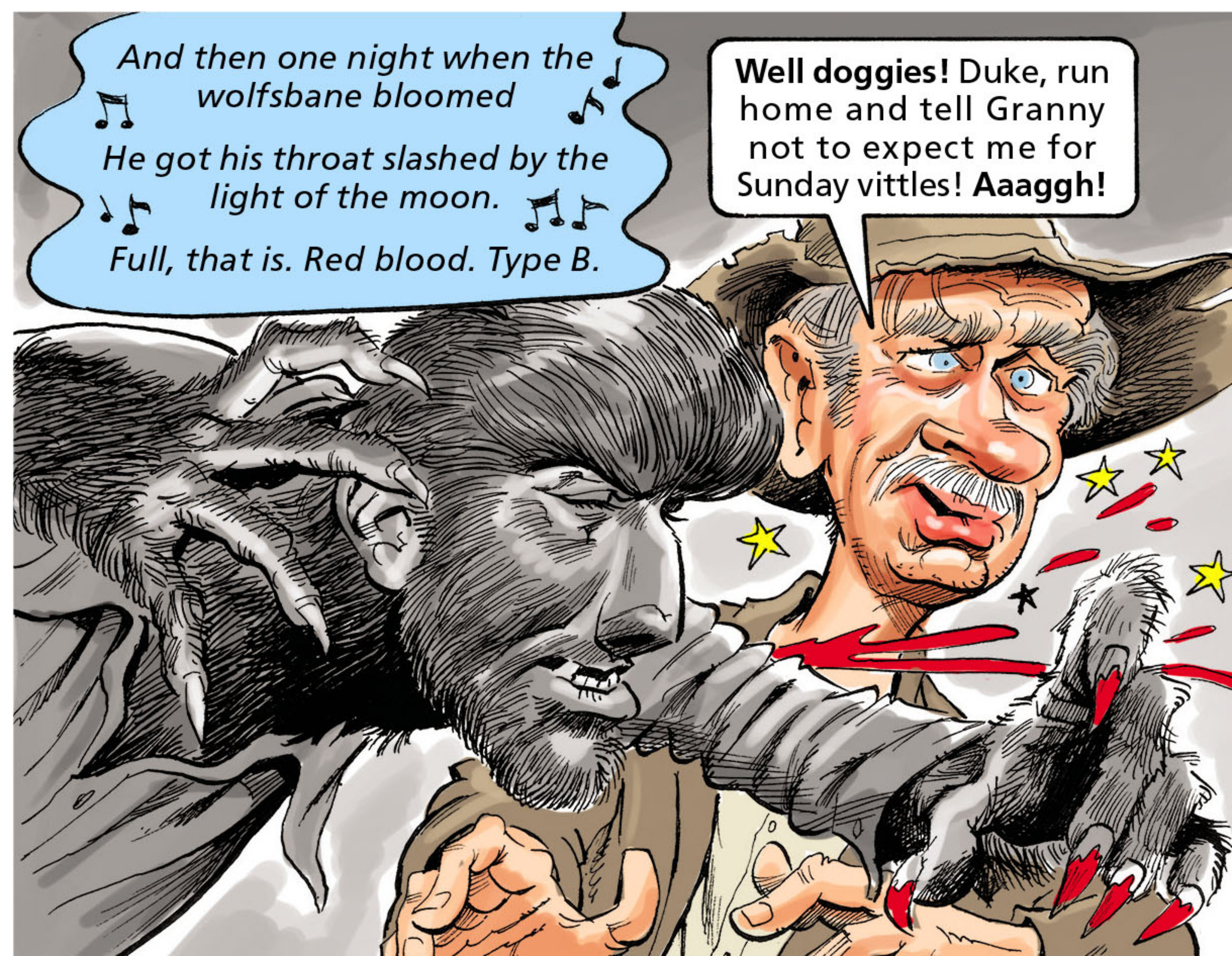
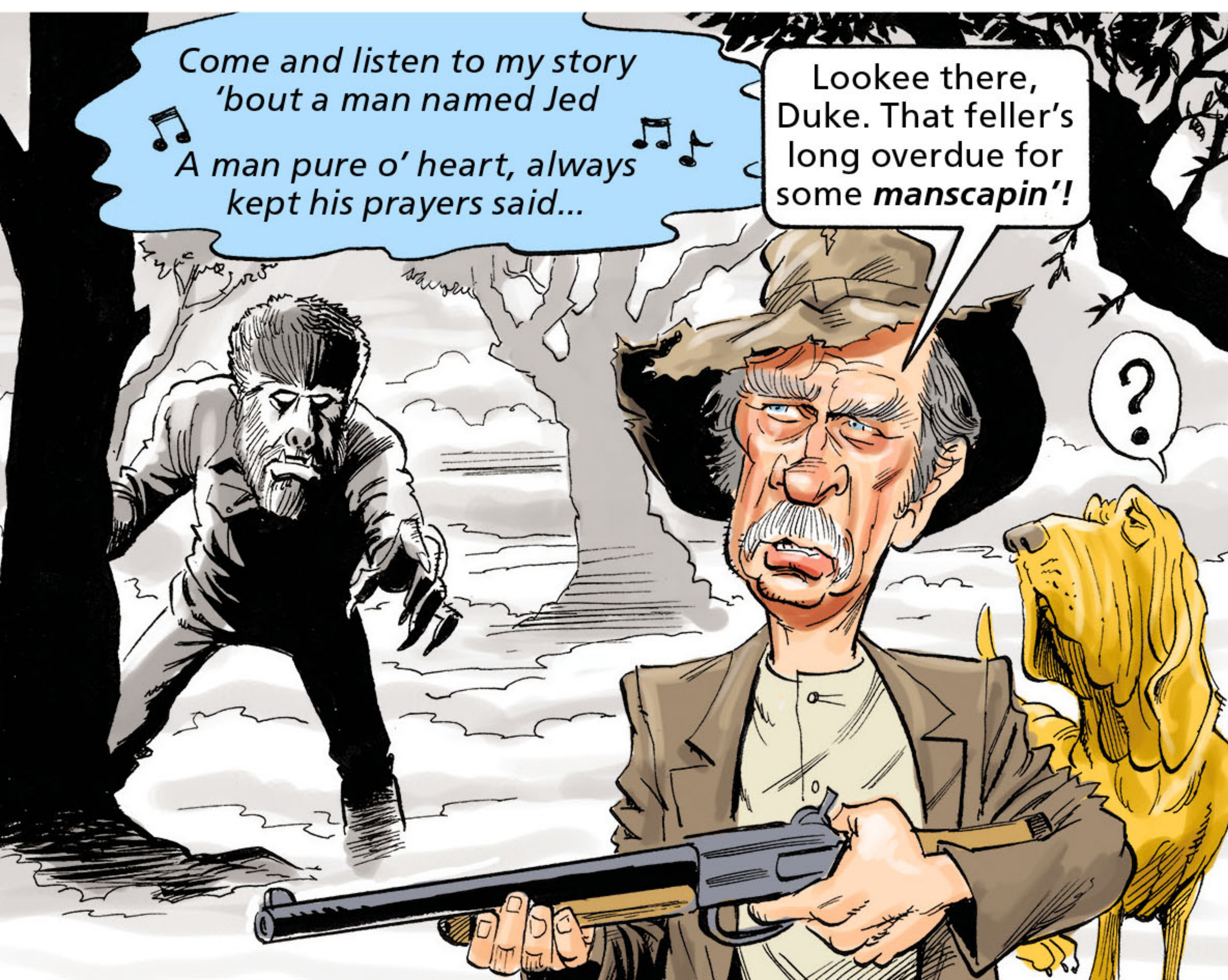
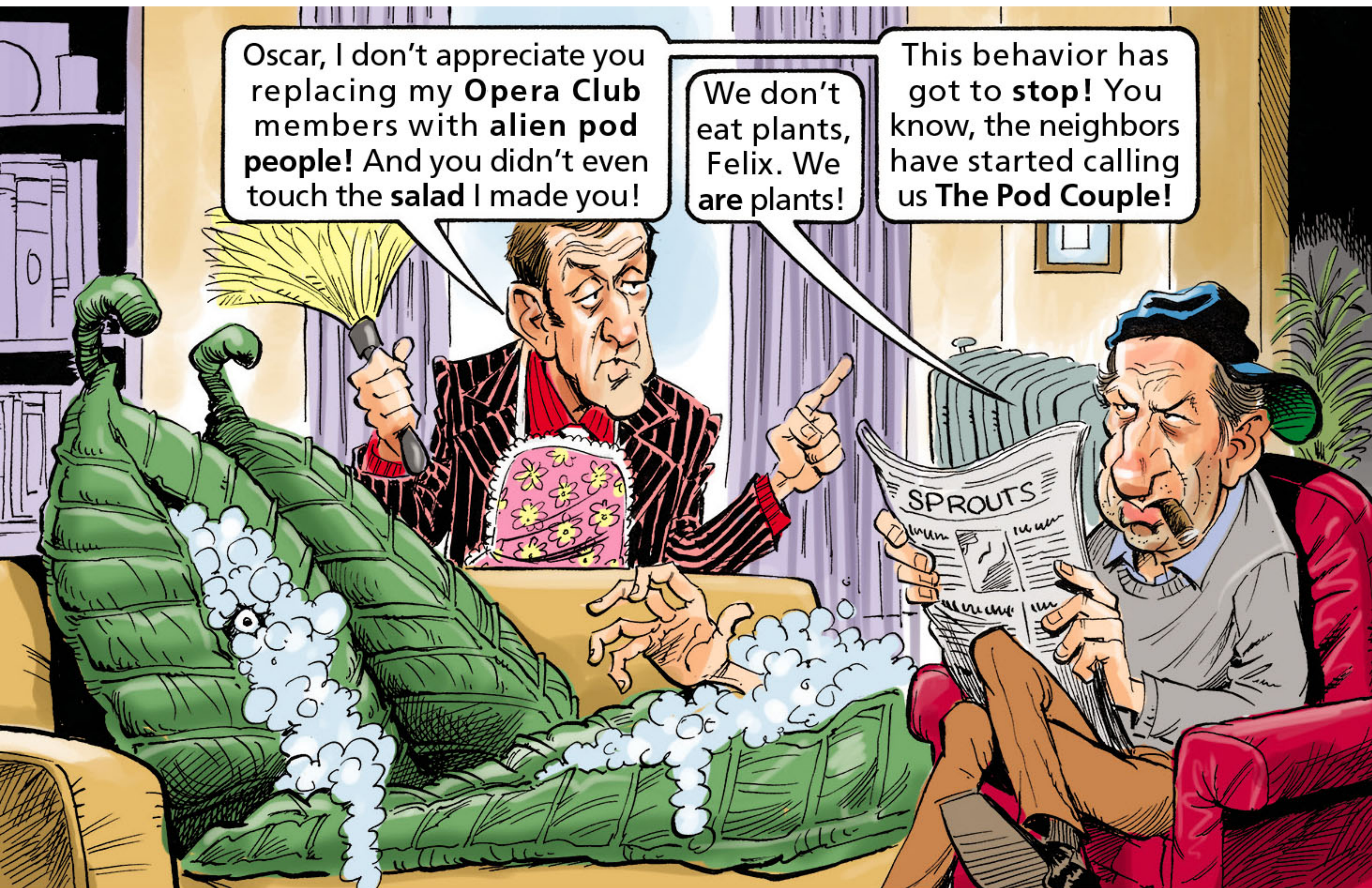
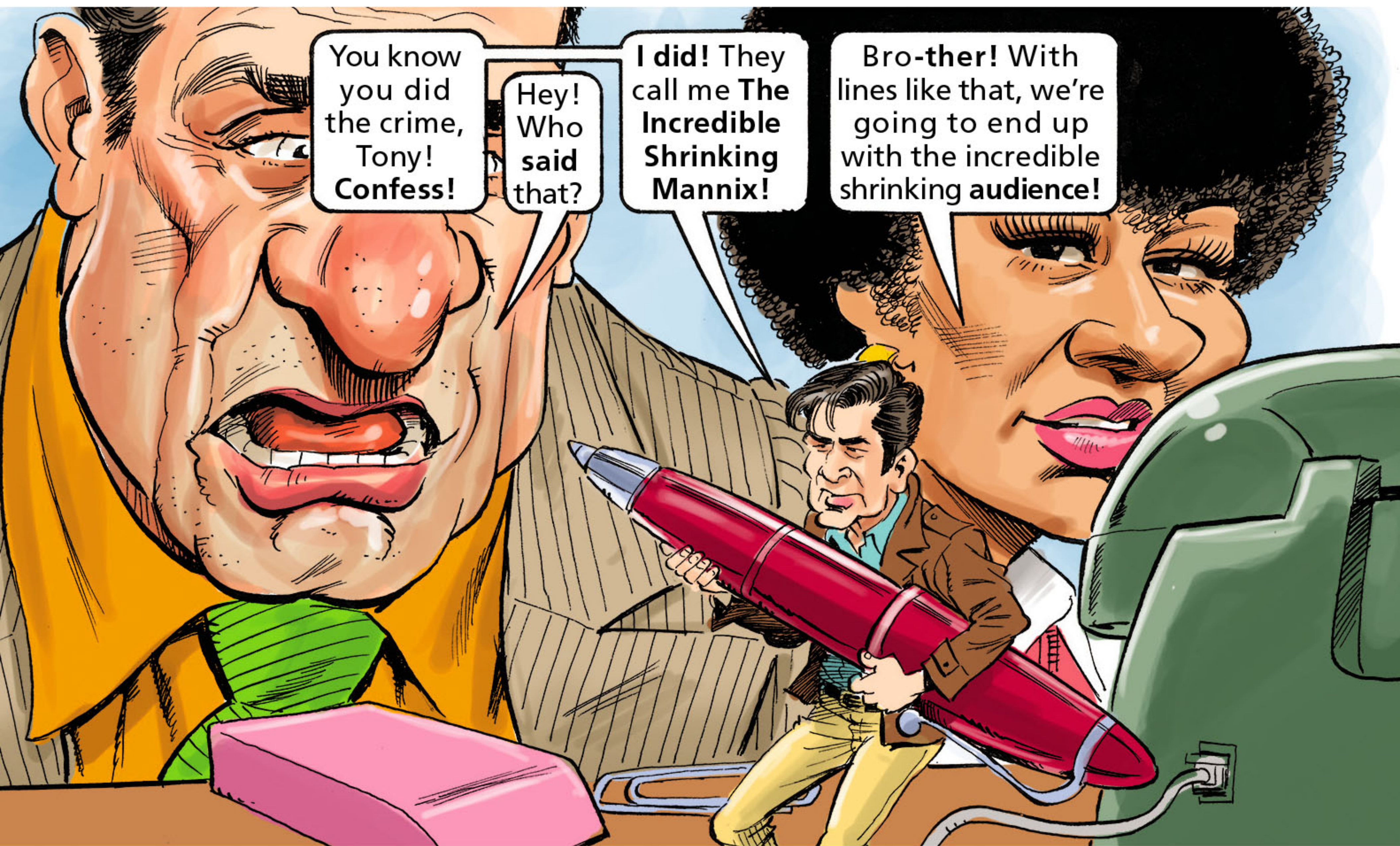
It's now the Batusi!

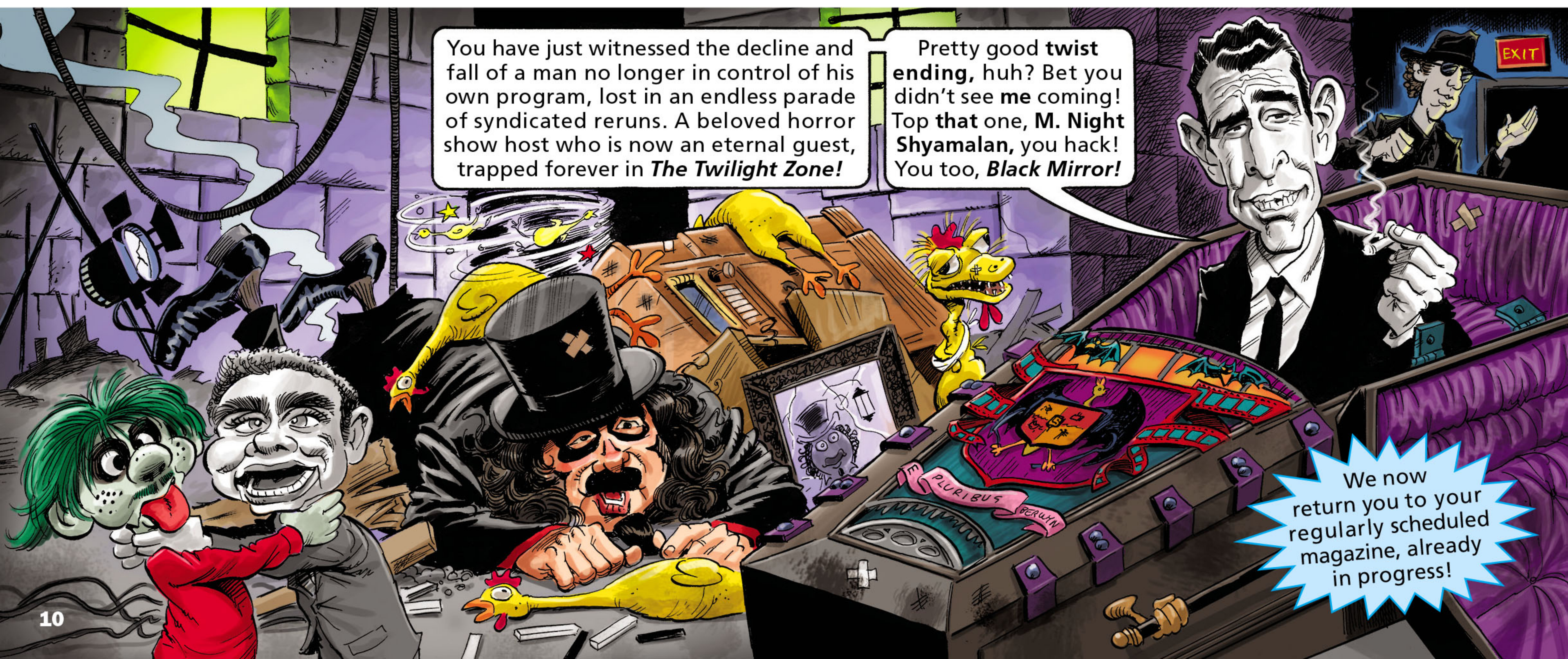
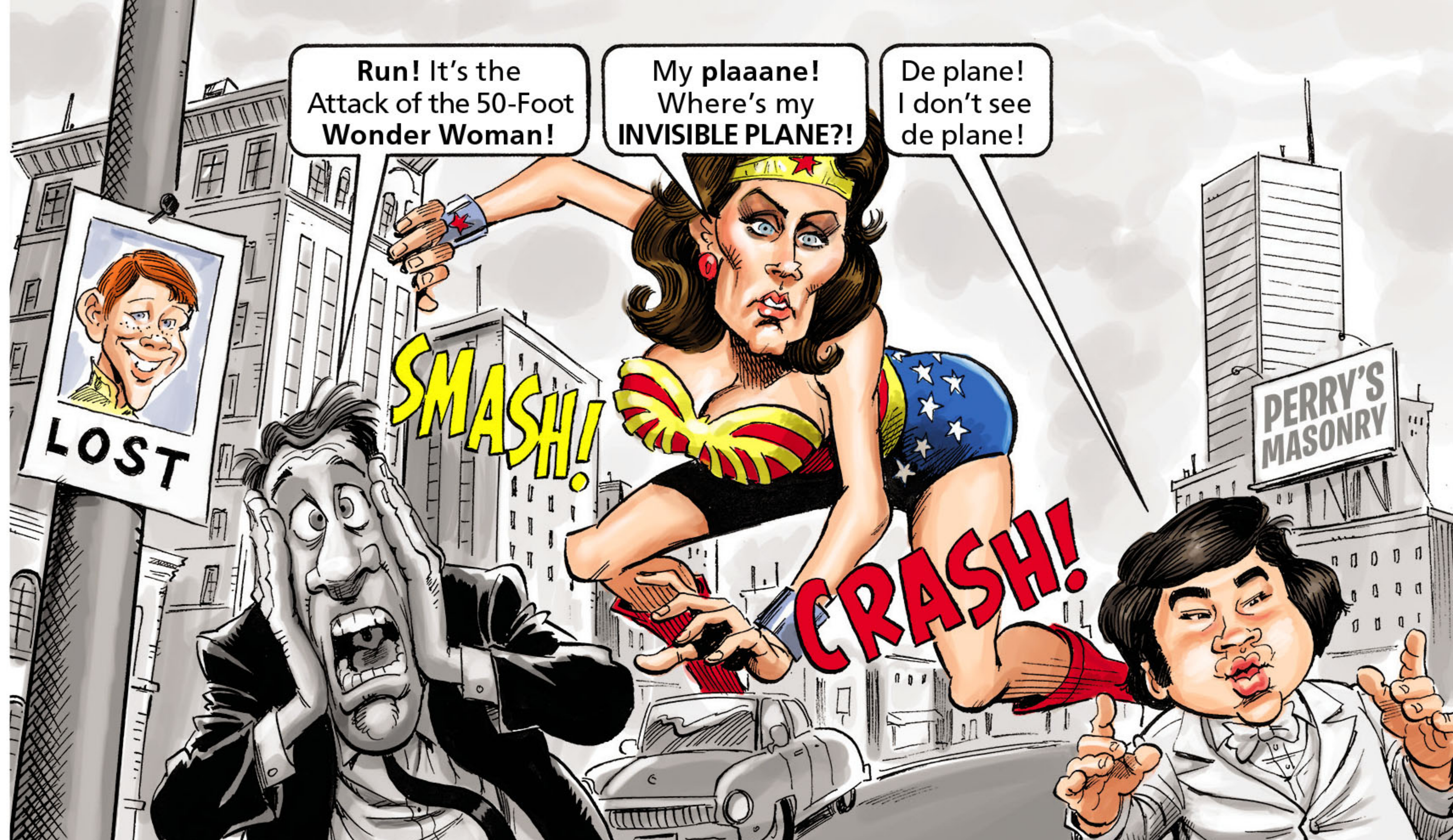






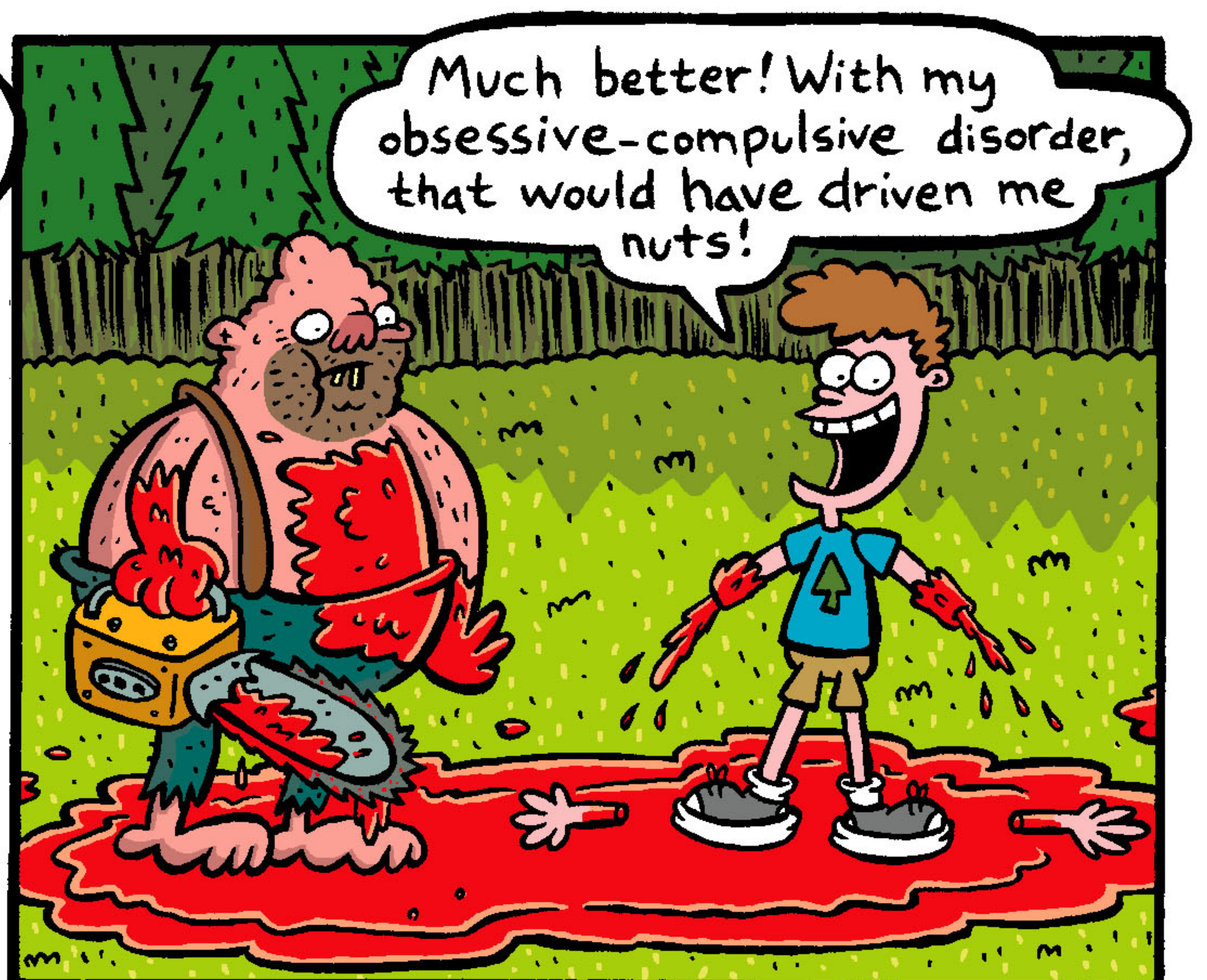
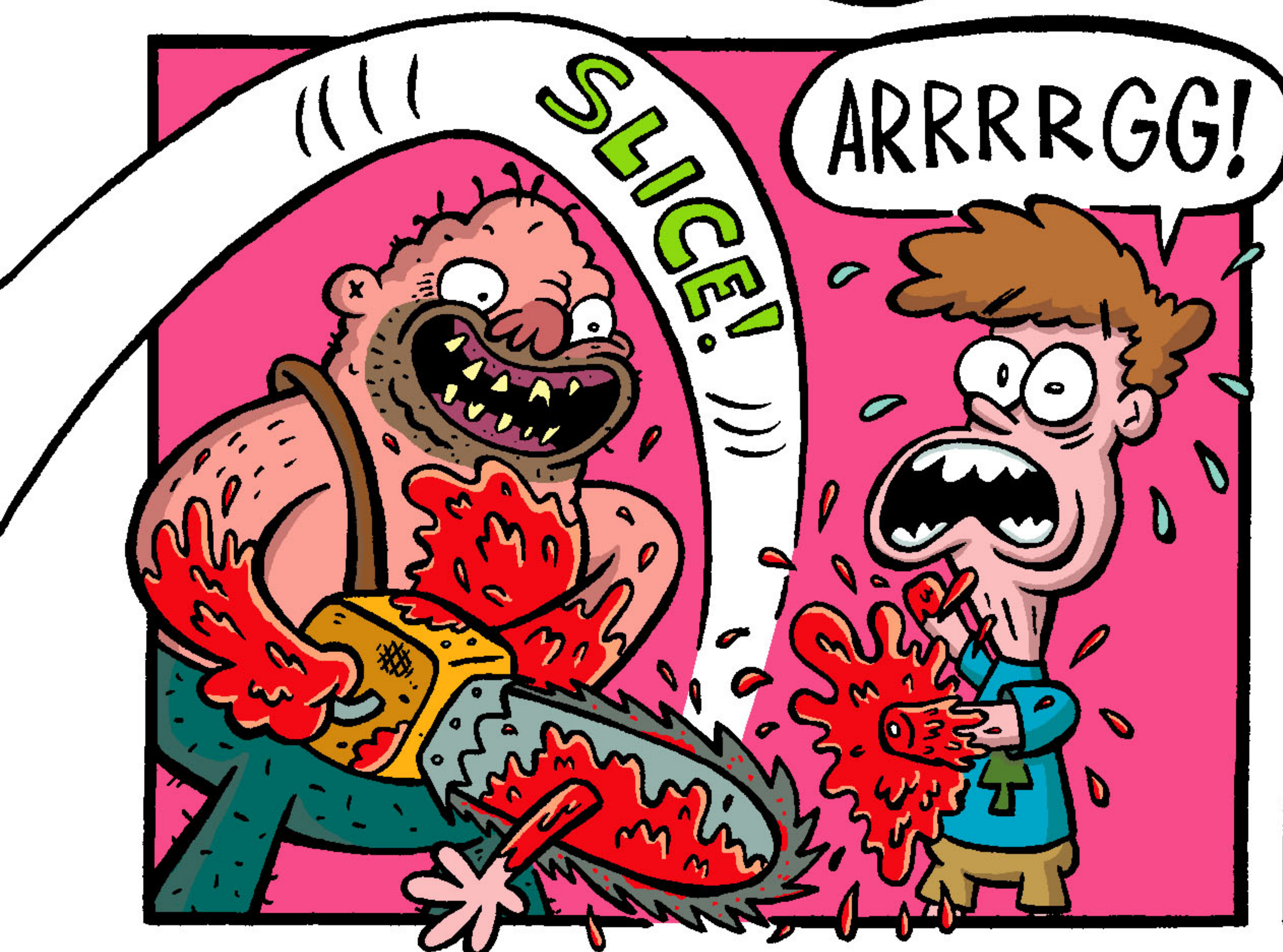
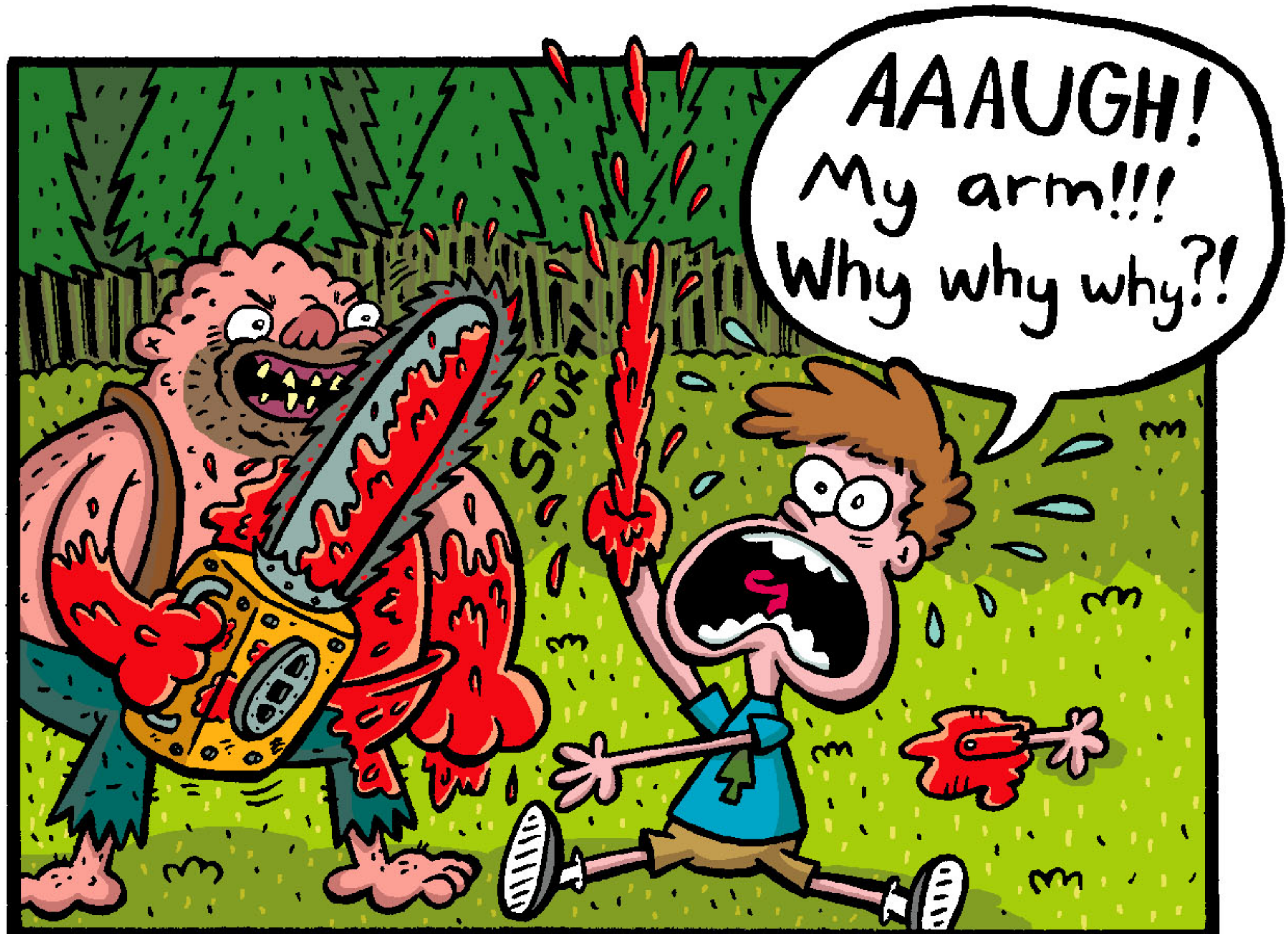
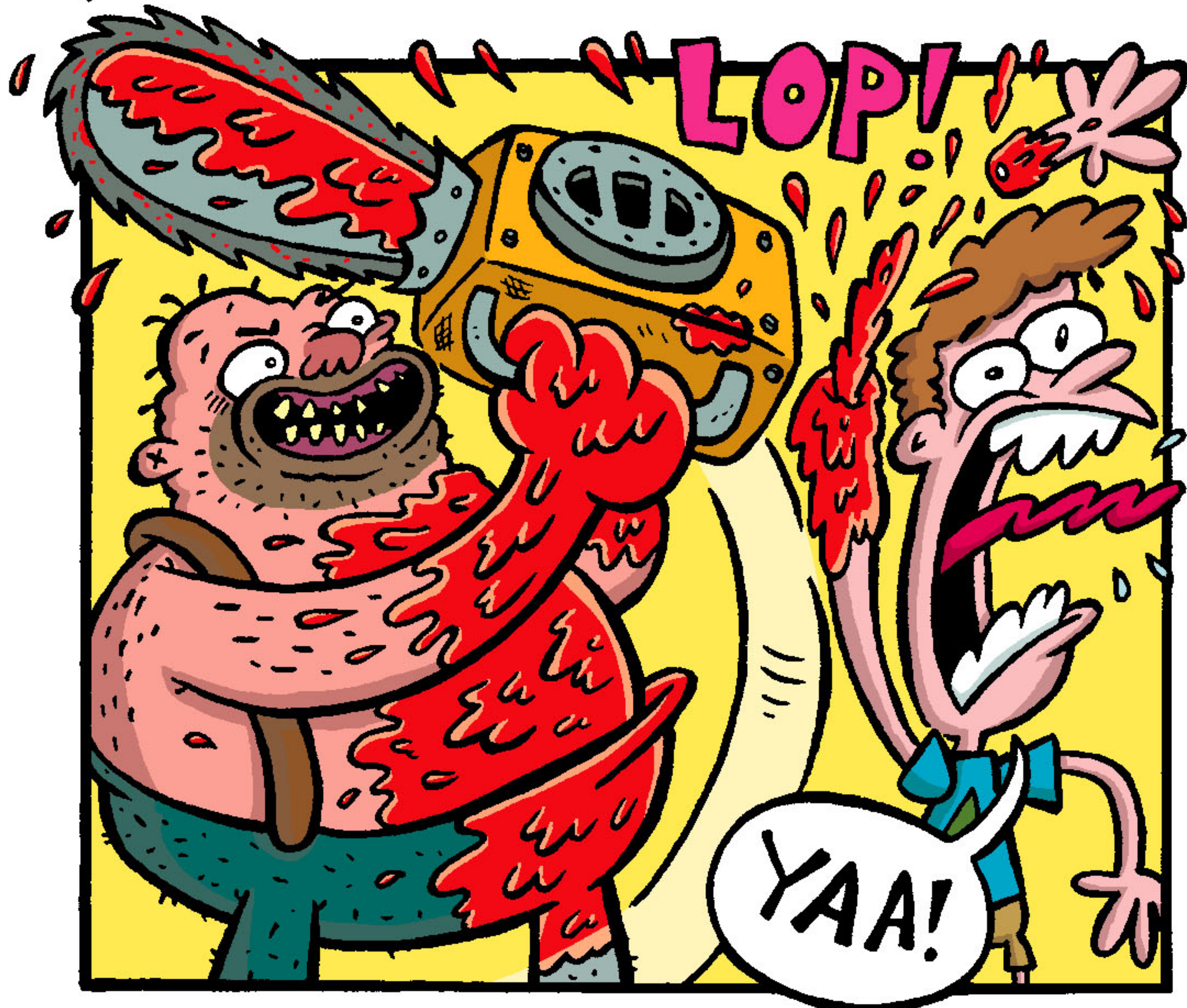
Disney sets painfully unrealistic expectations. No dogs will eat my spaghetti.







A SLASHER MOVIE SCENE WE'D LIKE TO SEE





Celebrate the only effective statement out of the Oval Office since Trump trundled into the presidency: Melania's fashion! Our occasional First Lady of the White House has made her mark on hearts across the nation with her poise, compassion, and pretty clothes! Our sartorial stylist Sina Grace predicts what inspired looks Melania will wear in 2019 to do her part in making America look great again!

MELANIA TRUMP PAPER DOLL



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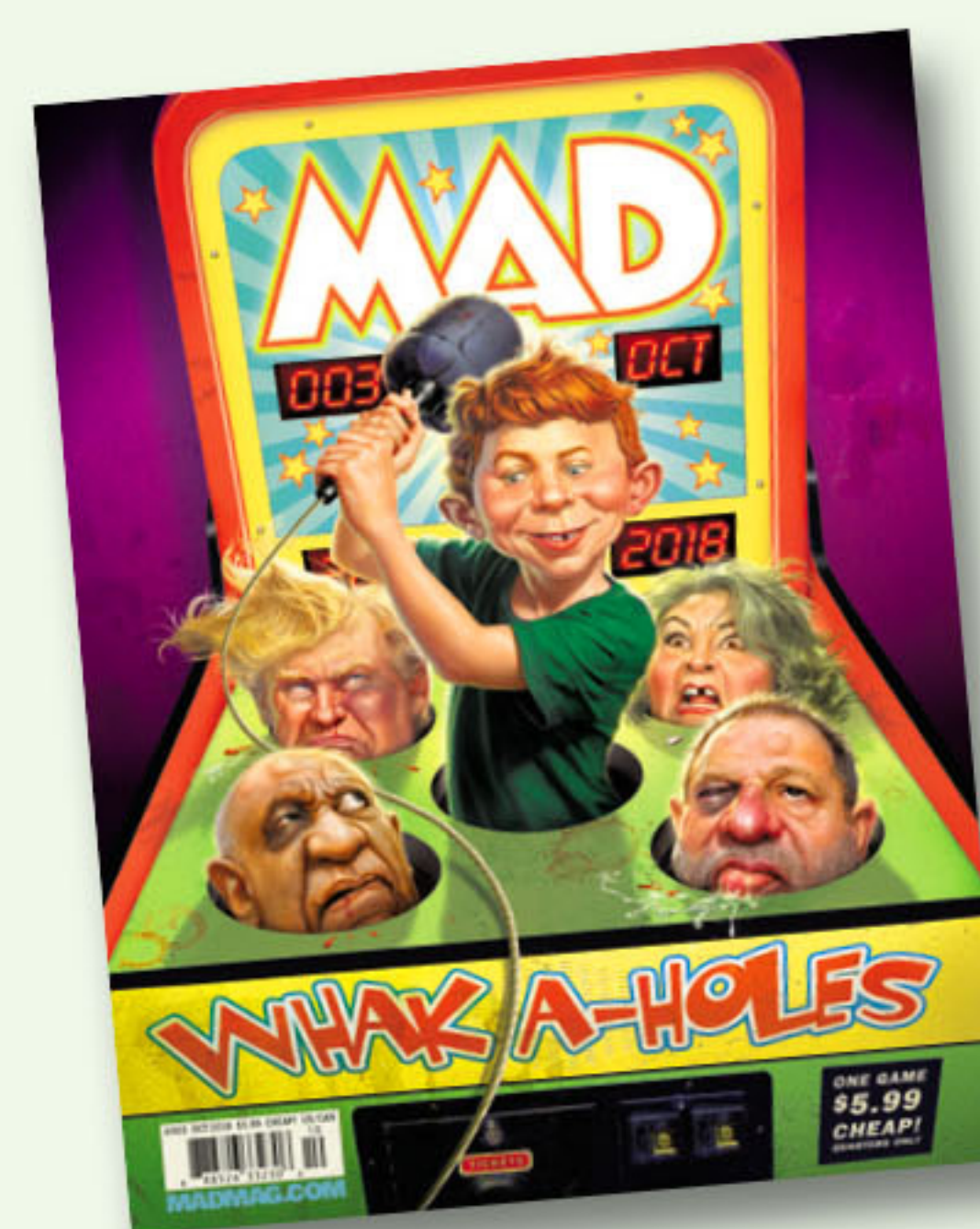
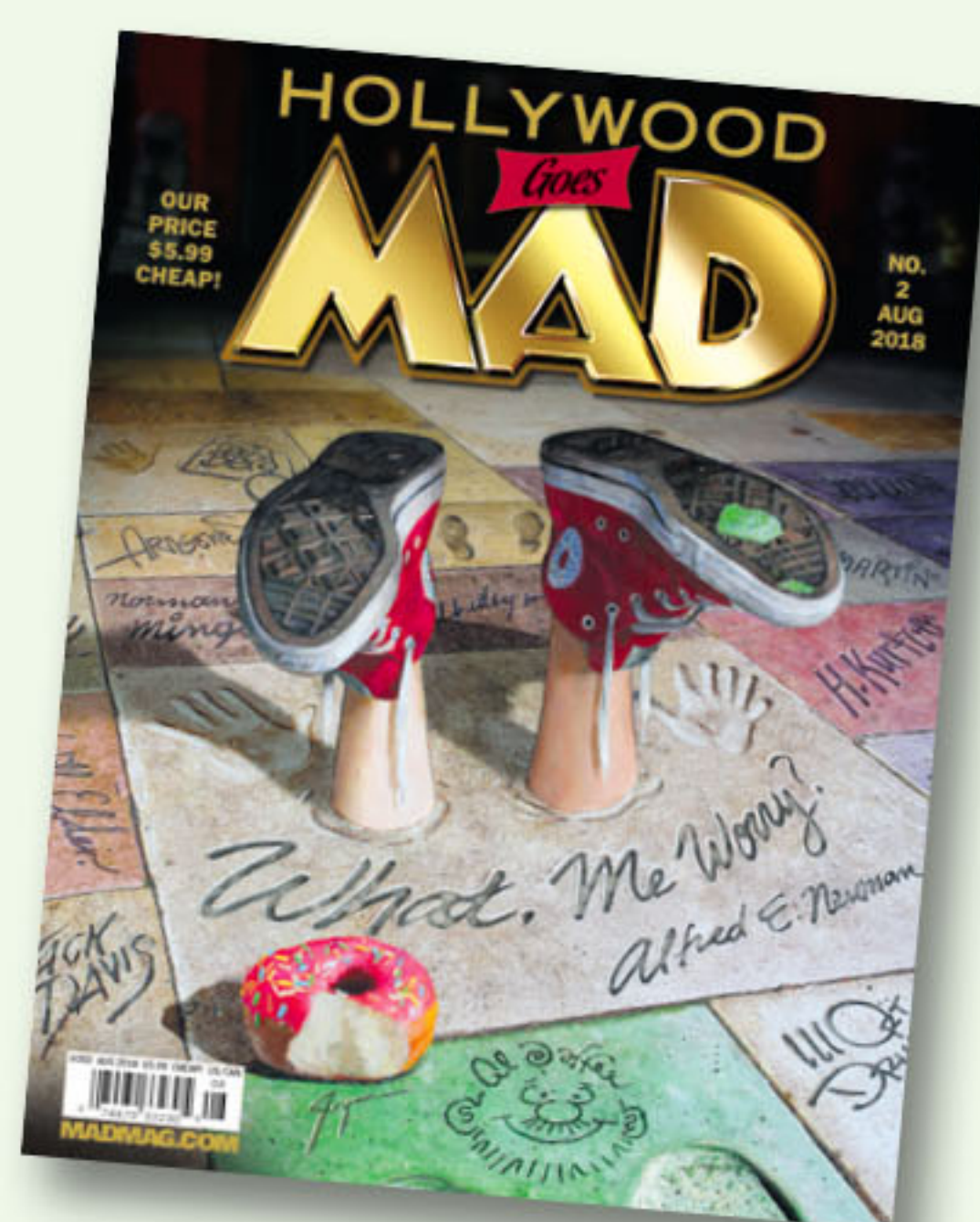
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LOVECRAFT ACTUALLY DEPT.

What if H.P. Lovecraft wrote children's comics?
It might look like...

Cthasper

THE FRIENDLY ELDER GOD!

I'M SO LONELY!
I HOPE MY UNSPEAKABLE
VISAGE DOESN'T CAUSE
ALL IN THIS PEACEFUL
TOWN WHO GAZE UPON
IT TO GO *INSANE!*



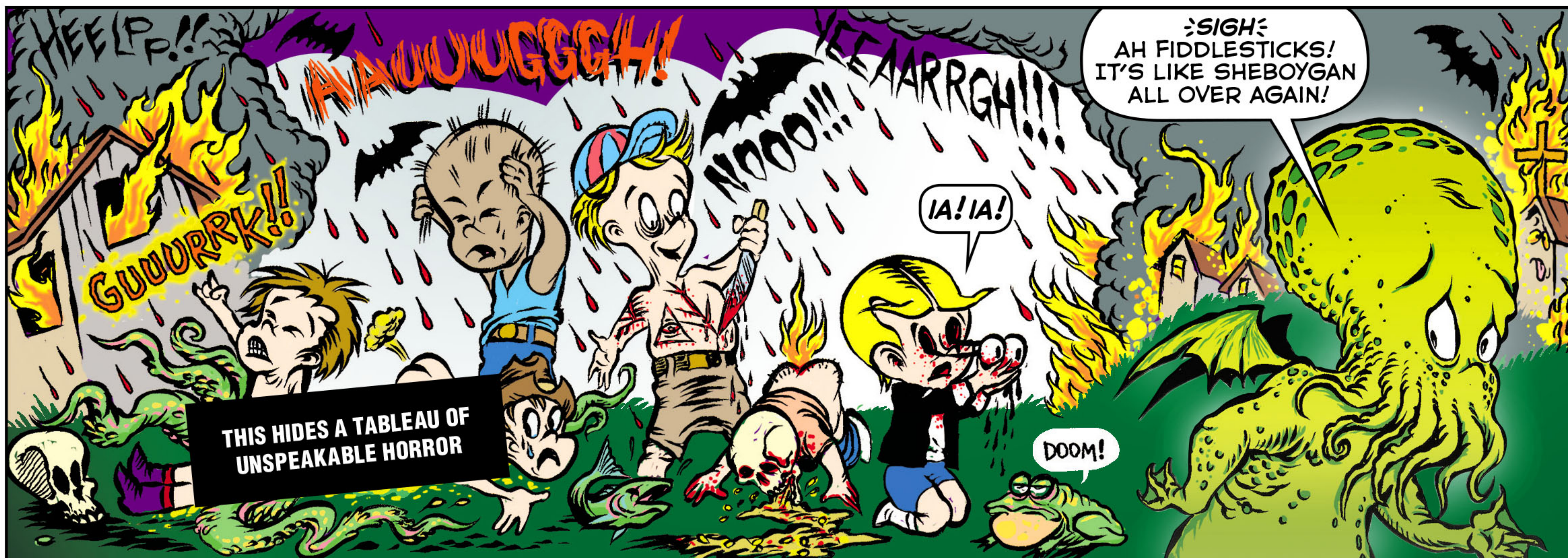
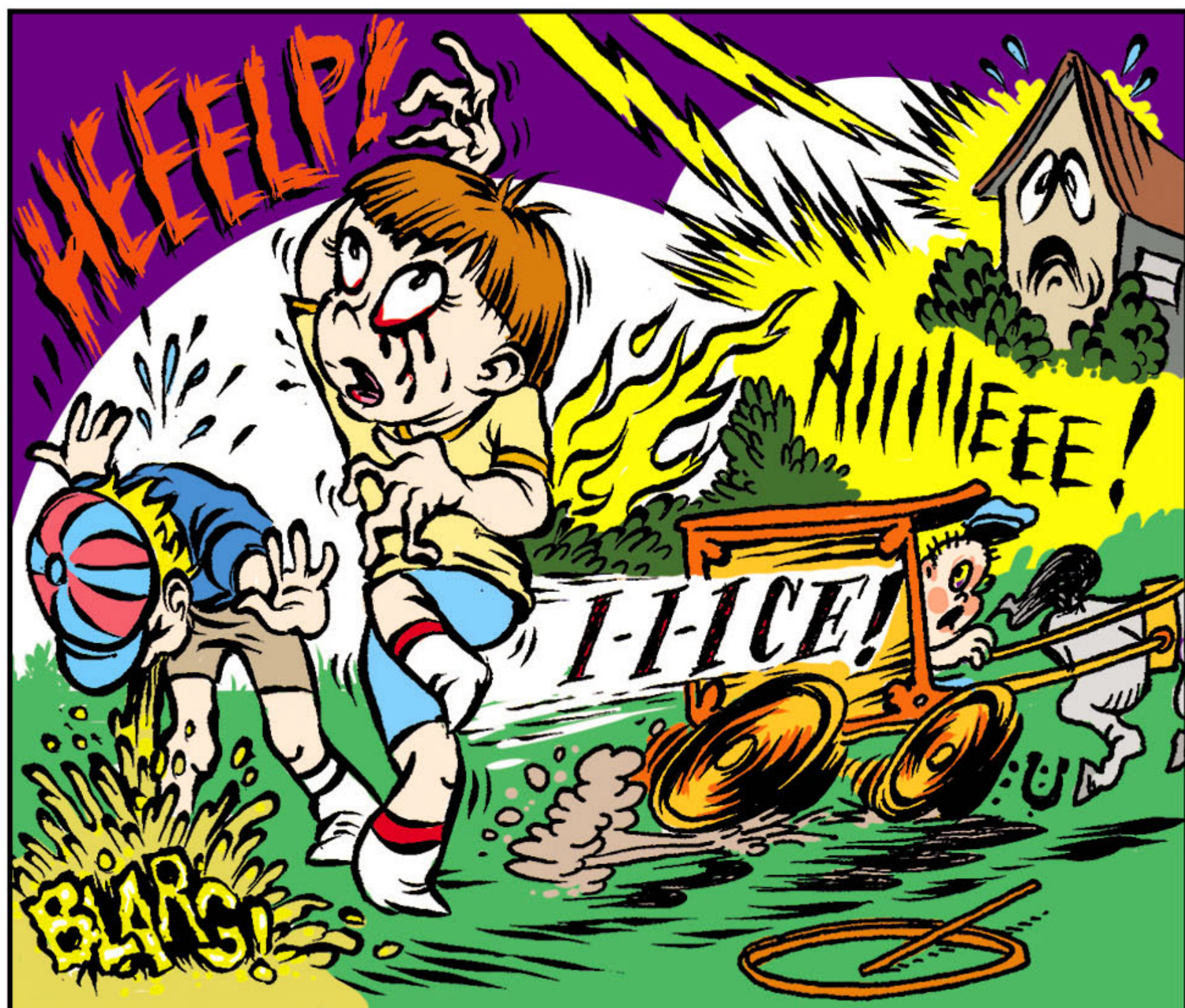
I'M IN LUCK!
THERE ARE SOME
CHILDREN PLAYING!

WILL YOU
BE MY
FRIENDS?



AN ELDER
G-G-G-GOD!

MISKATONIC
MAGNET
SCHOOL





STINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK DEPT.

Please put on your headsets and let me, **Maria Bamford**, take you on a museum tour of some of the most famous works in art history! Ancient censors removed extremely important gestures in order to please more delicate tastes of the time. But I have restored these glorious...

STINK LINES

THROUGH ART HISTORY

MRRRK... My butt just said, "Hail, Caesar!" to the kale Caesar I had... Ahem. **FIRST**, I present these hunting scenes from 16,000 BC, painted in the vibrantly dank caves of Pech Merle. **Behold** the putrid carcasses, seeming to **leap** at you! The artists were **cavewomen** with a stink-line vocabulary developed during prehistoric child-care duties. Too bad the humidity caused by mouth-breathing **cavemen** made them drip away! I have personally re-added these stink lines out of respect for the ancients.

That's right, nearly every important piece of art that has **ever** existed used to have big ol' nasty stink lines! Also, I've got a little gas, so breathe through your mouth—or get to **know** me better.

PFFT



WRITER **MARIA BAMFORD** ARTIST **SCOTT MARVEL CASSIDY**



The Great Sphinx of Giza was believed to have been built between 2,558 and 2,532 BC...

UMF... keep a safe distance. I just went vegan this afternoon! This behemoth **Lion with Human Head** was believed to include a cat-like **litter box area**, but sadly, the litter box and vertically engineered stone stink lines were stolen by **Napoleon's army**, who thought they looked like french fries. **Poutine le merde!**



Here's a **Seurat**—known to his friends as **Seurat the Dot** for his **pointillism**! As an homage to his dog, **Le Stinque**, Seurat crafted this generalized waving effect.

OOPH! I just DJ Khaleded that kale Caesar. Anyhows, initially Seurat had entitled the work "**Odeur Mal Du Mon Ami, Le Stinque**," but the buyer requested that all signs of the cur's pungency be dotted out with background color. It was retitled "**Bathers at Asnières**." Which...come on, that's **a lot** less catchy.



AH-HERM... IBS is no BS! Now, **Auguste Rodin's** lover, fellow artist **Camille Claudel**, suggested Rodin sculpt stink lines emanating from this statue's testicles. When Claudel got sick of Rodin's real-life rank junk, Rodin swept away her influence. She died in obscurity despite being Rodin's equal, while Rodin became **a legend**! Note the elegant marble waves our restoration department has added here as a deliberate **insult** to his memory.



And here's self-taught artist **Horace Pippin**, unrecognized until after death, a veteran never appreciated by his country. He said, "The war brought out all the art in me." And **your art** brought out the righteous, sphincter-clenching rage in **me**, Horace!

TOOTY-TOOT TOOT!

Yeah, I **RAGE-farted**. Look this shit up! And yes, I'm a **wealthy white lady** yelling about **privilege**!



Outsider art, indigenous art, differently abled artists... all are **overlooked** by billionaires who crown mostly **white males**. In 2017 only 30 percent of the artists at the Vienna Biennale (the world's most influential art festival) were women. Only 39 percent weren't white. Try wavin' your snooty little hands at **that** cloud. It ain't goin' **nowhere**!



Now it's time to **mix things up**! And, say, what's **that** smell? Oh! It's the art world's **racism and sexism** that continues to **this day**!

Here we see a portrait of **Lois Mailou Jones** by my husband, Scott Marvel Cassidy! The reason you need to **Google her right now** is that the super-stinky art establishment **rejected** her work. She had to have **white artists** submit it for her. That's right, her stink lines are **CONCEPTUAL**!

BRRRT

GIFT SHOP

And now everyone's favorite stop on the tour...**THE GIFT SHOP**, which stinks of the illusion that **you** are supporting the arts, when museums are mostly funded by billionaire corporations. Oh wait, this isn't one of **those**—it's **a little gallery** I made myself in an abandoned apiary. And **this** is just an exit.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to use the powder room! I've got a **peekaboo yam** on the docket!



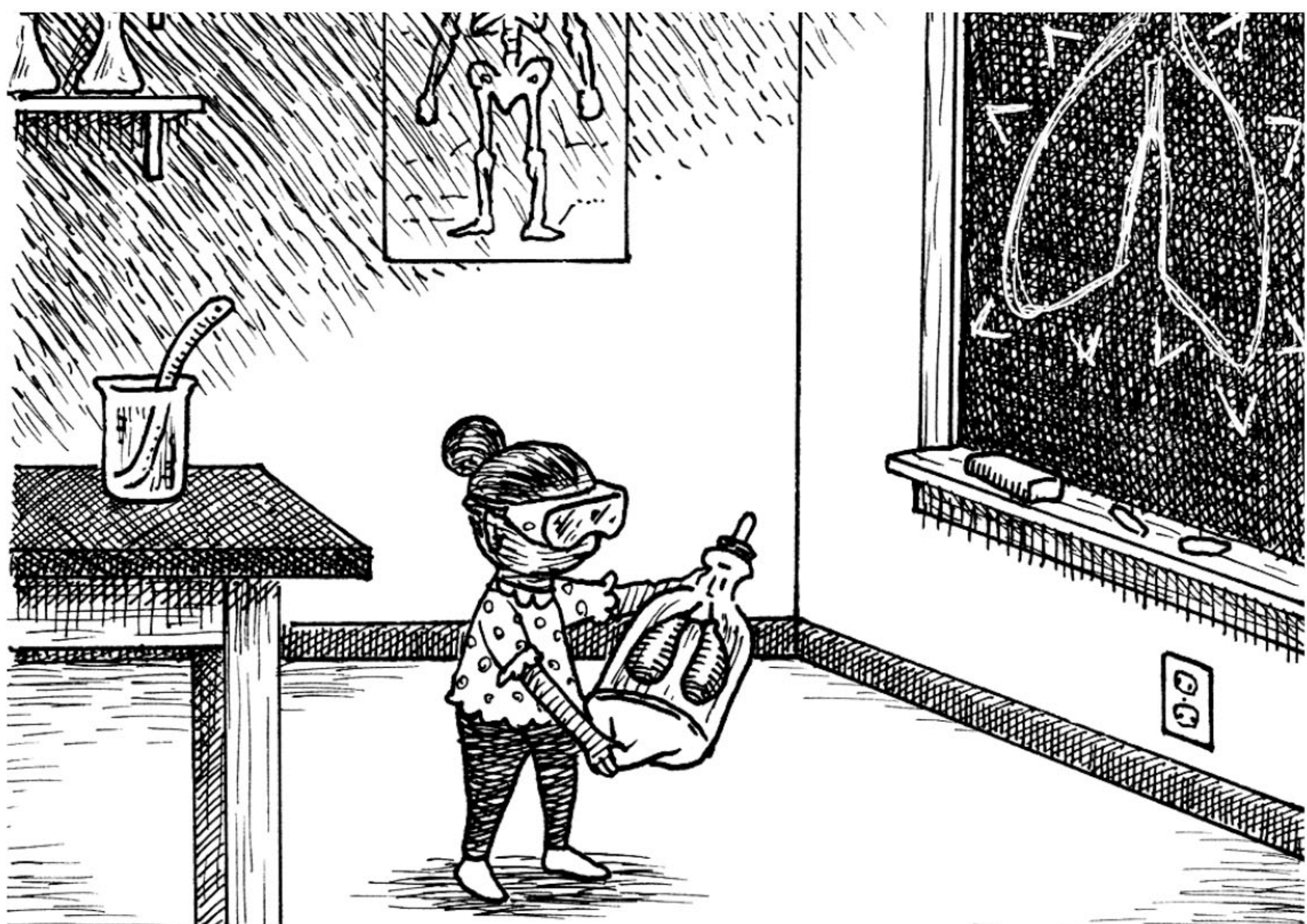


In the classic and twisted ABC book *The Gashlycrumb Tinies*, illustrator Edward Gorey famously killed off 26 children in alphabetical order—one death for each letter. Each unfortunate event was as different as it was gothic—the characters were dispatched by every method imaginable, including bears, trains, and falling statues.

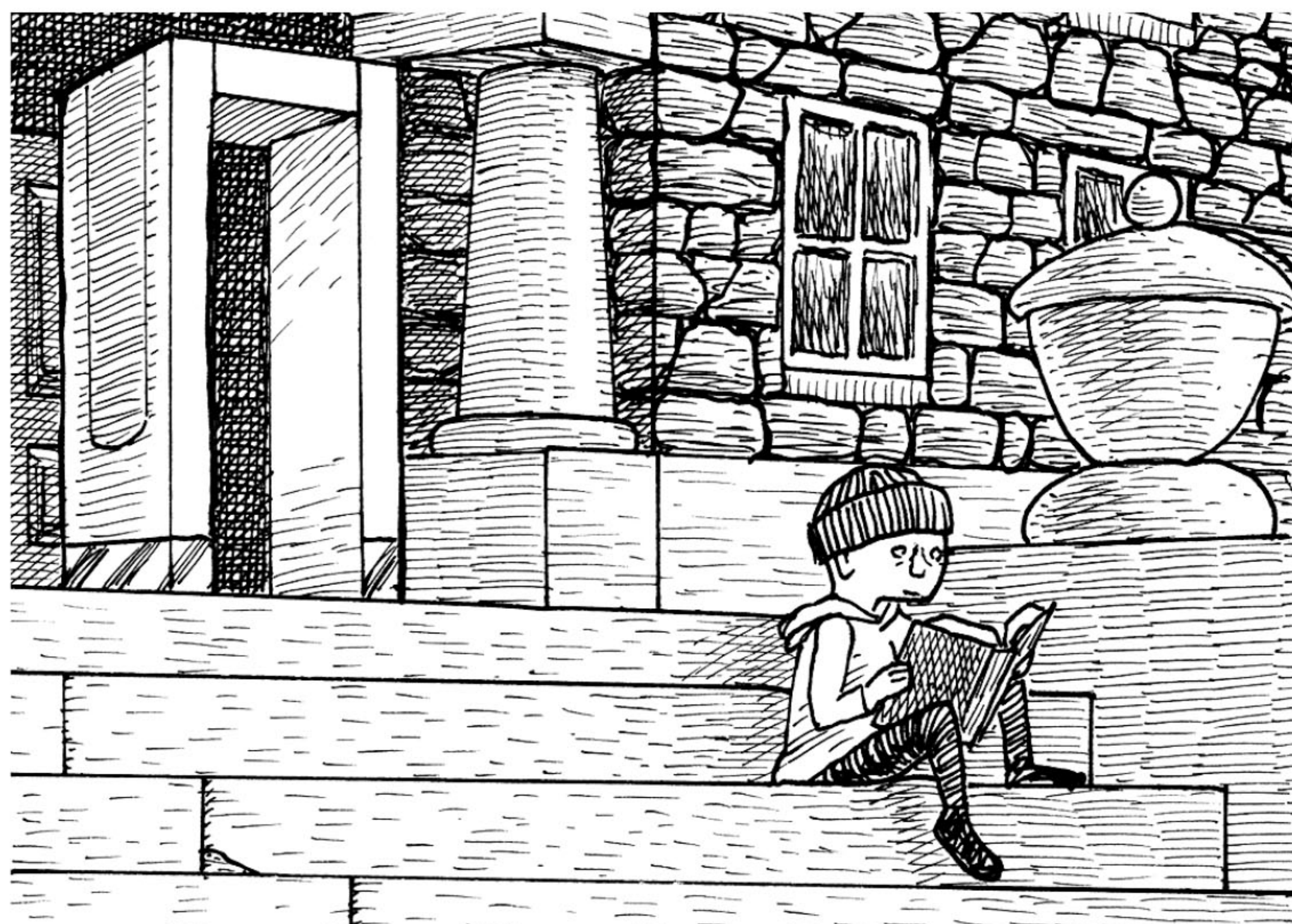
Sadly, times have changed and there's basically one way that most kids seem to die now. With that in mind, we solemnly present...

THE GHASTLYGUN TINIES

WRITER MATT COHEN ARTIST MARC PALM



A is for ALICE the young science wiz



B is for BRIAN cramming for a quiz



C is for CONNOR in his English class

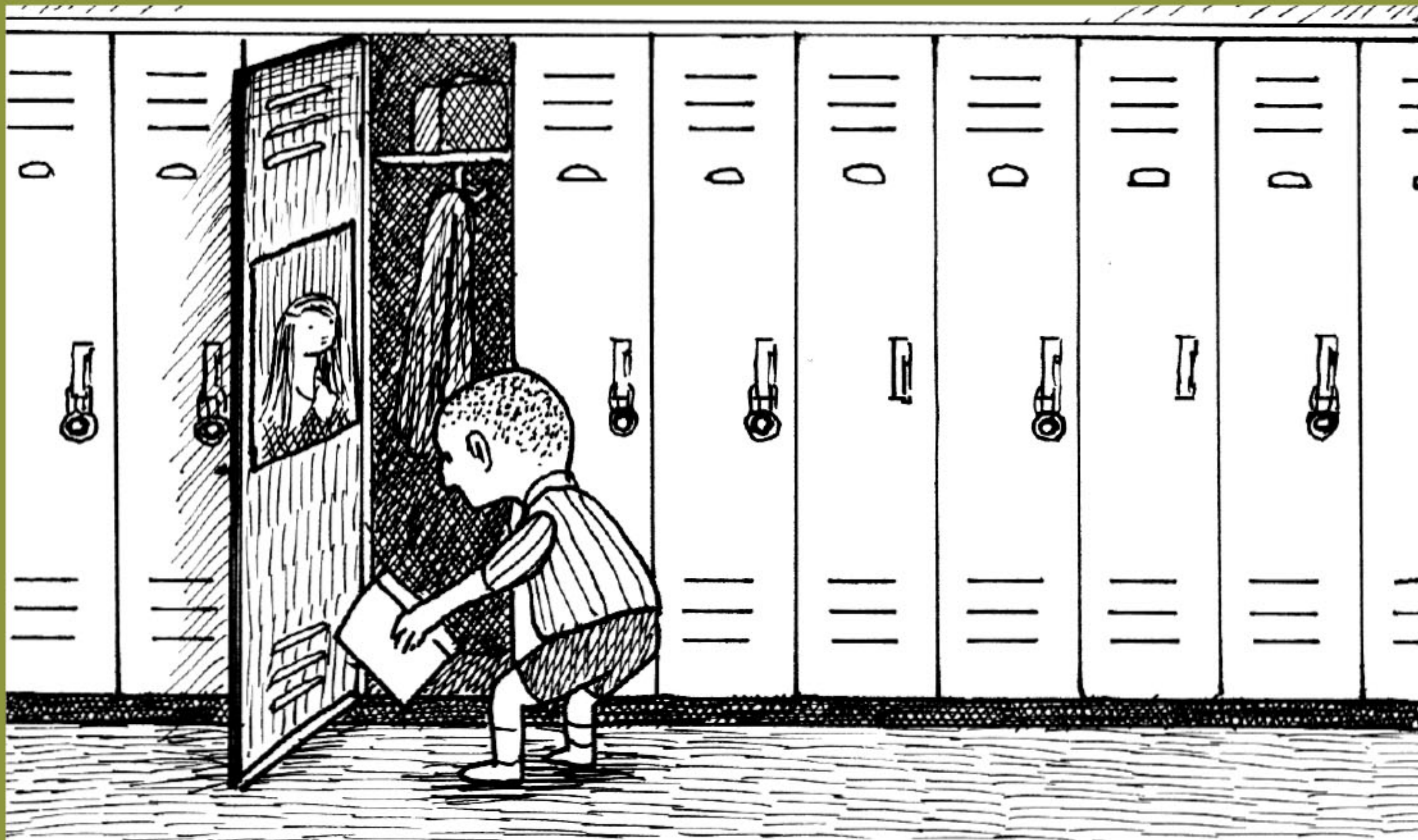
D is for DANA who had a hall pass



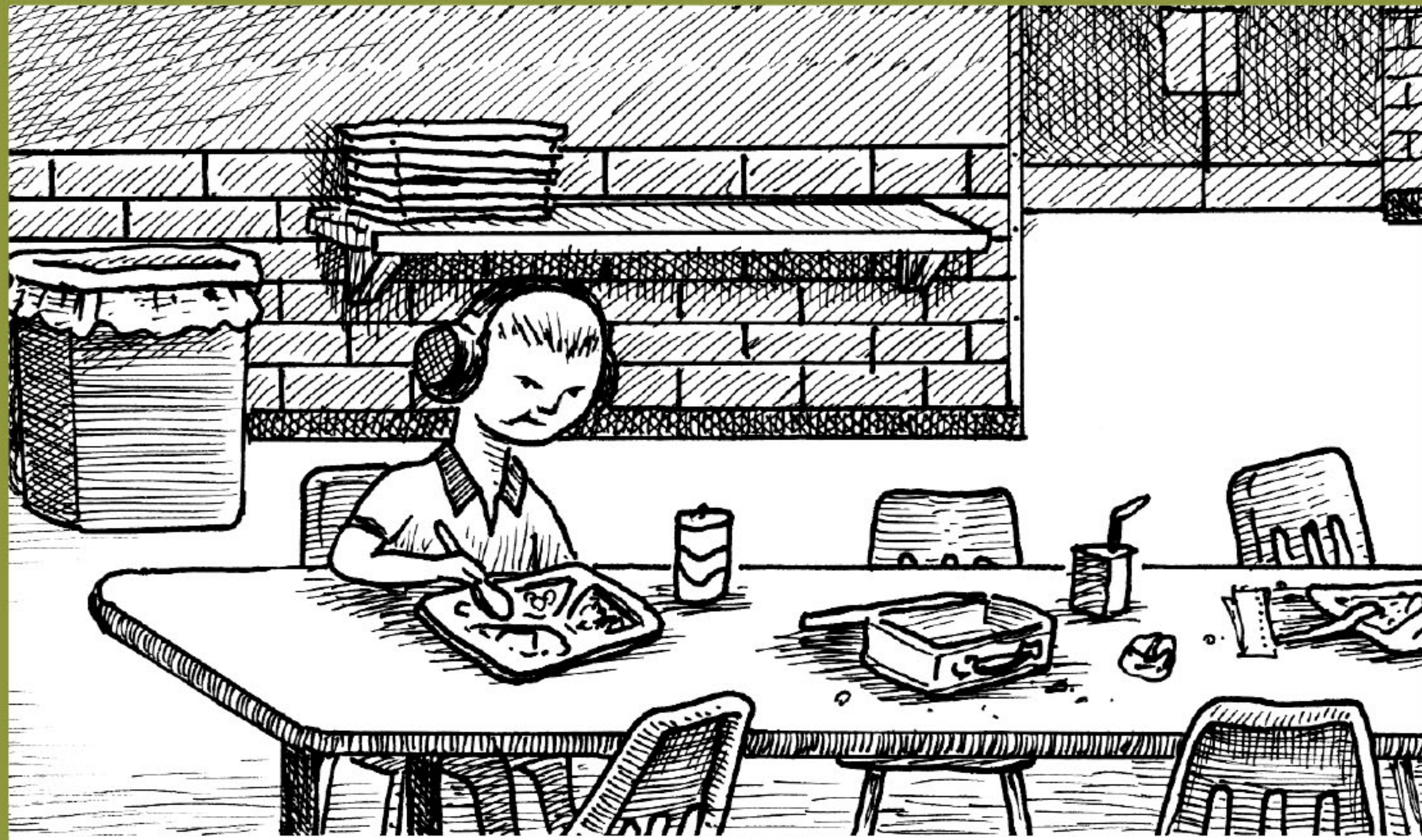
E is for EVE who's idealistic



F is for FRANK, more than a statistic



G is for GREG who was caught unawares



H is for HIRO who needs more than prayers



I is for IKE learning Shakespeare by rote

J is for JULIE who's too young to vote



K is for KARA who's weary today



L is for LIAM reading Hemingway



M is for MEGAN who's studying math



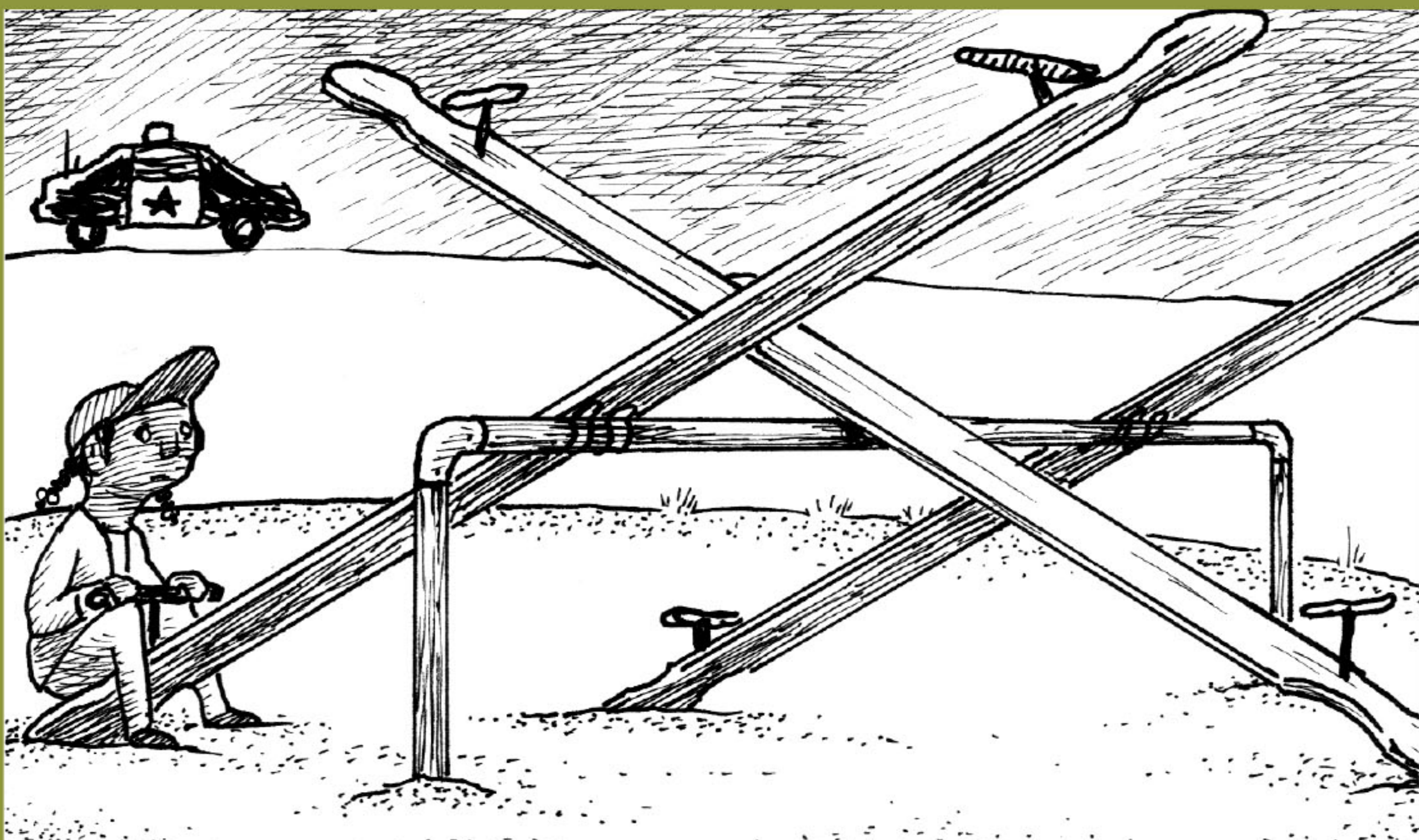
N is for NATHAN who's caught in the path



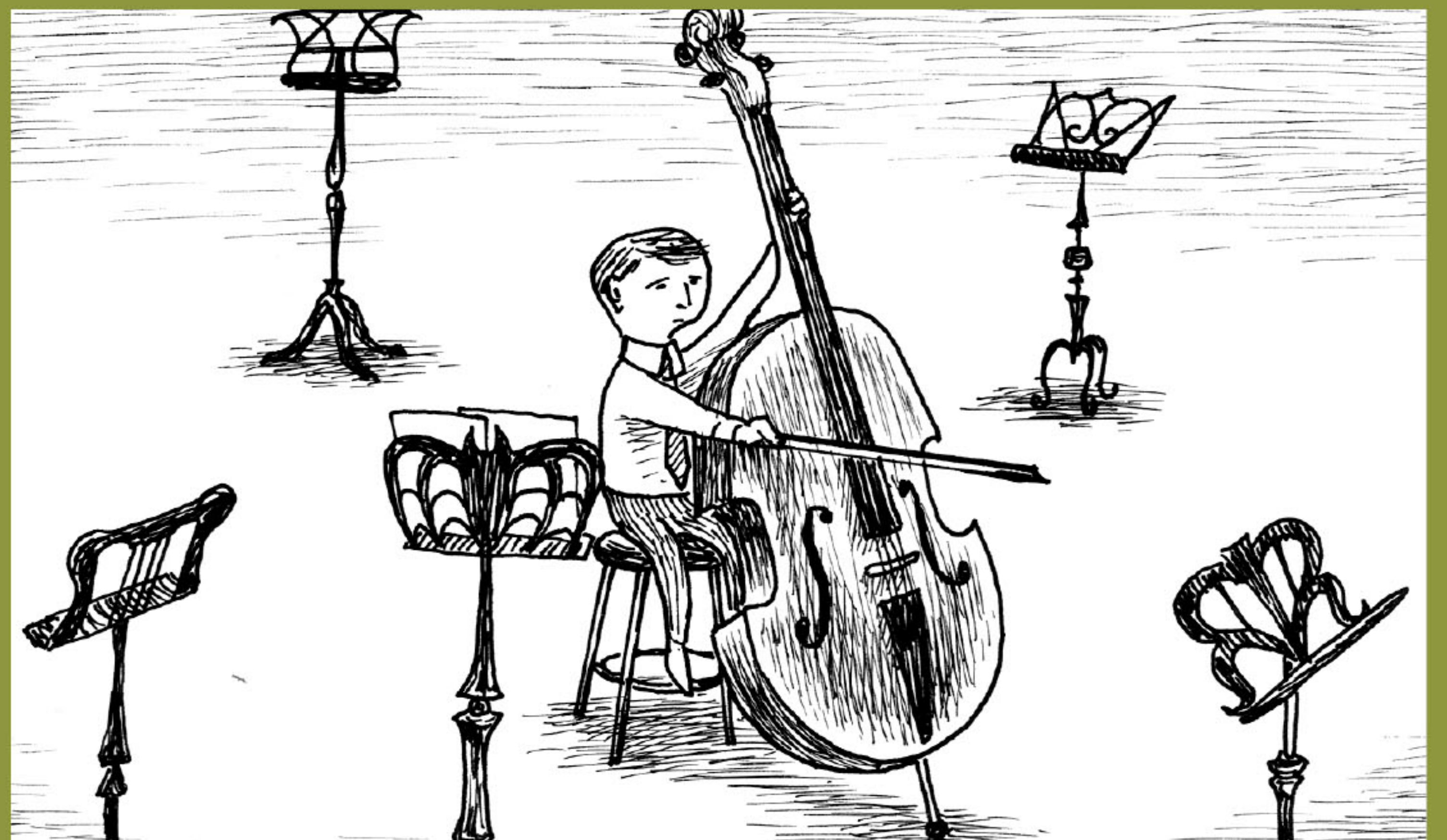
O is for OWEN learning about states



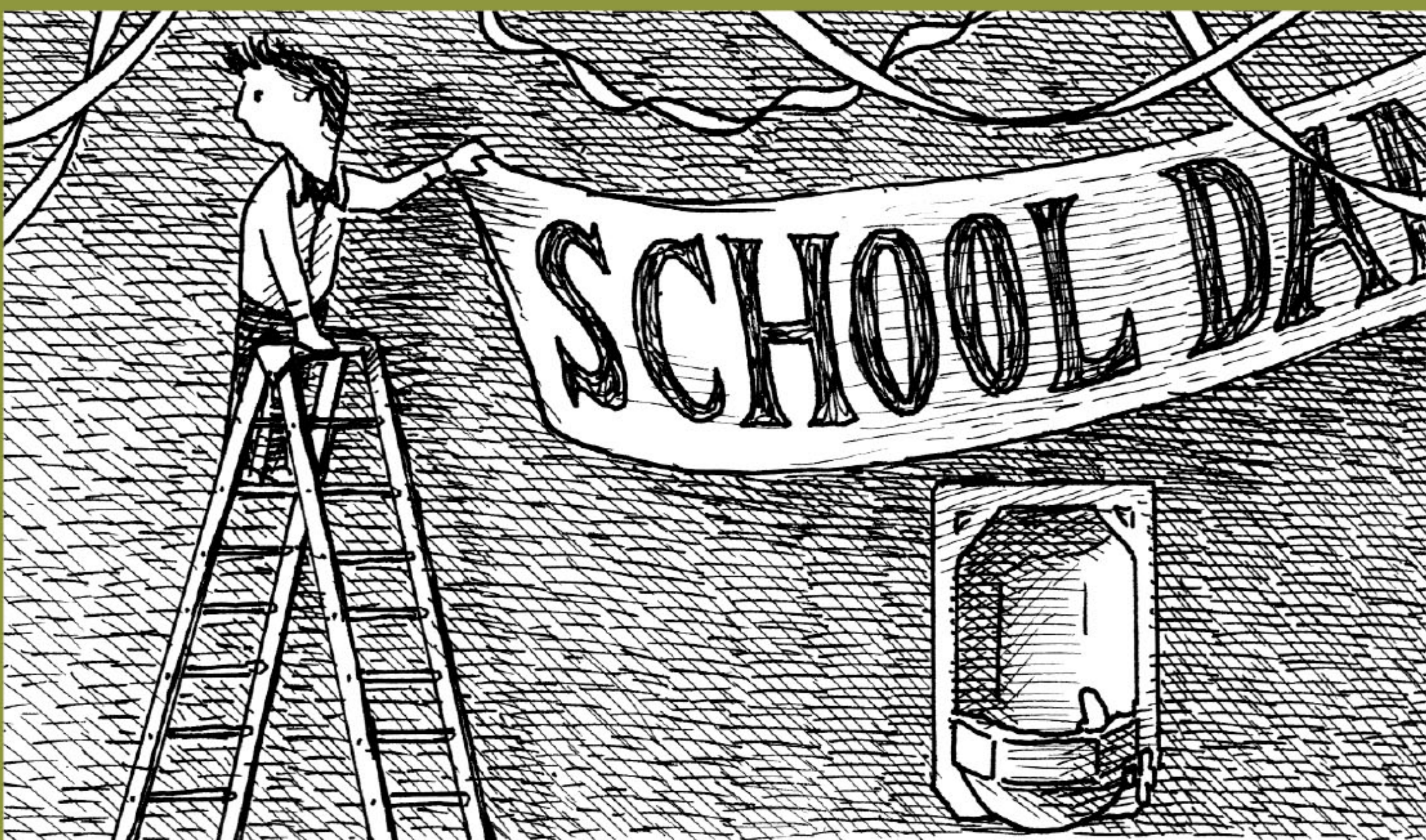
P is for PAULA protecting classmates



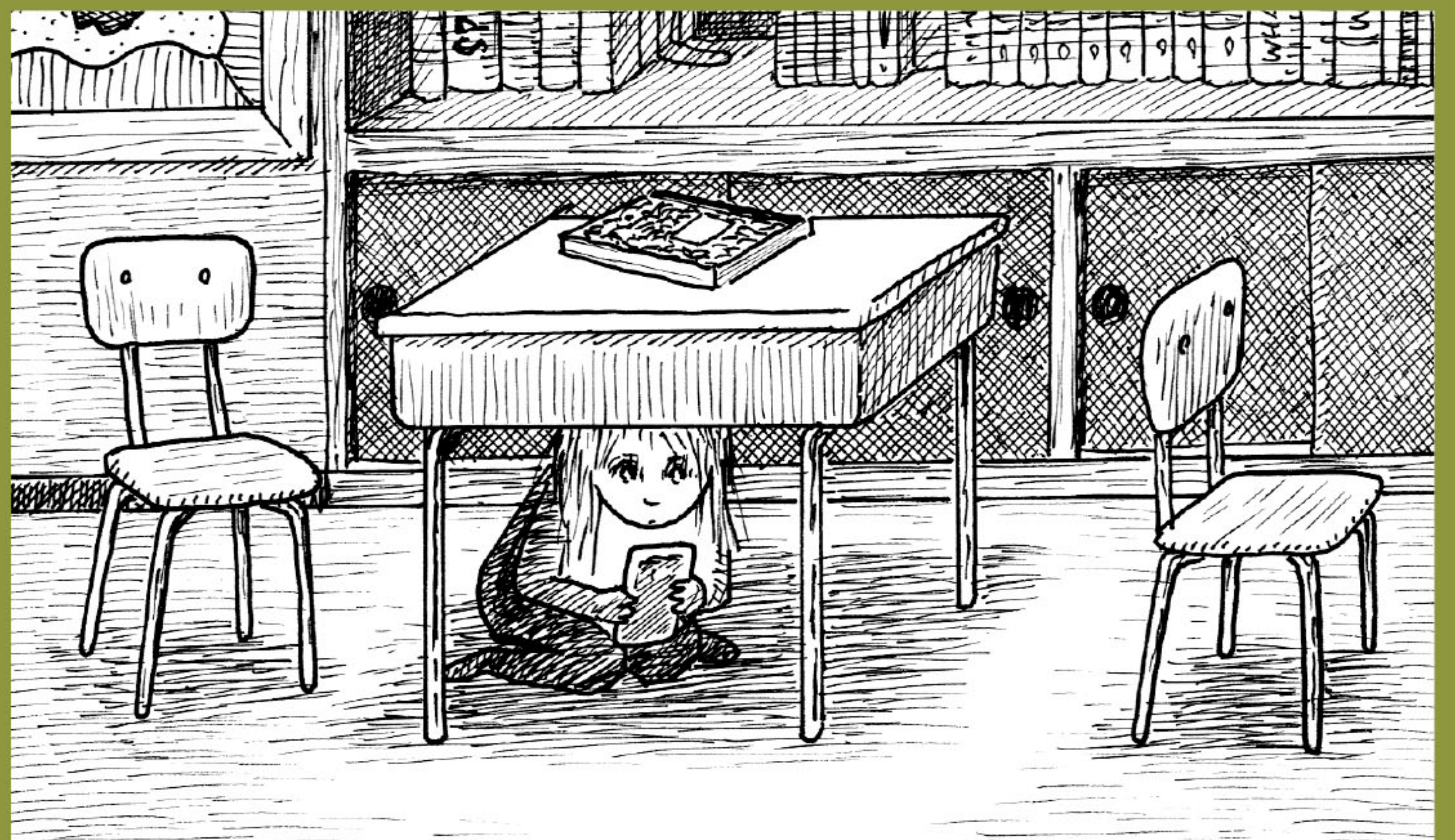
Q is for QUINN whose life had just begun



R is for REID, valued less than a gun



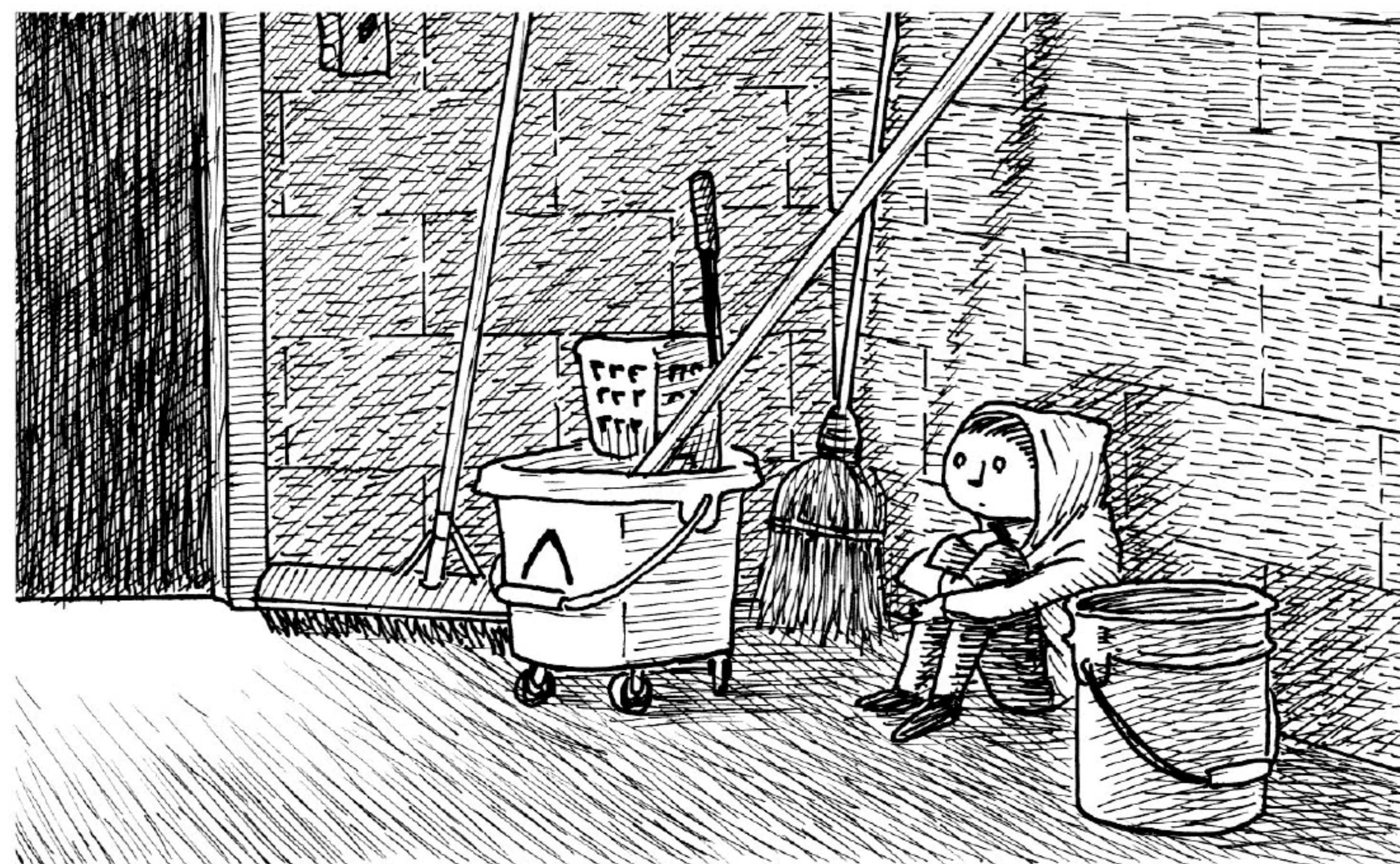
S is for STEPHEN who's planning for prom



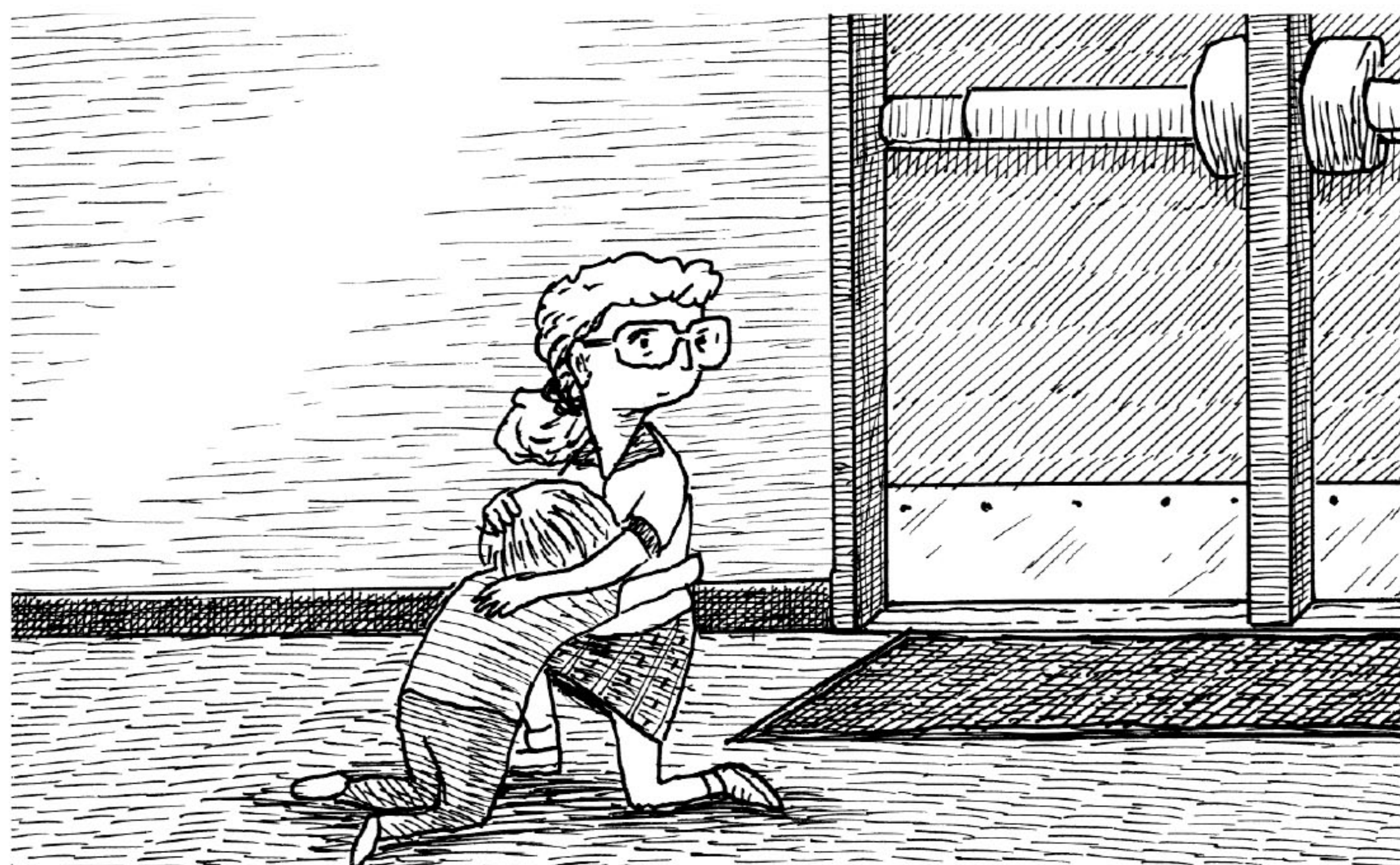
T is for TINA who's texting her mom



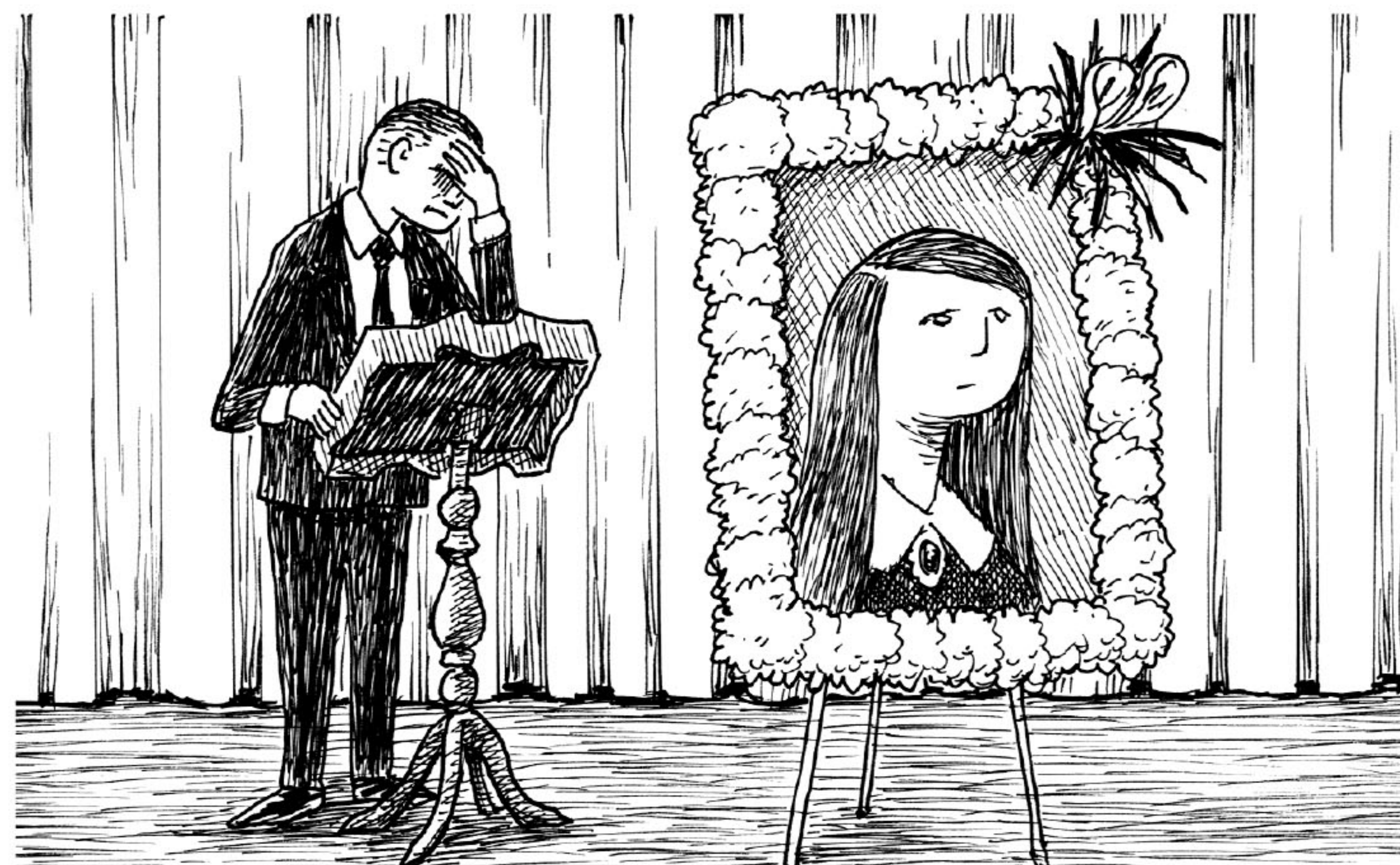
U is for UNA who ID'ed his face



V is for VINCENT who's sheltered in place



W is for WENDY, kind beyond belief



X is for XENA whose dad's crushed by grief



Y is for YURI whose time has now passed

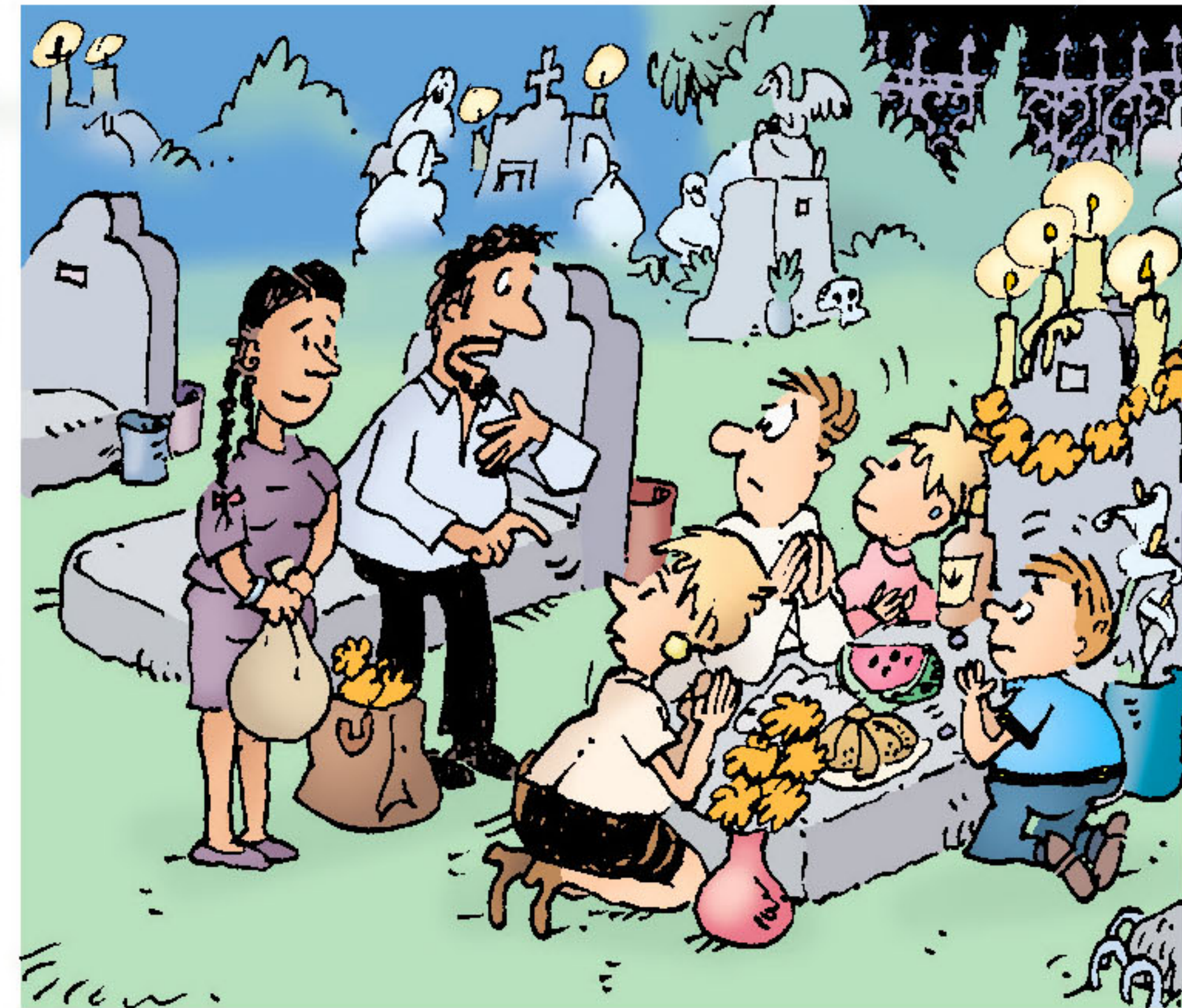
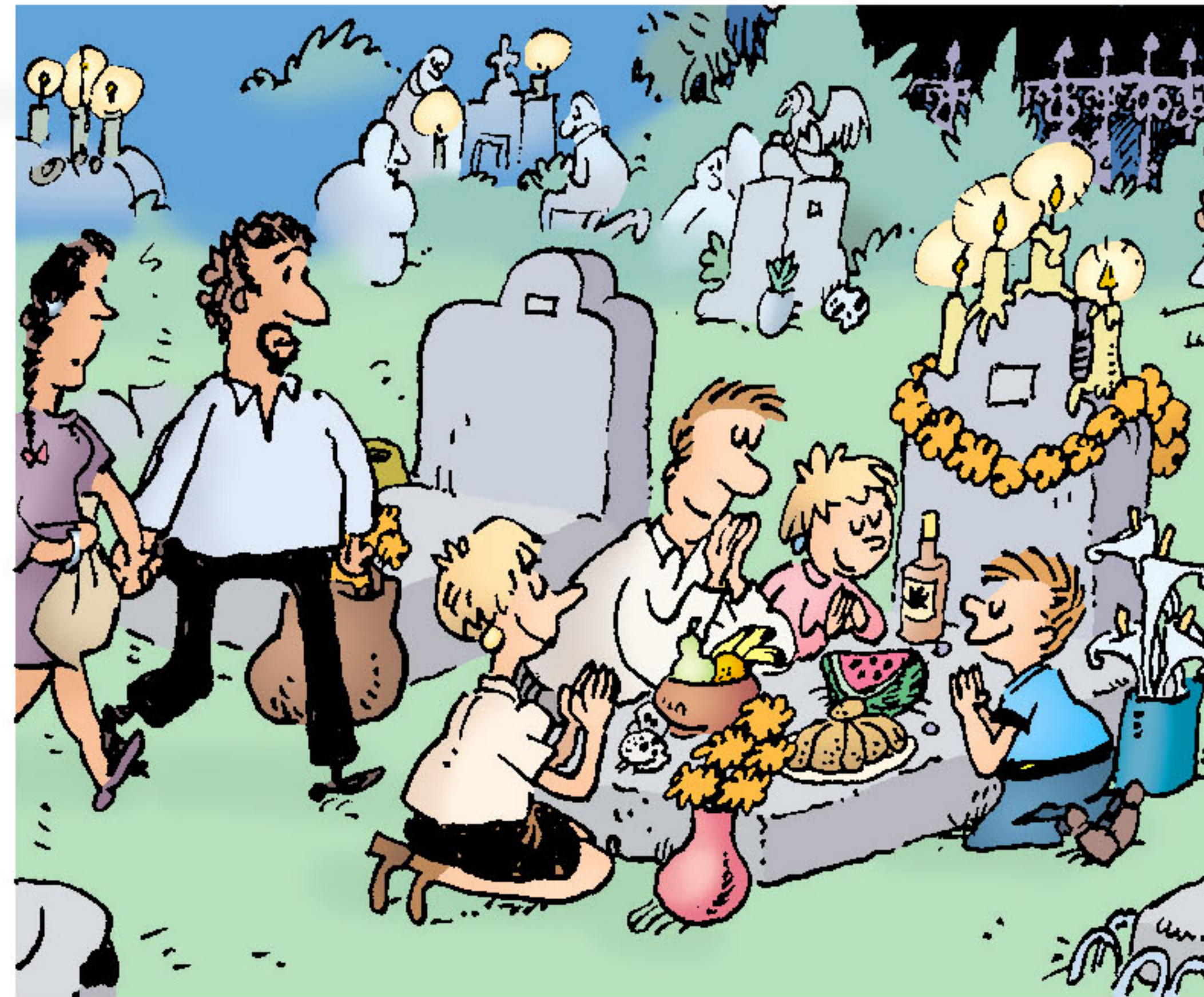
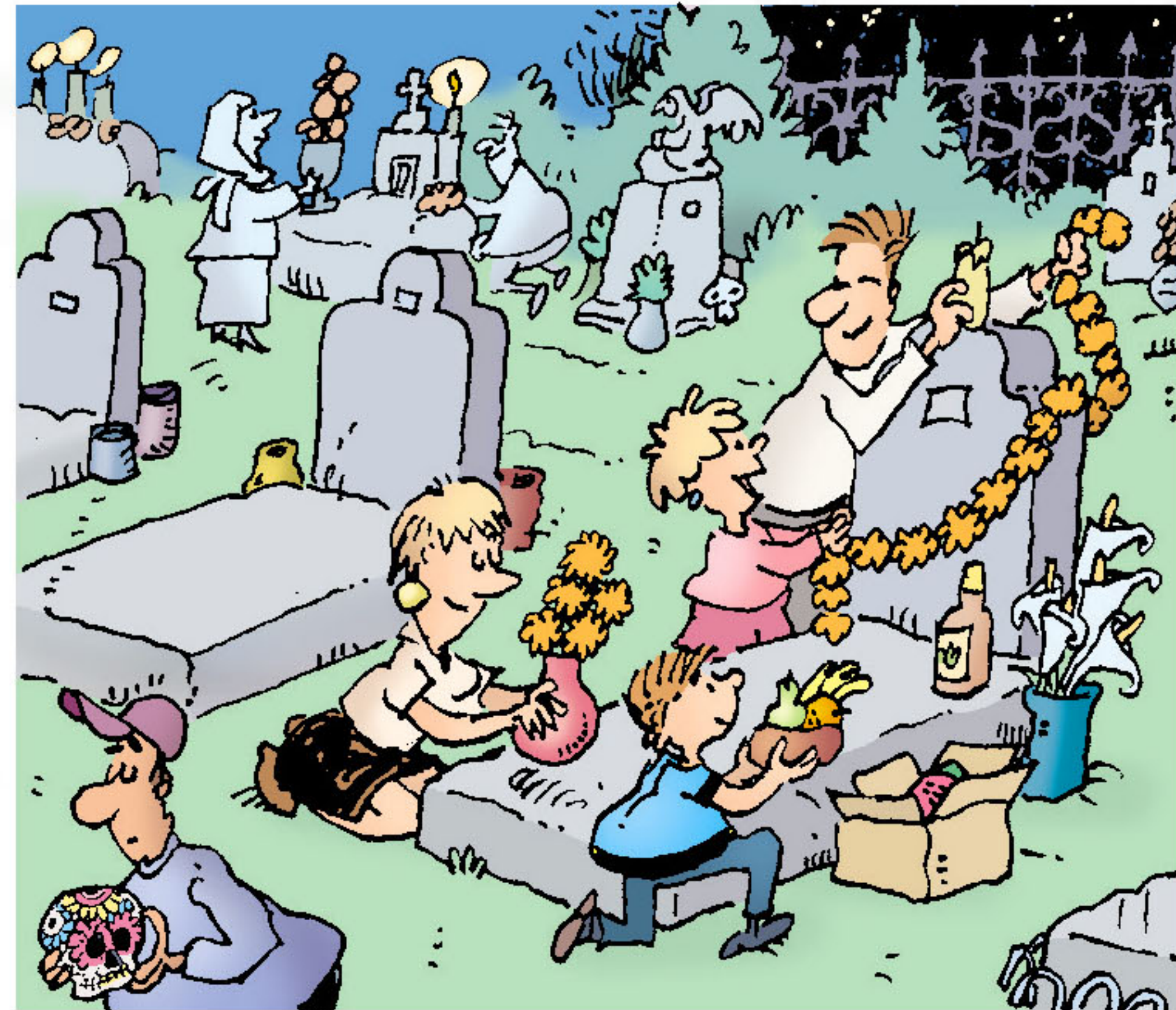
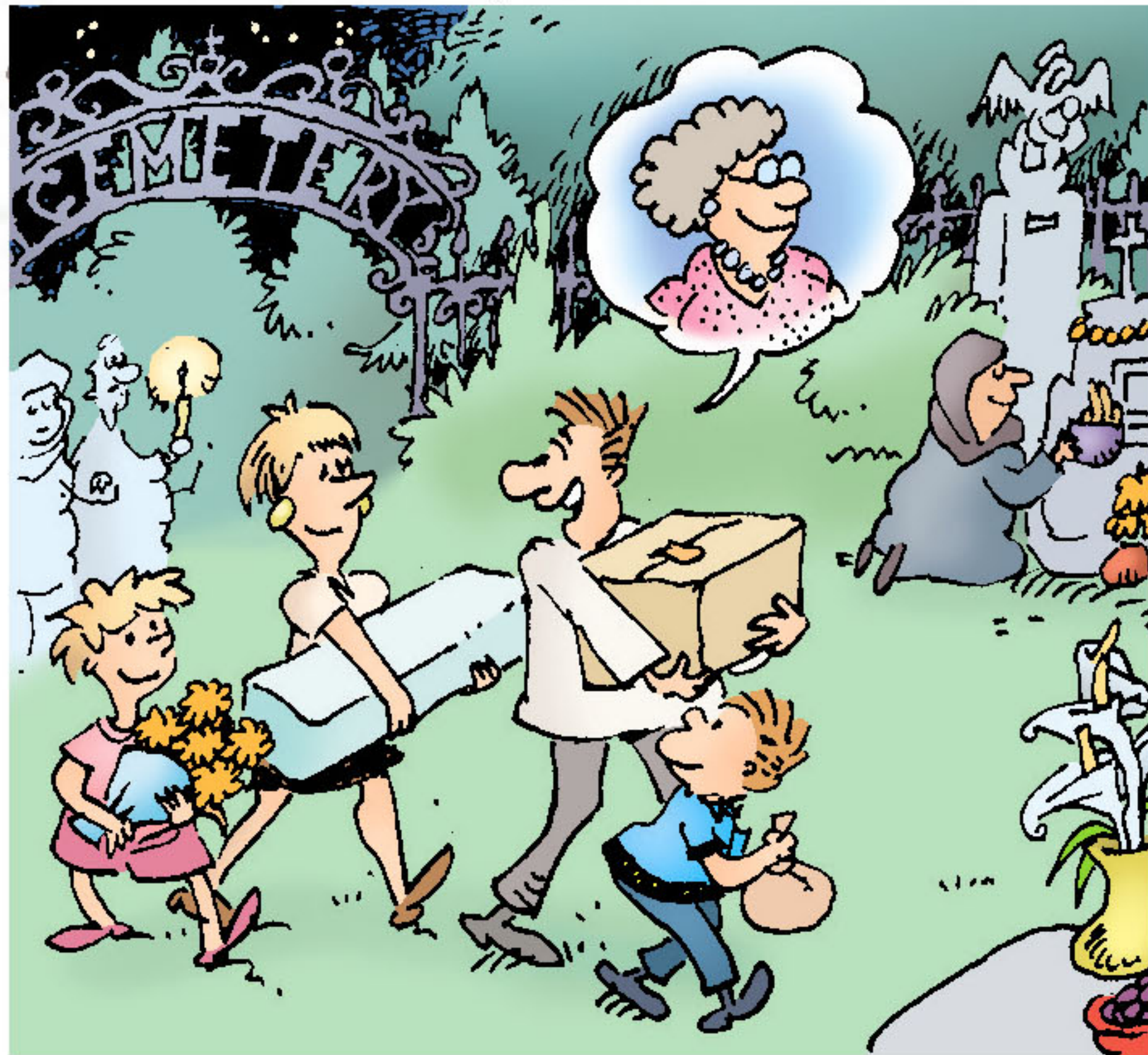
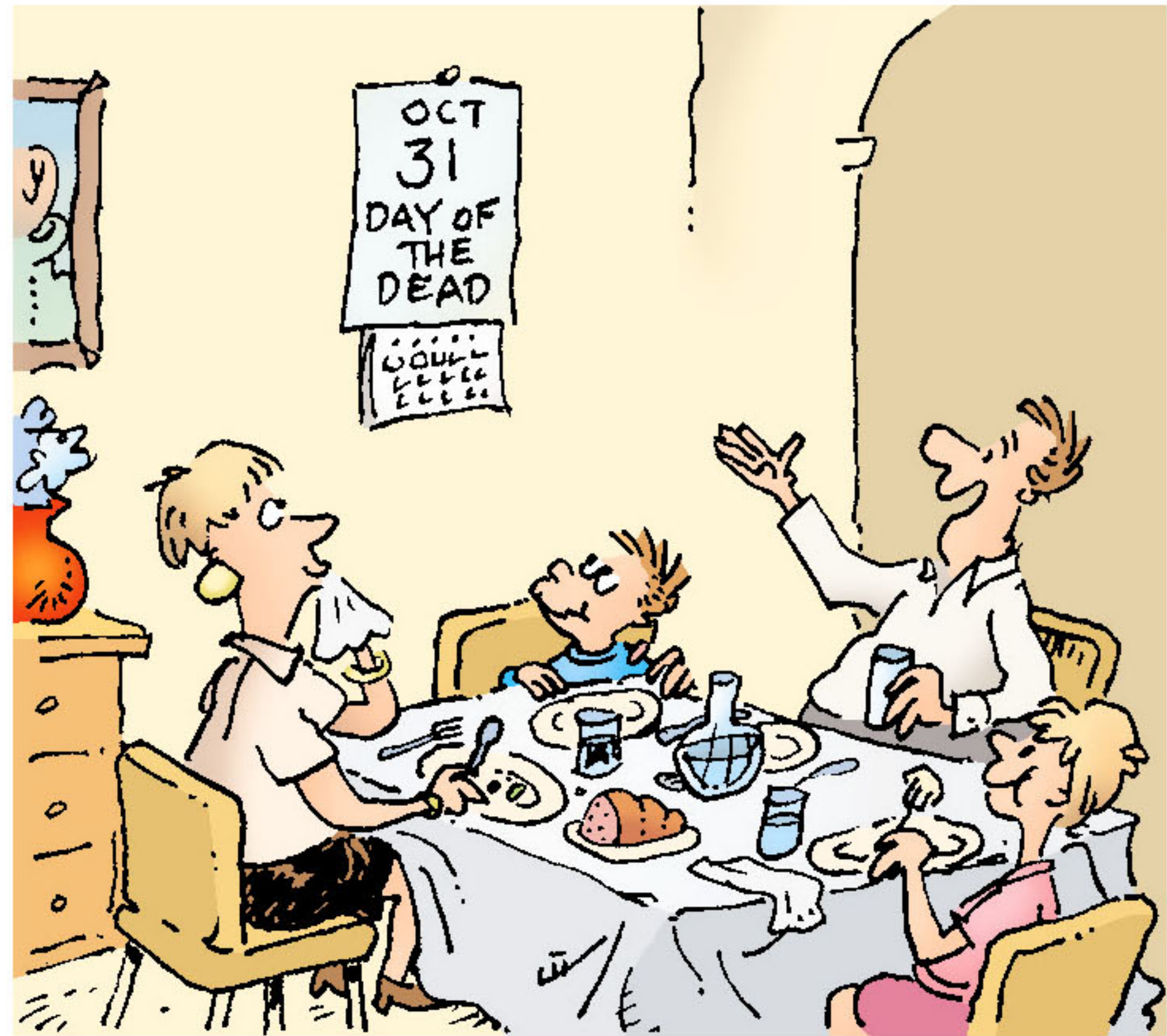


Z is for ZOE who won't be the last

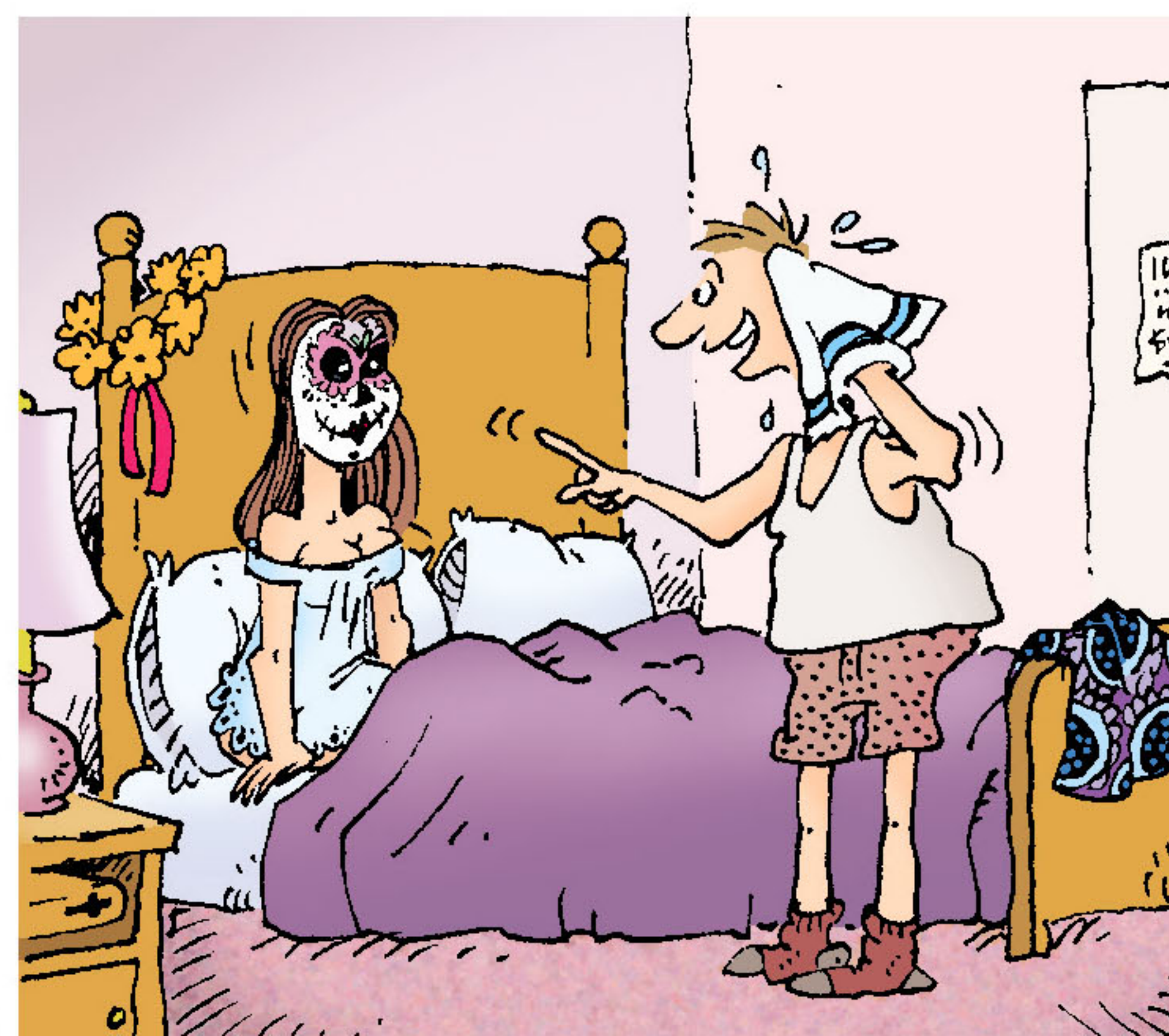
Sergio Aragonés
PRESENTS

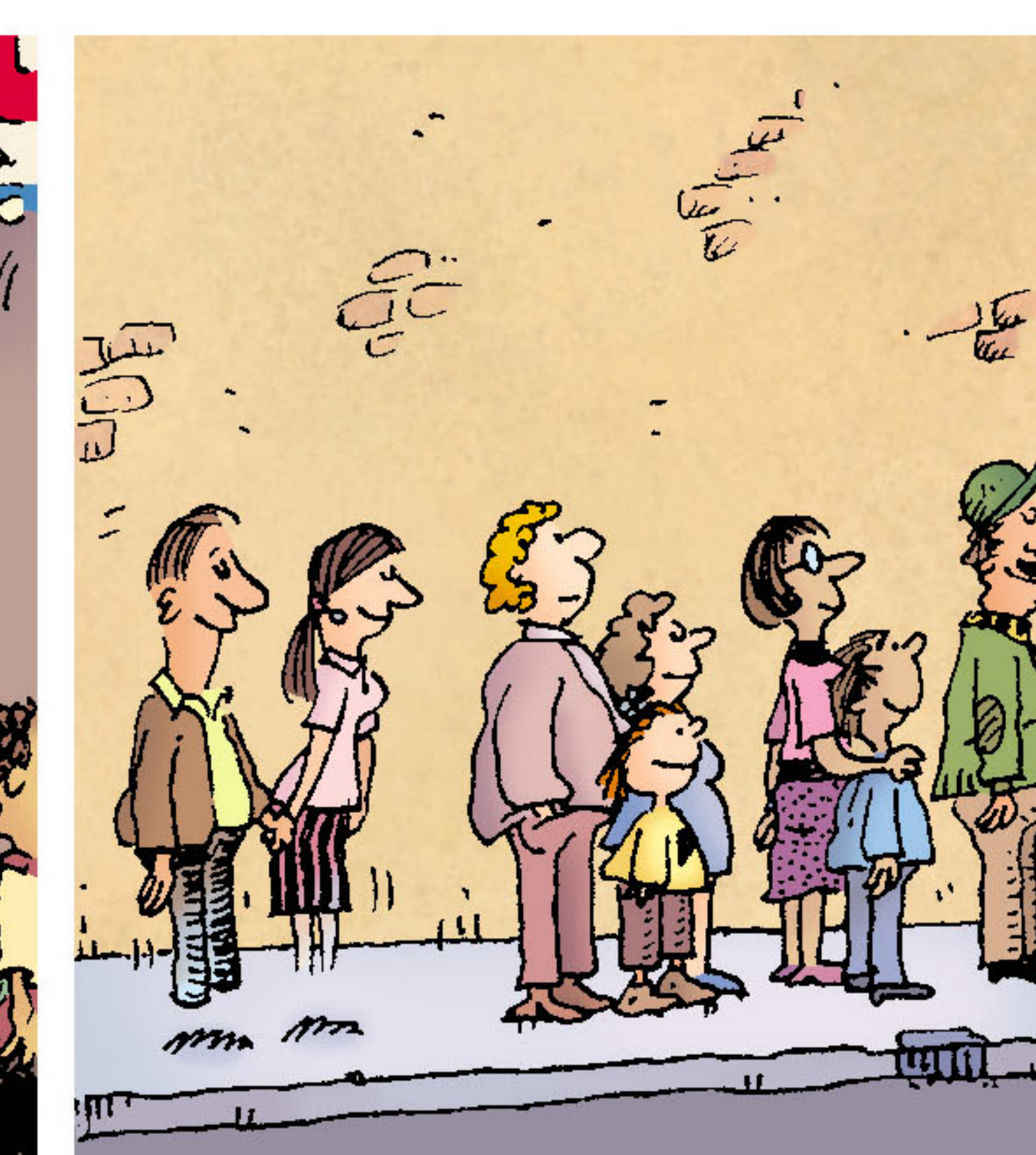
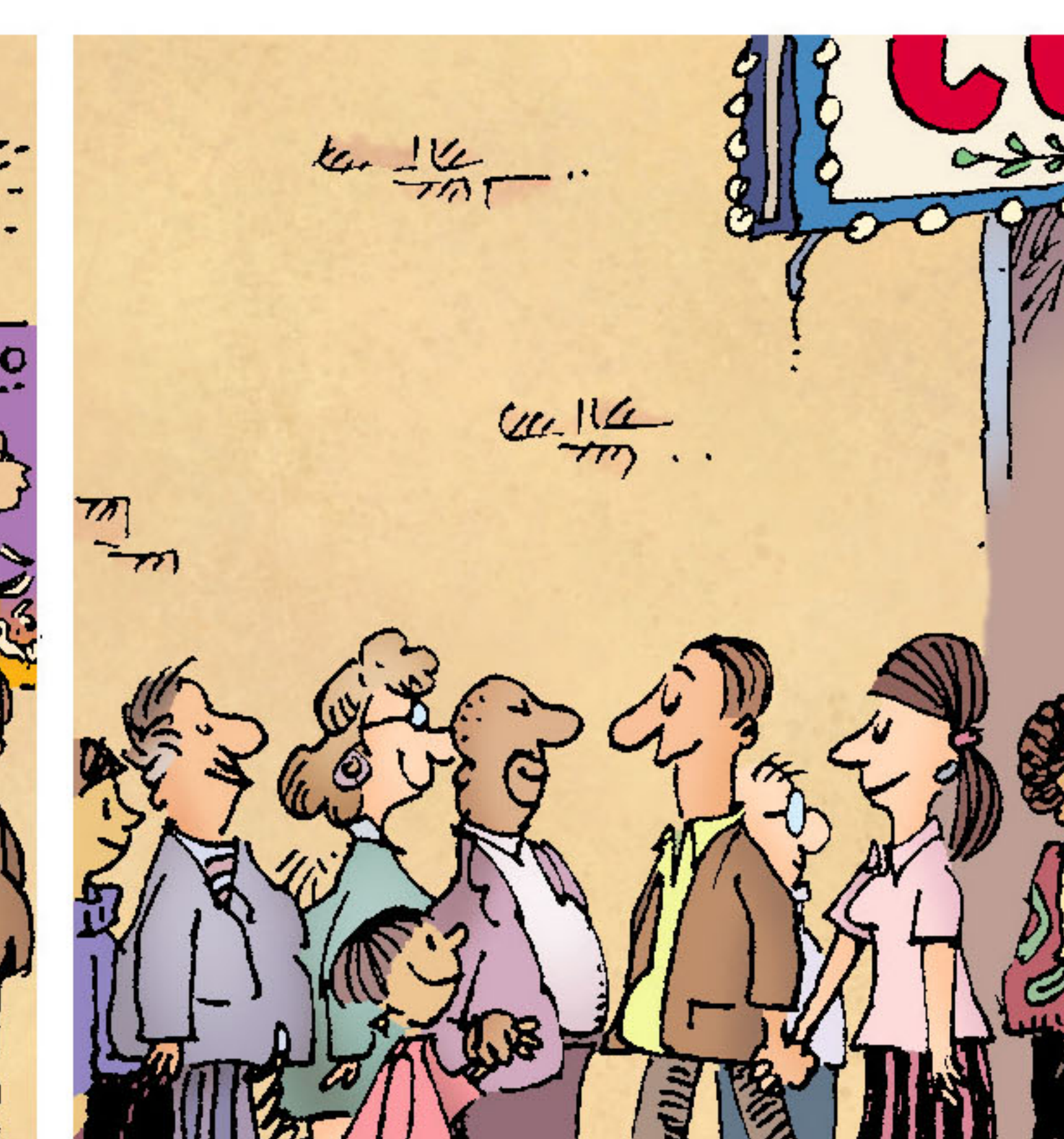
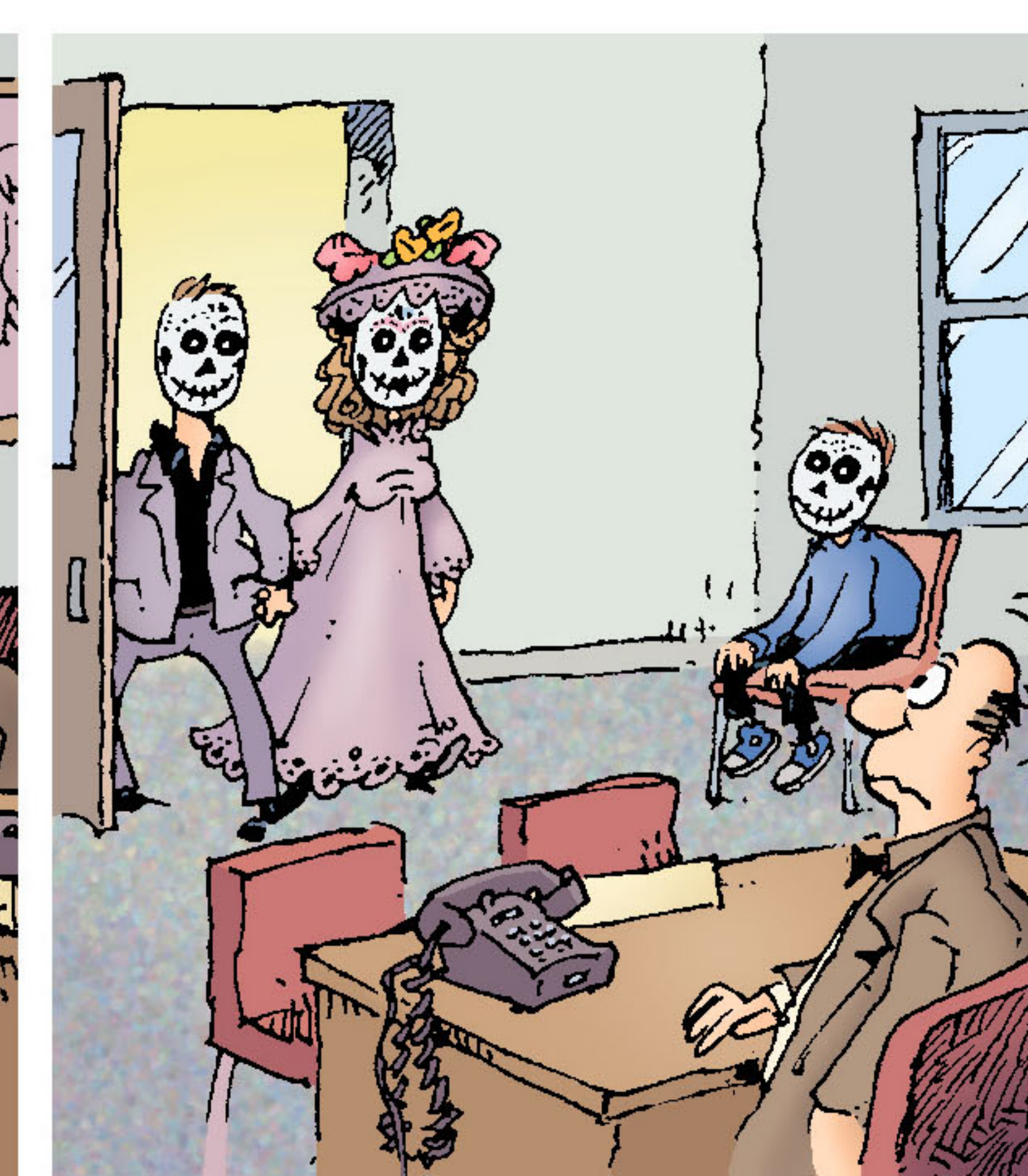
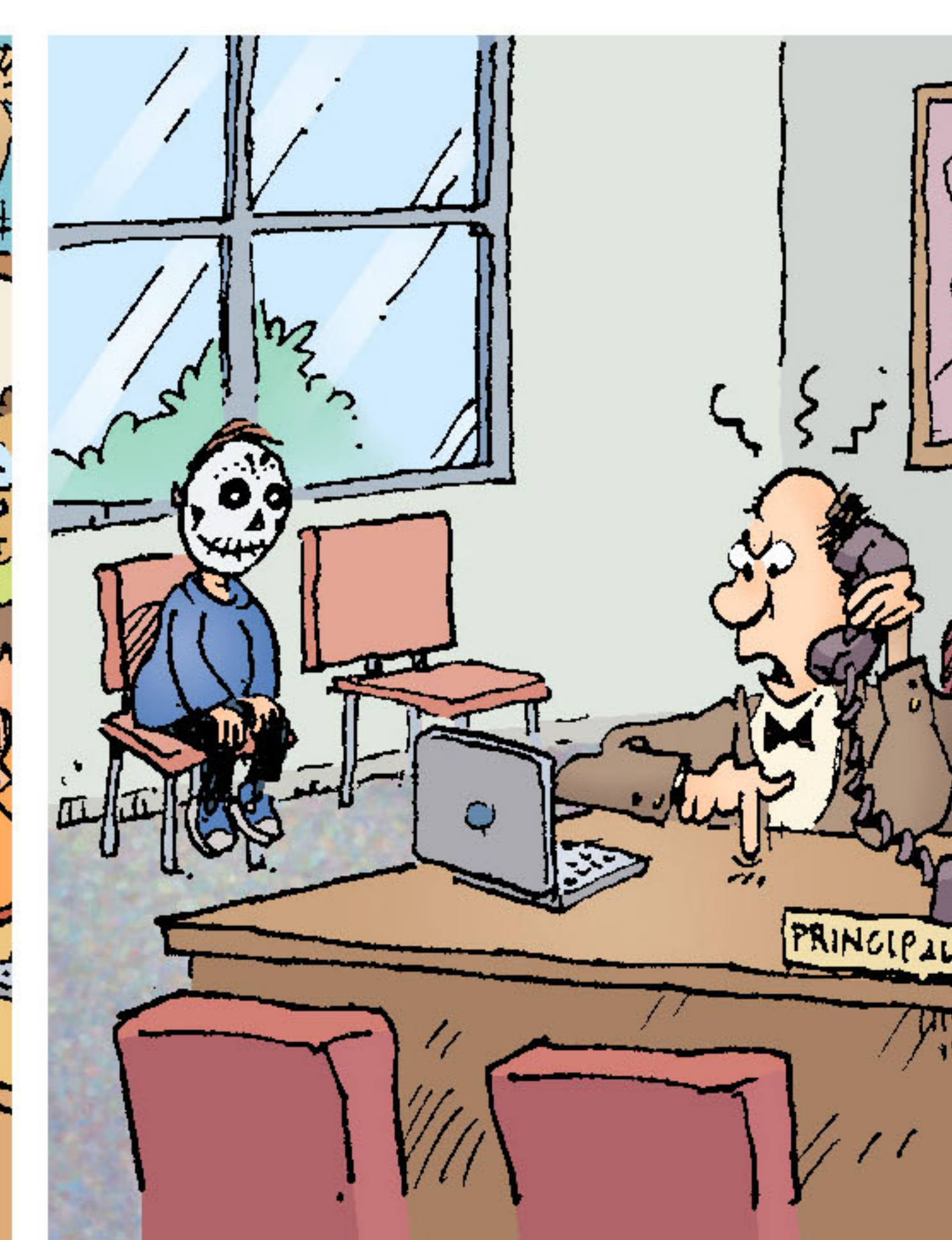
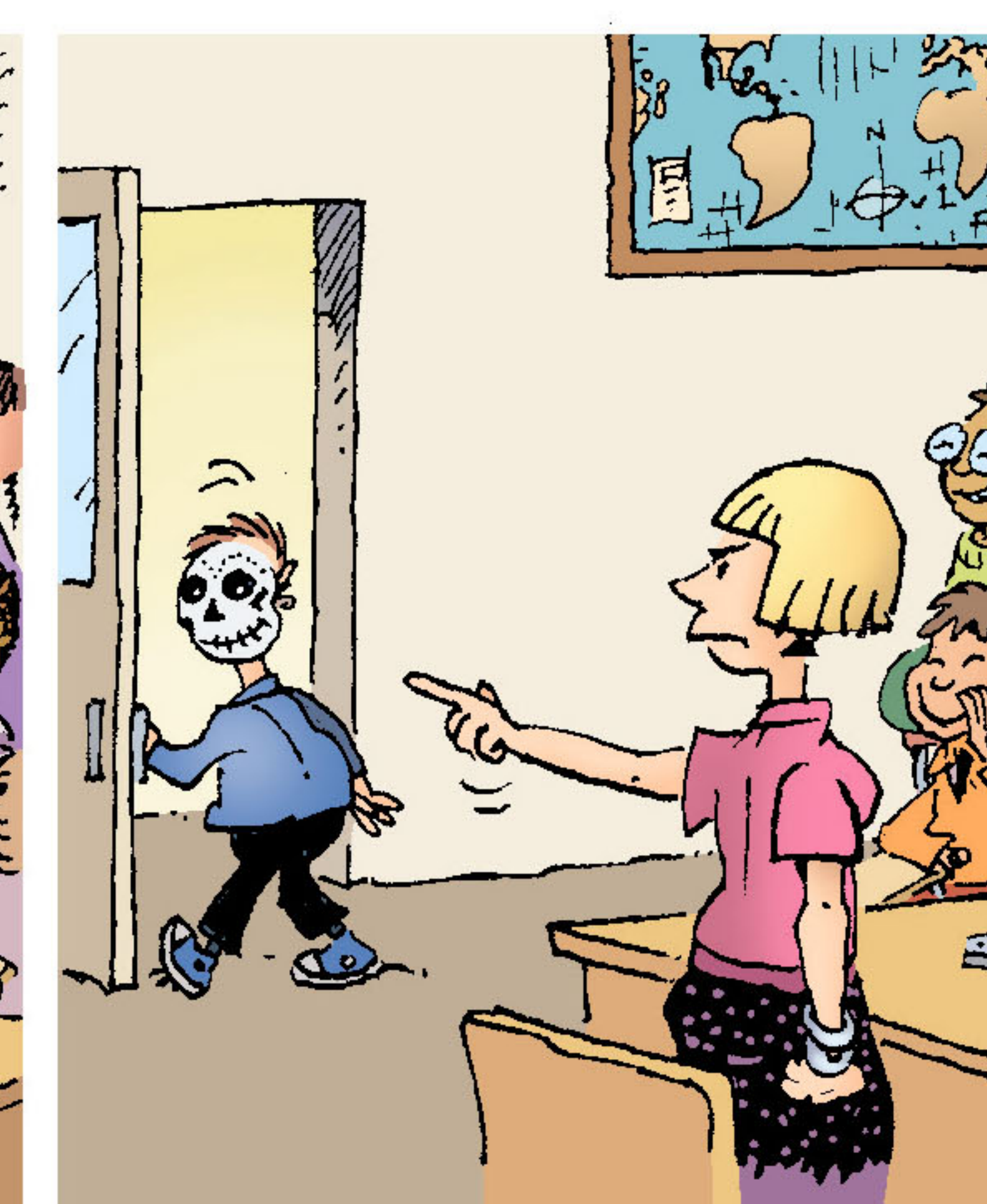
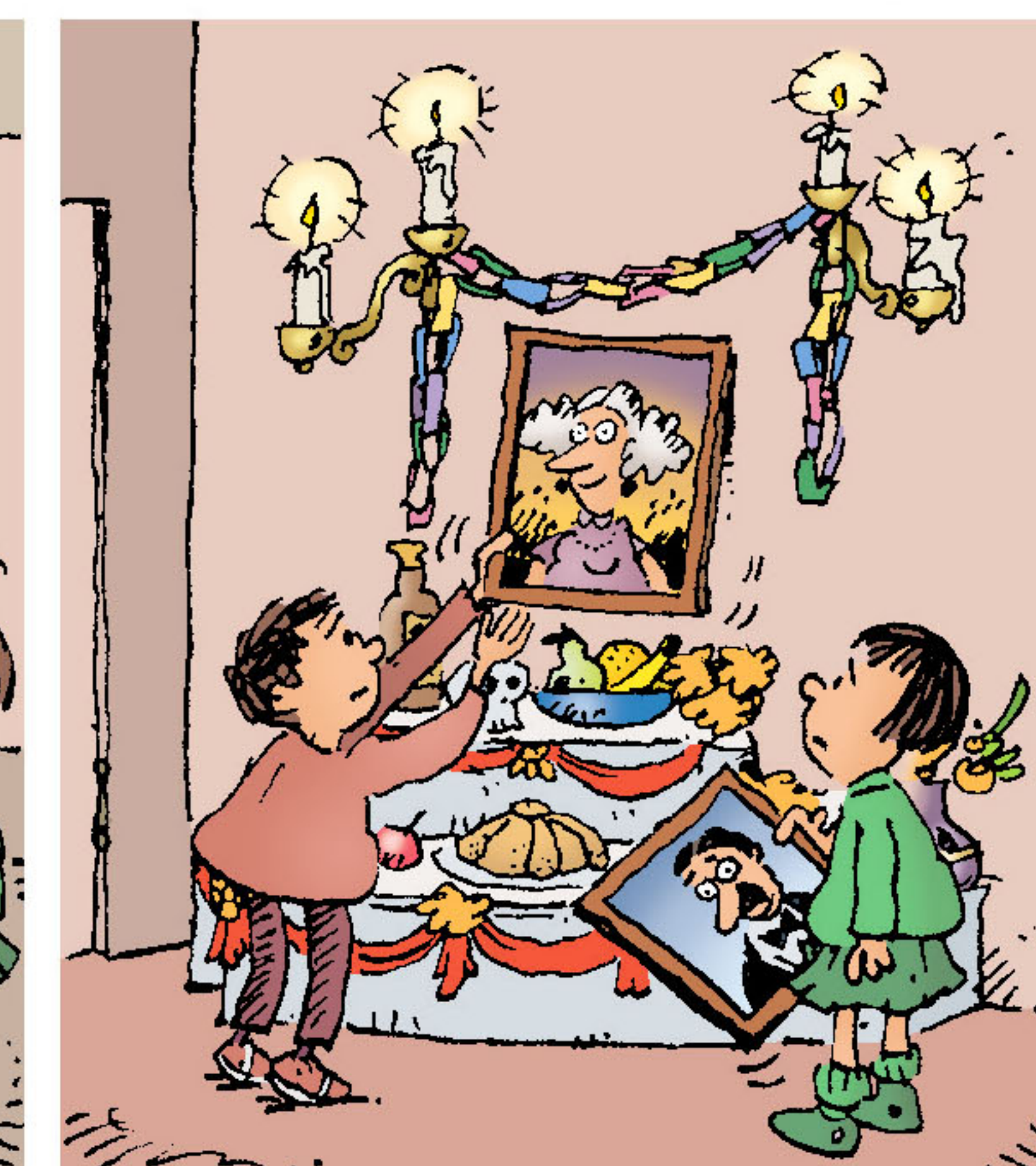
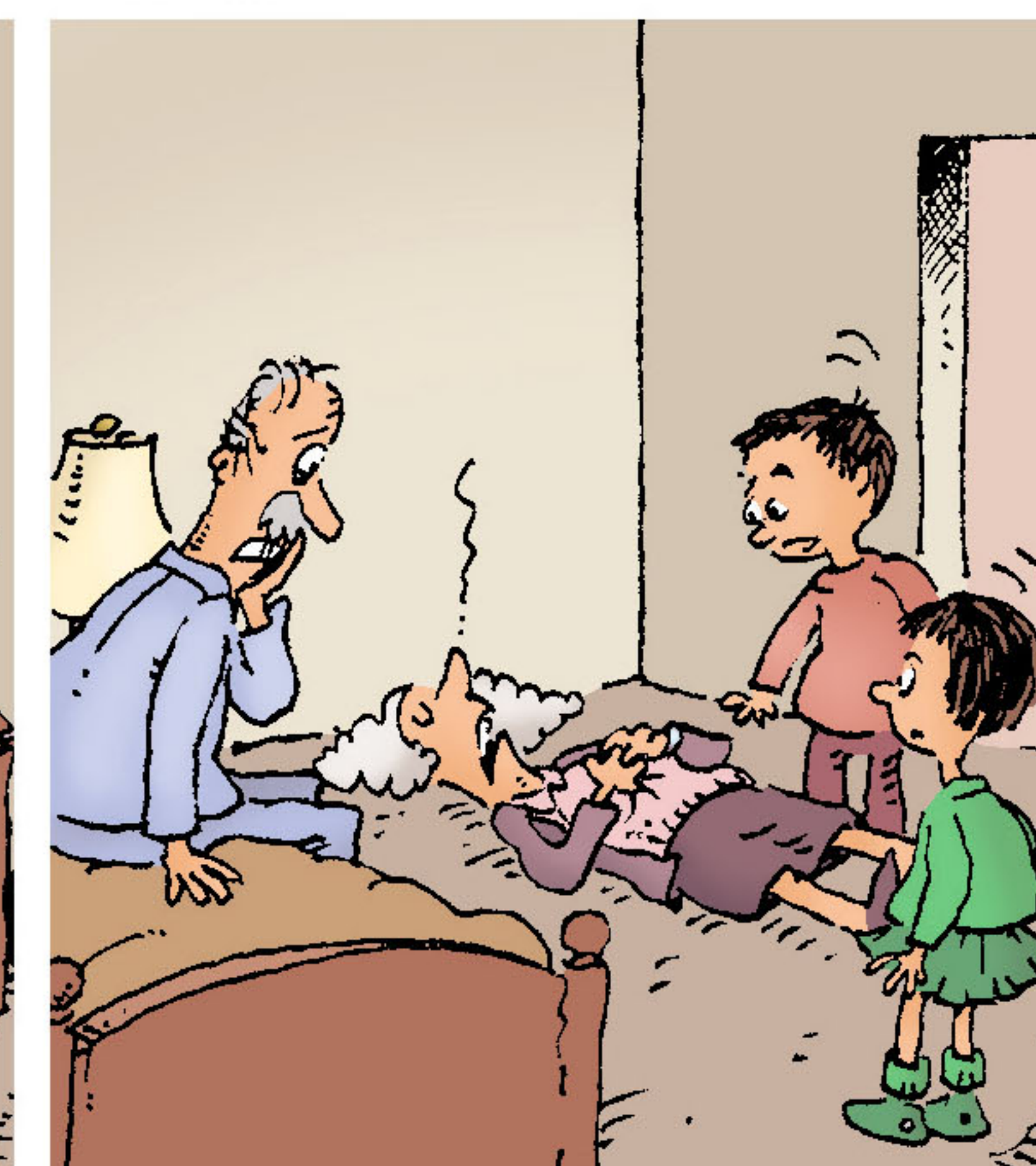
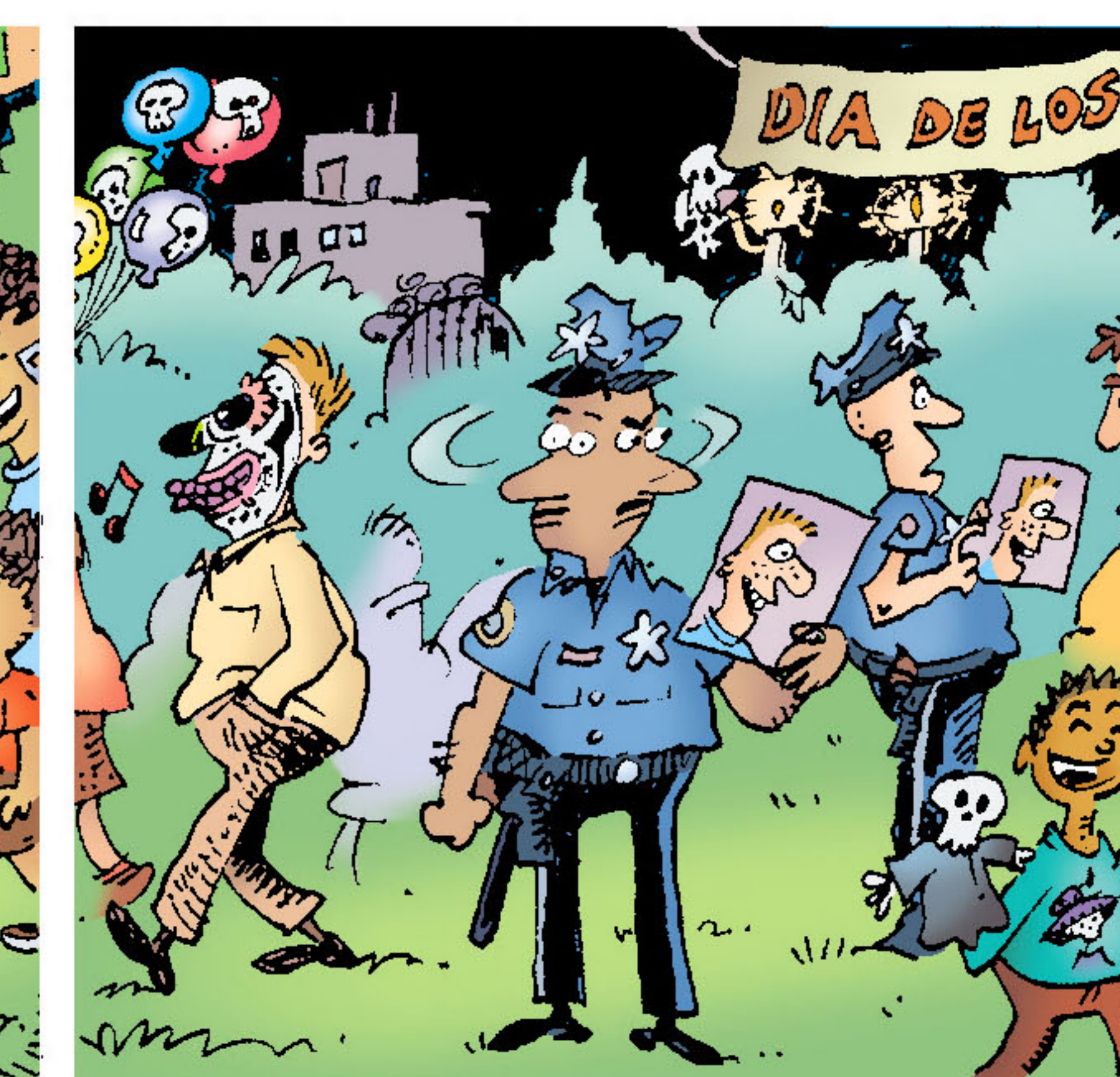
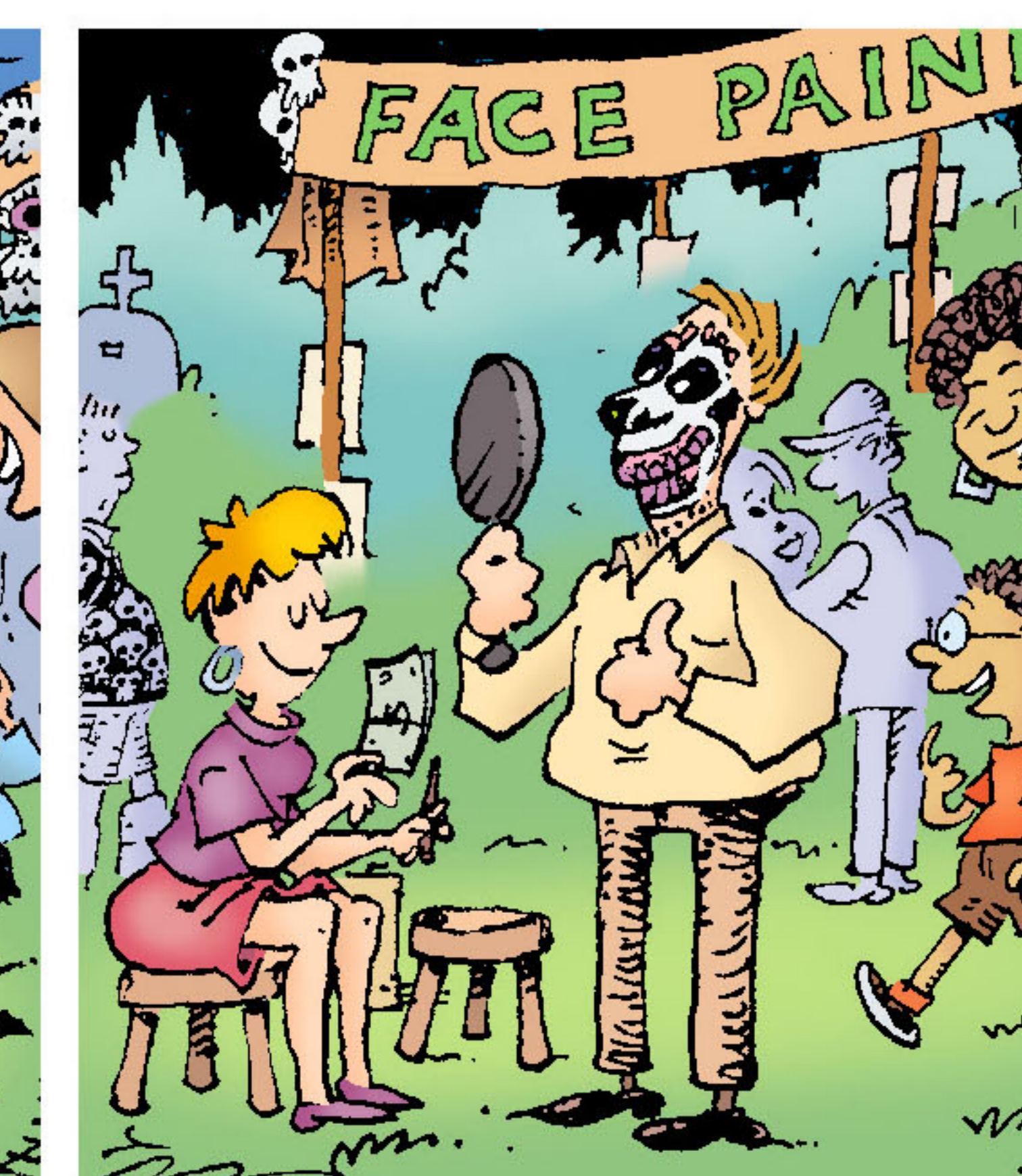
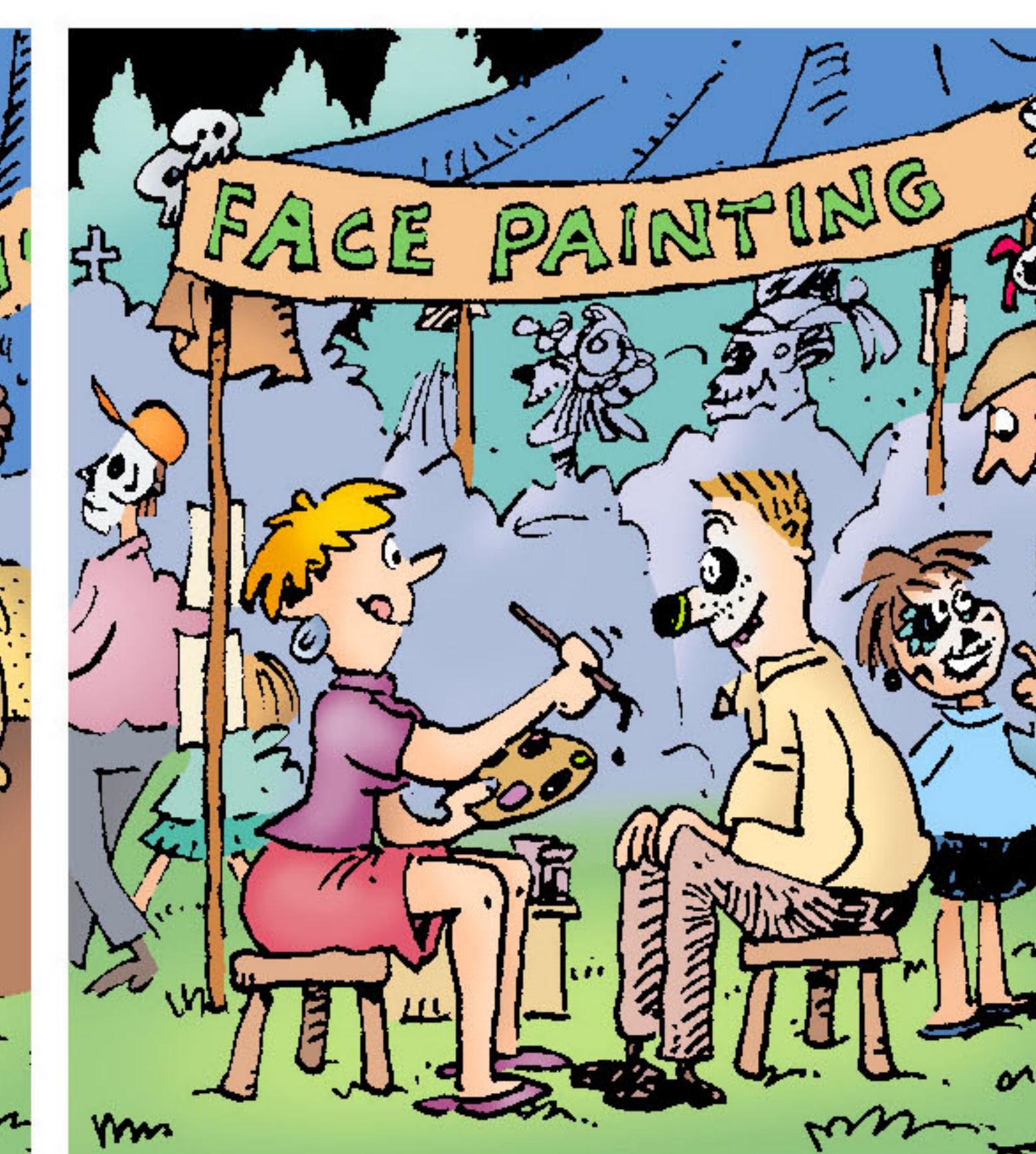
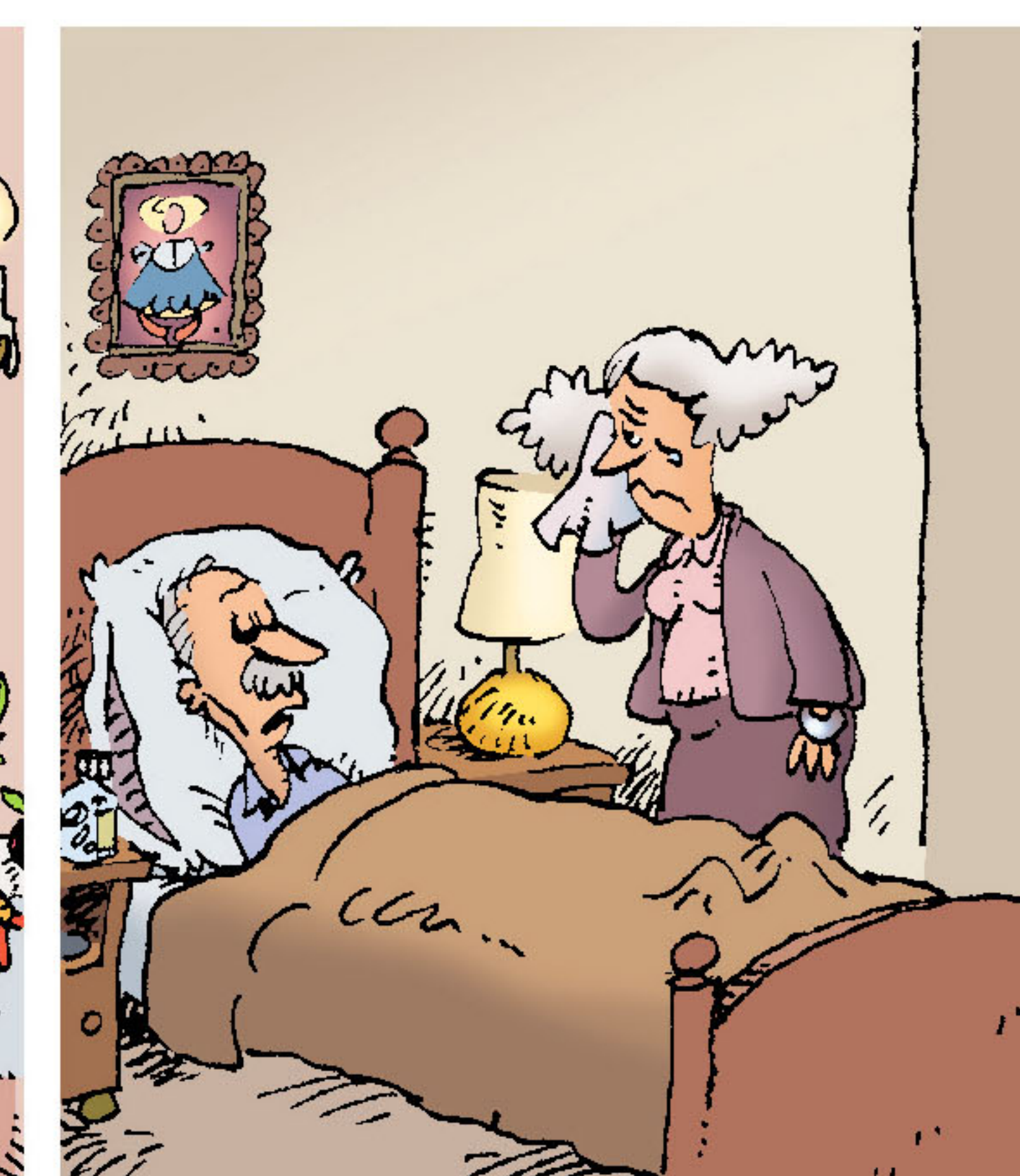
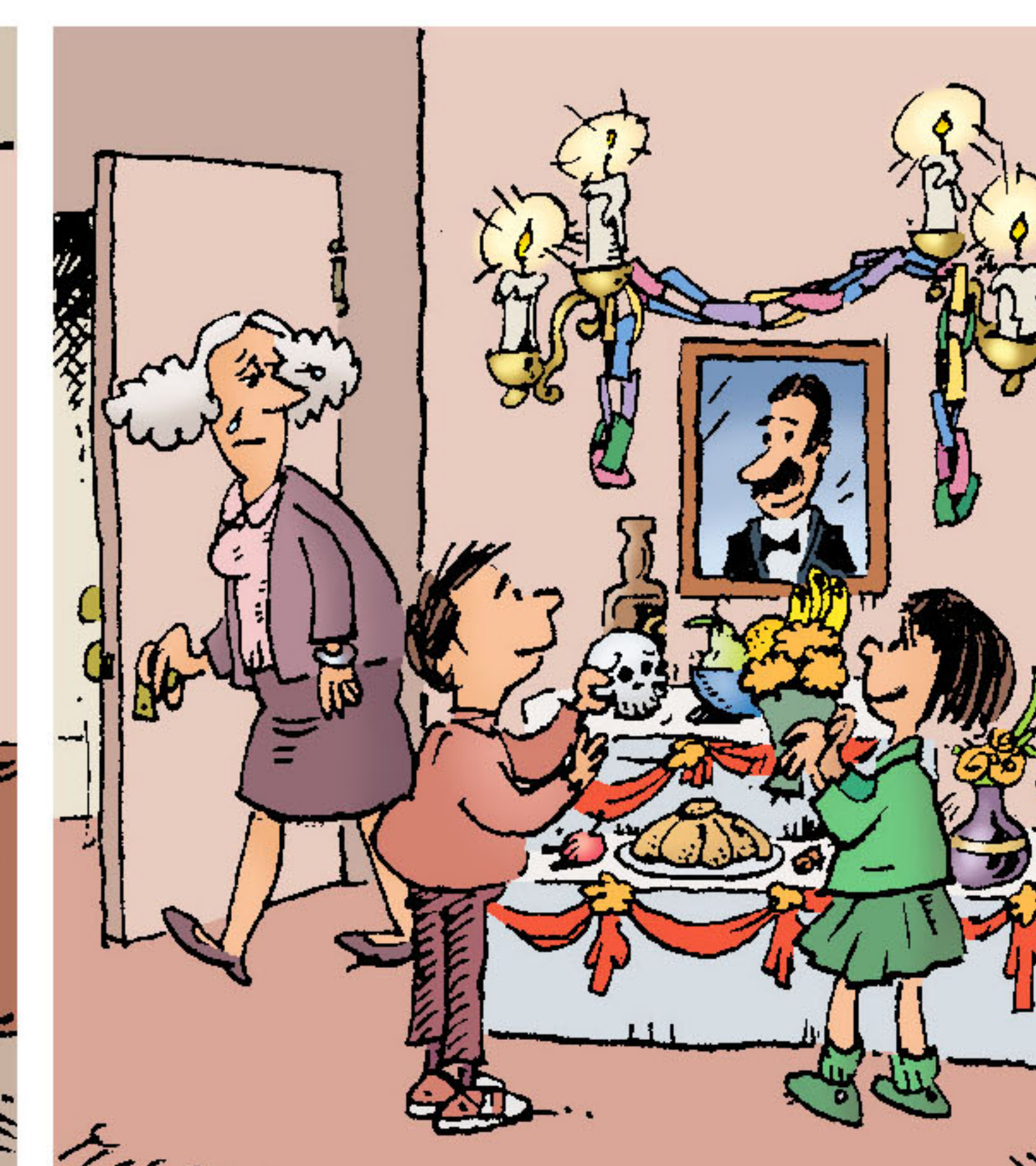
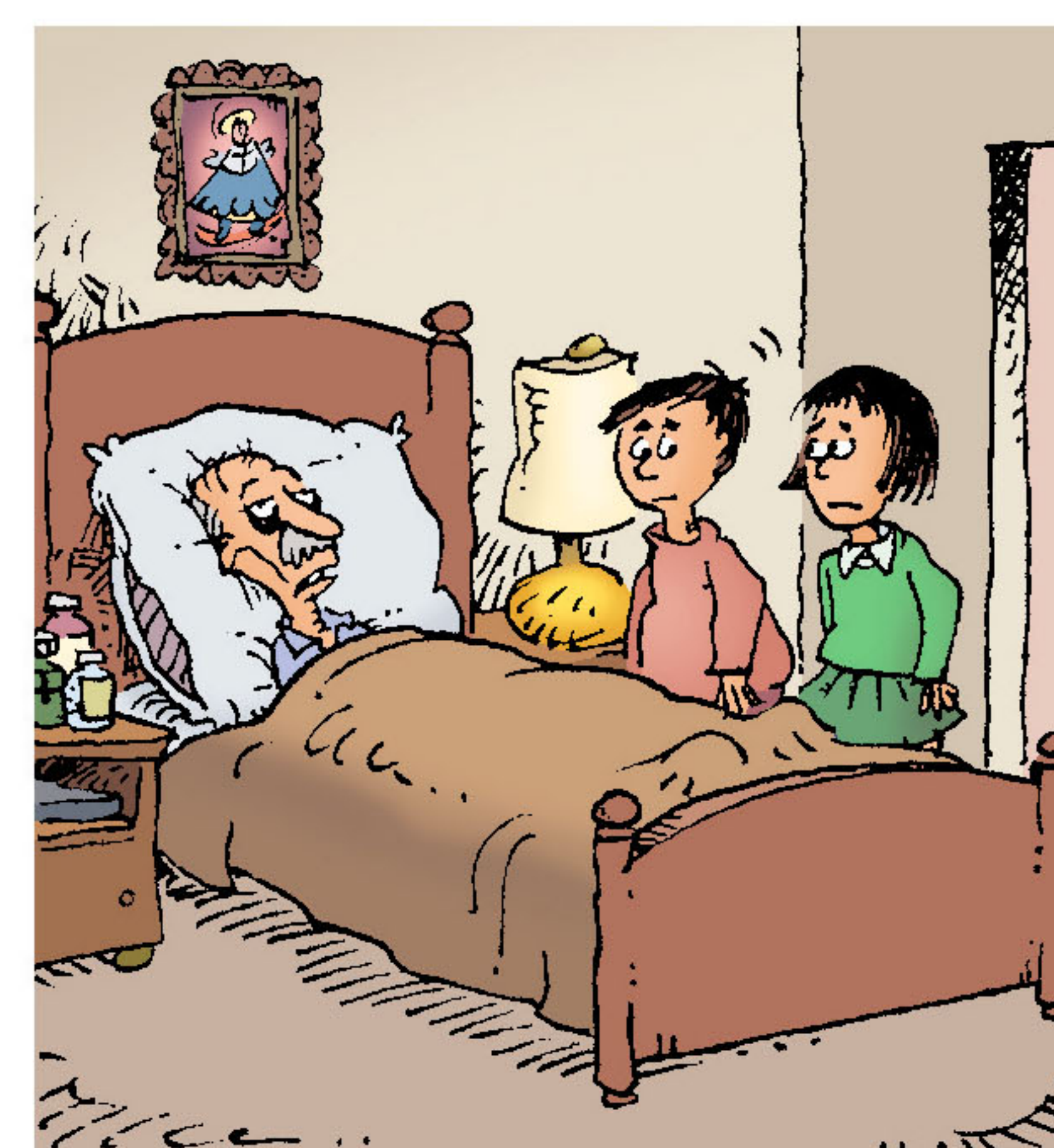
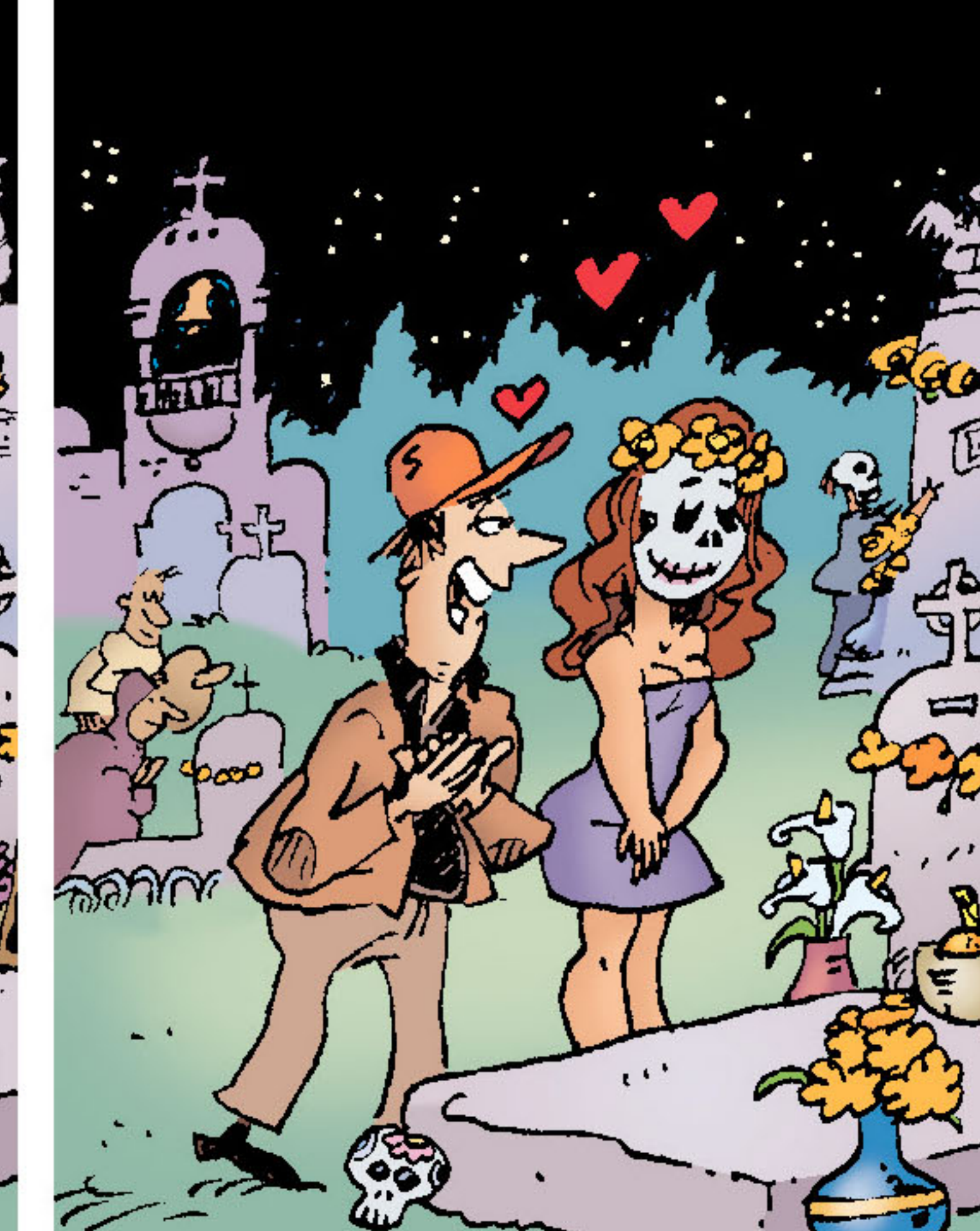
A MAD LOOK AT DIA DE LOS MUERTOS

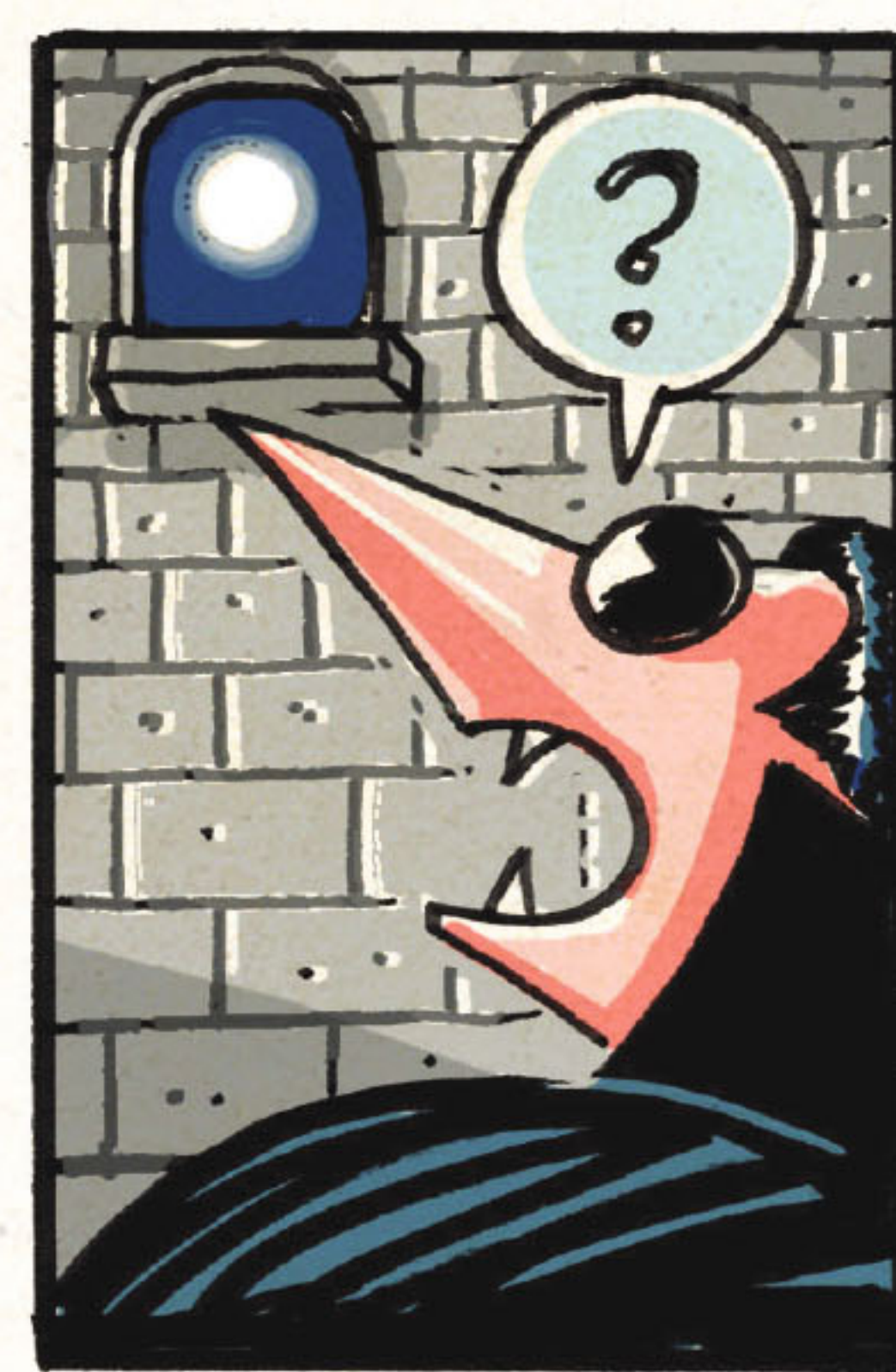
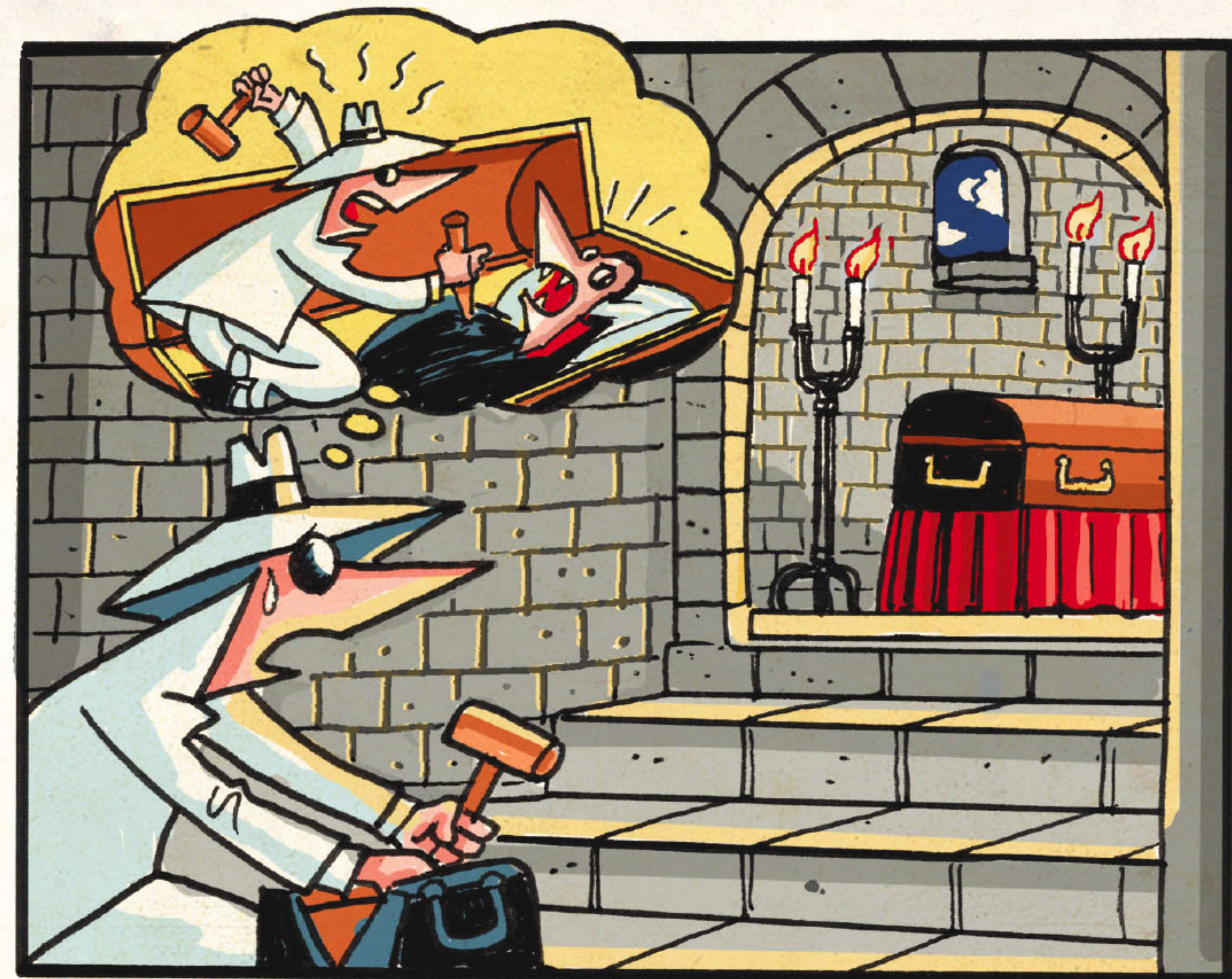
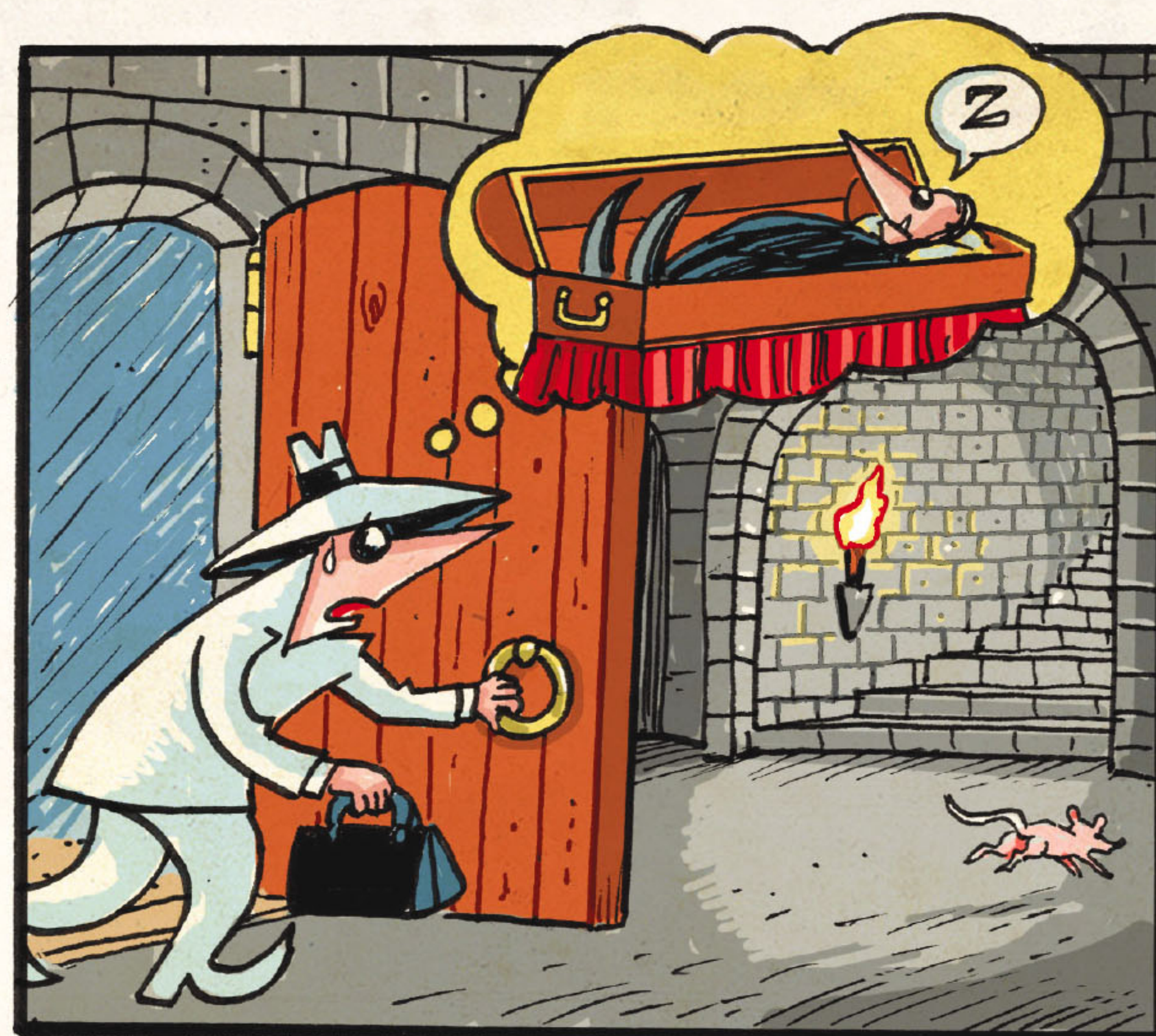
DAY OF THE DEAD



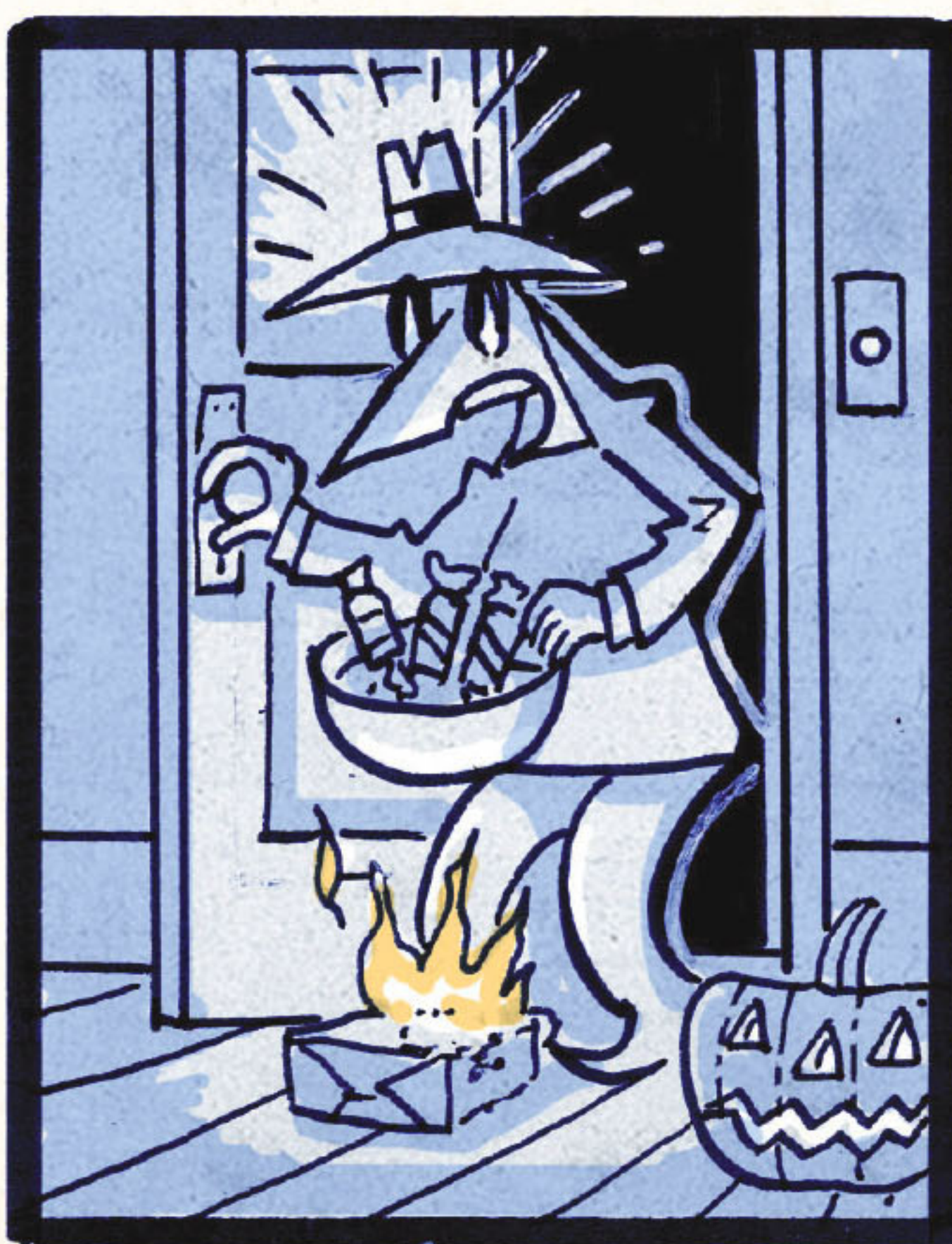
WRITER & ARTIST **SERGIO ARAGONÉS** COLORIST **TOM LUTH**







KAS VS SPY



MAD'S TOM BUNK GOES TRICK OR TREATING

WRITER & ARTIST TOM BUNK





THE WISENHEIM MUSEUM

Over its notorious 66-year history, MAD has left its mark on (some might say scarred) generations of creative types! Here in The Wisenheim Museum, we invite those visionaries to pay tribute to (some might say get back at) the magazine that set them on their creative (some might say degenerate) course!

WHAT, ME EVIL?

by Gris Grimly

I grew up in a conservative home ruled by old-time religion. This is a treacherous path for any juvenile to tread, especially in the '80s, when so much materialism was unvirtuous. MAD Magazine was no exception. MAD was decadent eye candy for prepubescent boys like me who were drawn to artistic media—and it was forbidden due to its ability to corrupt young minds. So I had to sneak down to the liquor store after school, and for the “cheap” price of \$1.35 (which was often paid with loose change) I could go home with a brand-new, slightly fingered issue of MAD. I would hide this contraband in my camouflage backpack, between my math and phonics books. Once in my room, I would indulge in satirical comic genius.

Unbeknownst to me at the time, MAD issues would be the most important educational books of my youth. These were my first instructors in the school of art. Jack Davis taught me that shape language can be exaggerated and yet realistic. Don Martin taught me to bend feet and fan fingers. Mort Drucker taught me that the art of caricature is as much in the hands as it is in the face. And Spy vs. Spy taught me to trust no one. Now that I'm an adult, I look back and agree 100 percent with my mom. MAD did corrupt my mind. But it also made me the artist I am today.

GRIS GRIMLY is an award-winning illustrator best known for his “macabre” yet humorous books for children and young adults. For almost 20 years, his distinctive style and wide selection of mediums have captivated a variety of loyal fans worldwide. Outside of the publishing world, he has contributed his unique vision to film, animation, apparel design, and consumer products. grisgrimly.com



G. GRIMLY

52¢

ANNOYED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
CAS
ABSURDITY

THE POTRZEBIE

OF FEAR

FEATURING...



PATERNAL COMPLIANCE!



GASTRO DEFIANCE!



WEIRD SCIENCE!

PLUS

NOT
IN THIS
ISSUE-

VEGAN ZOMBIES!

MMMM...THIS
NEW "BEYOND BRAINS"
GRAY MATTER SUBSTITUTE
IS KICKASS!

MEH,
IT'S OKAY. I HAD A
BLACK BRAIN BURGER
AT TGI DOOMSDAY'S THAT
WAS TO LIVE FOR!



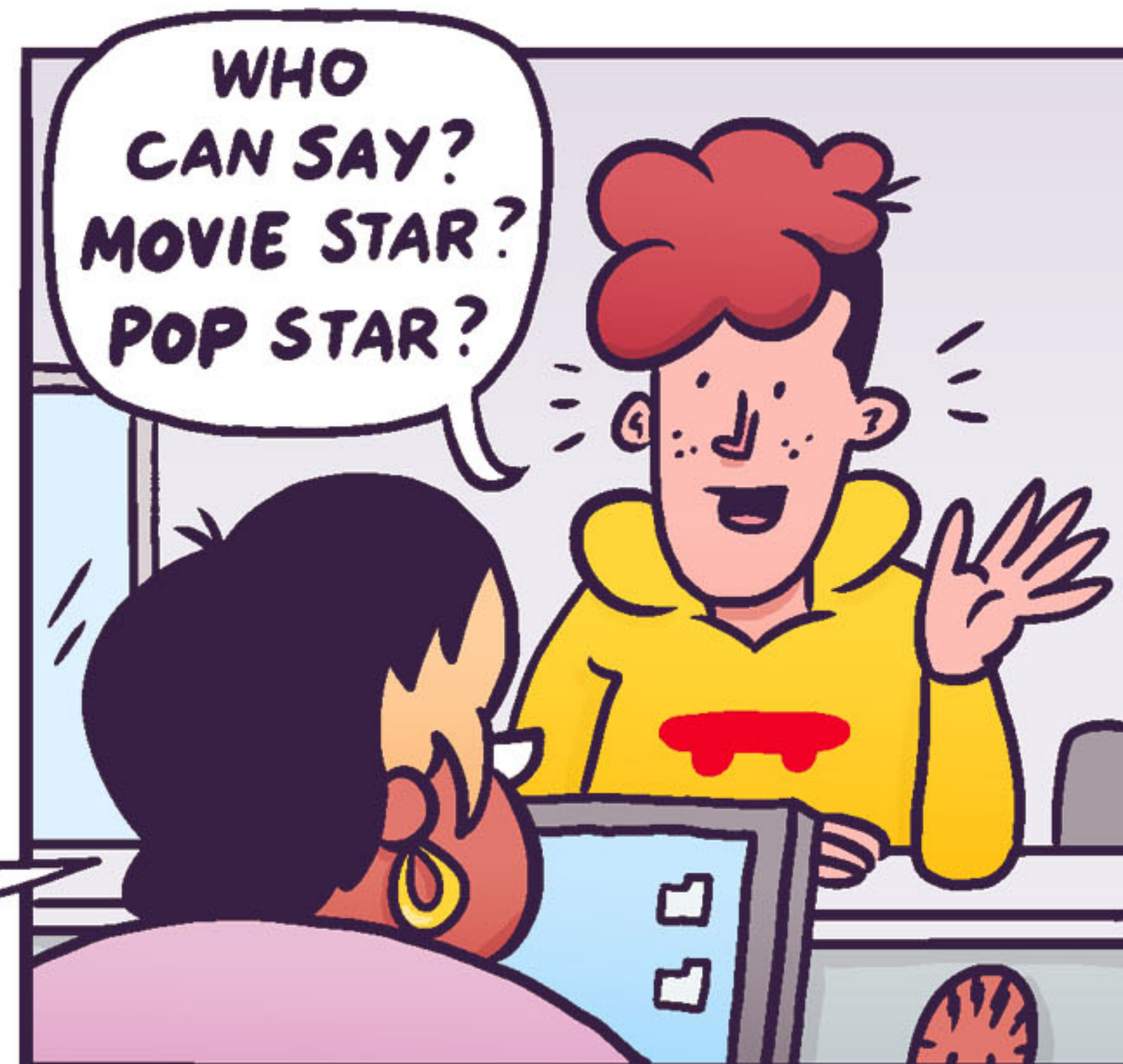
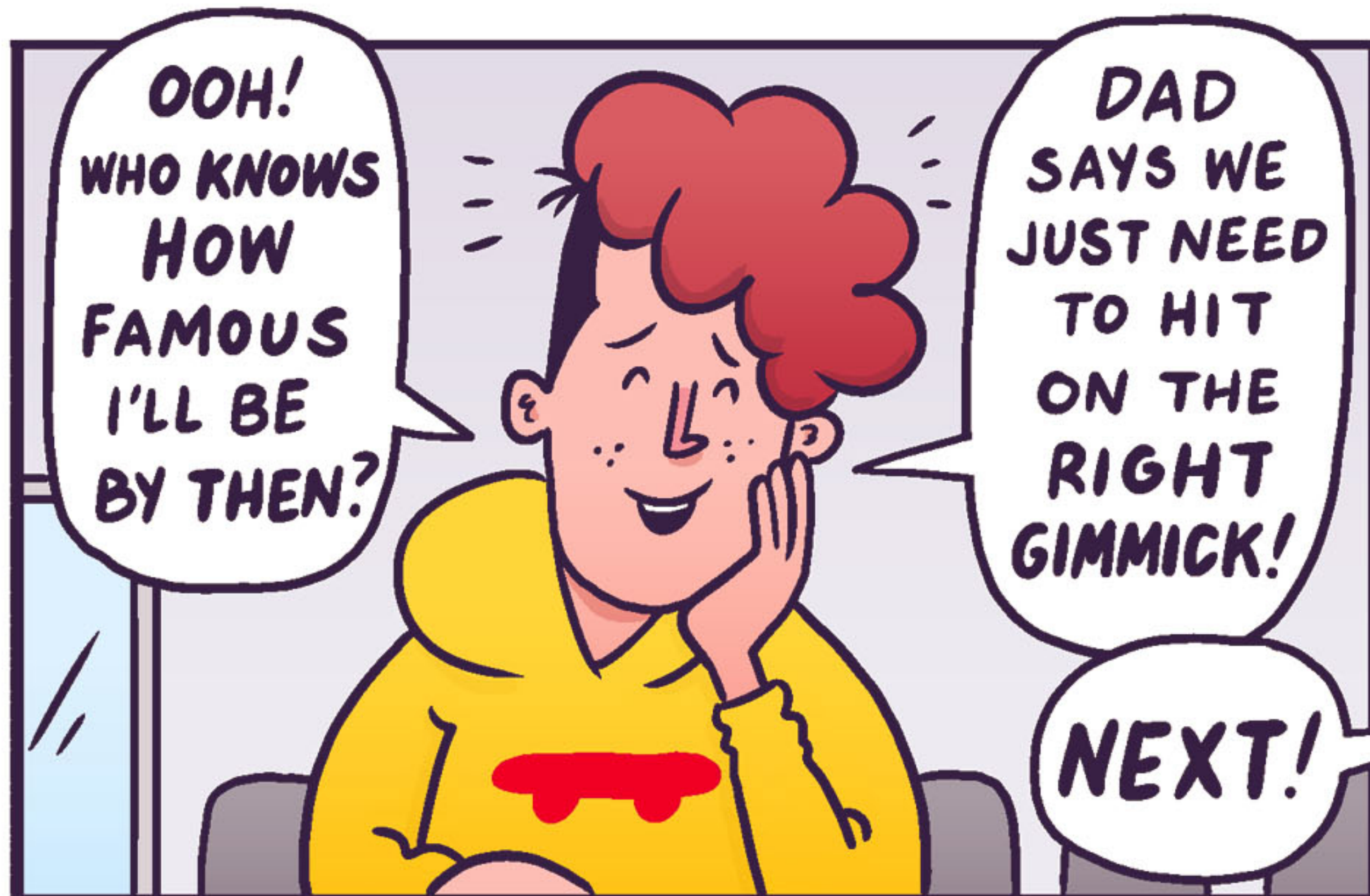
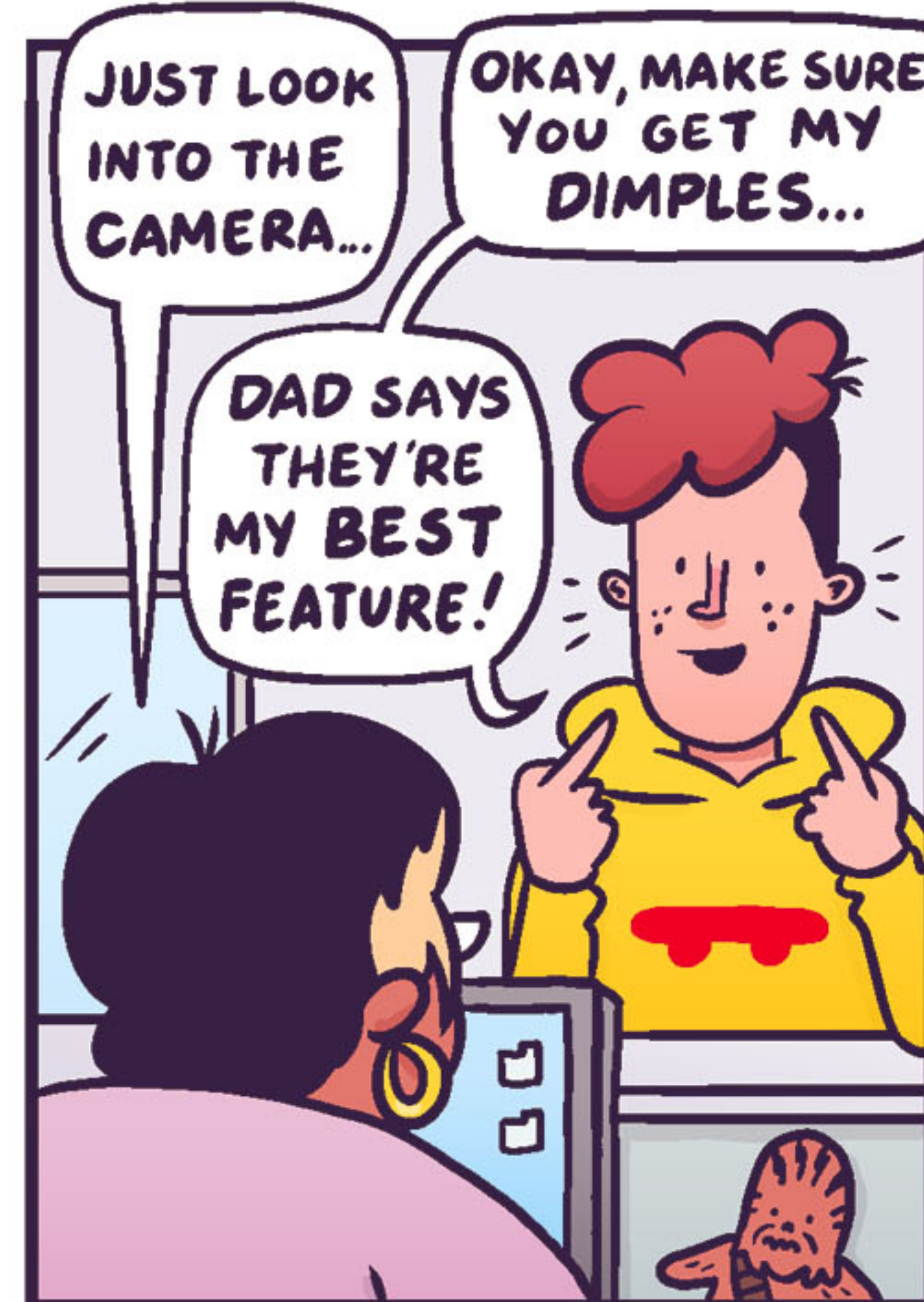
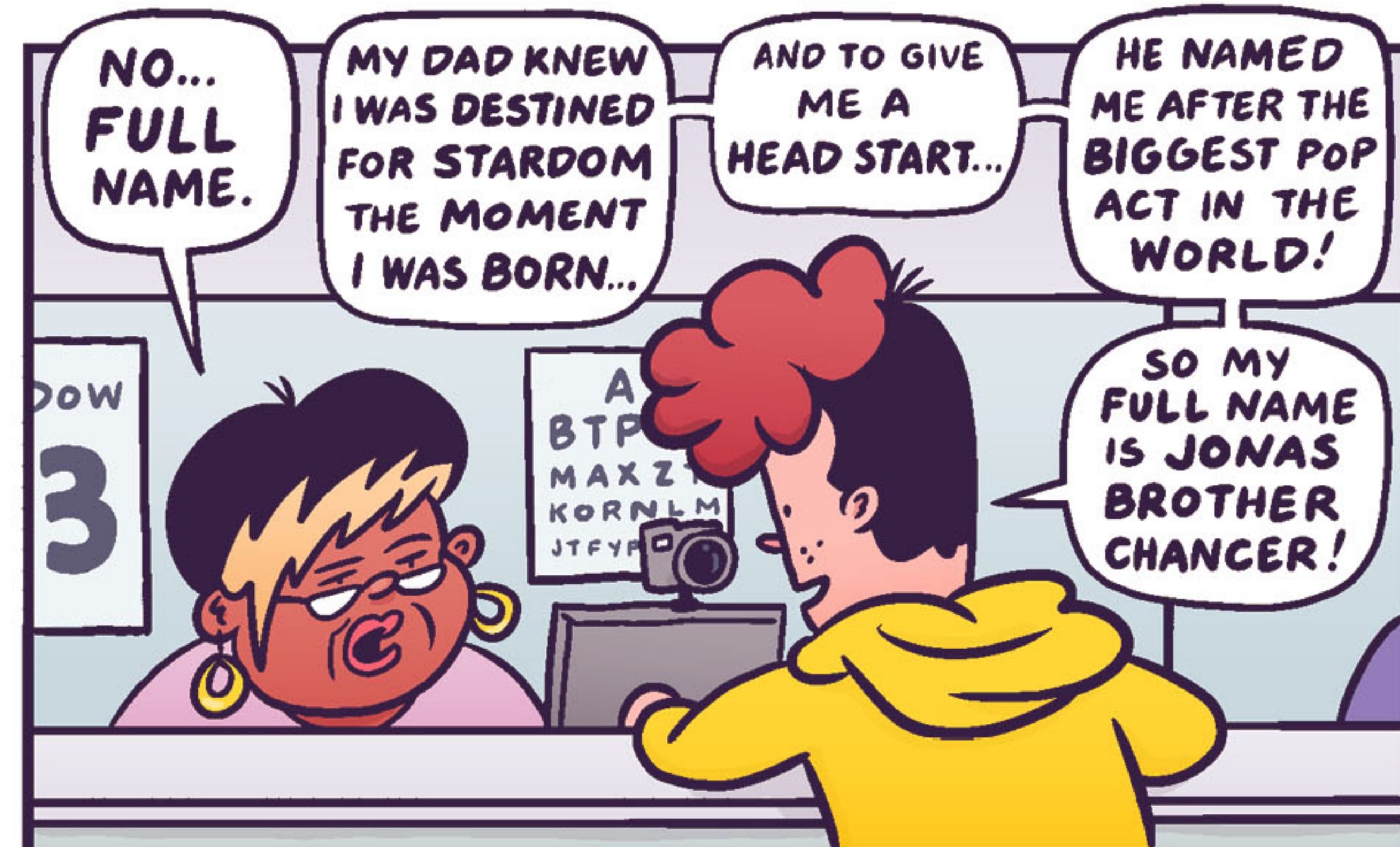
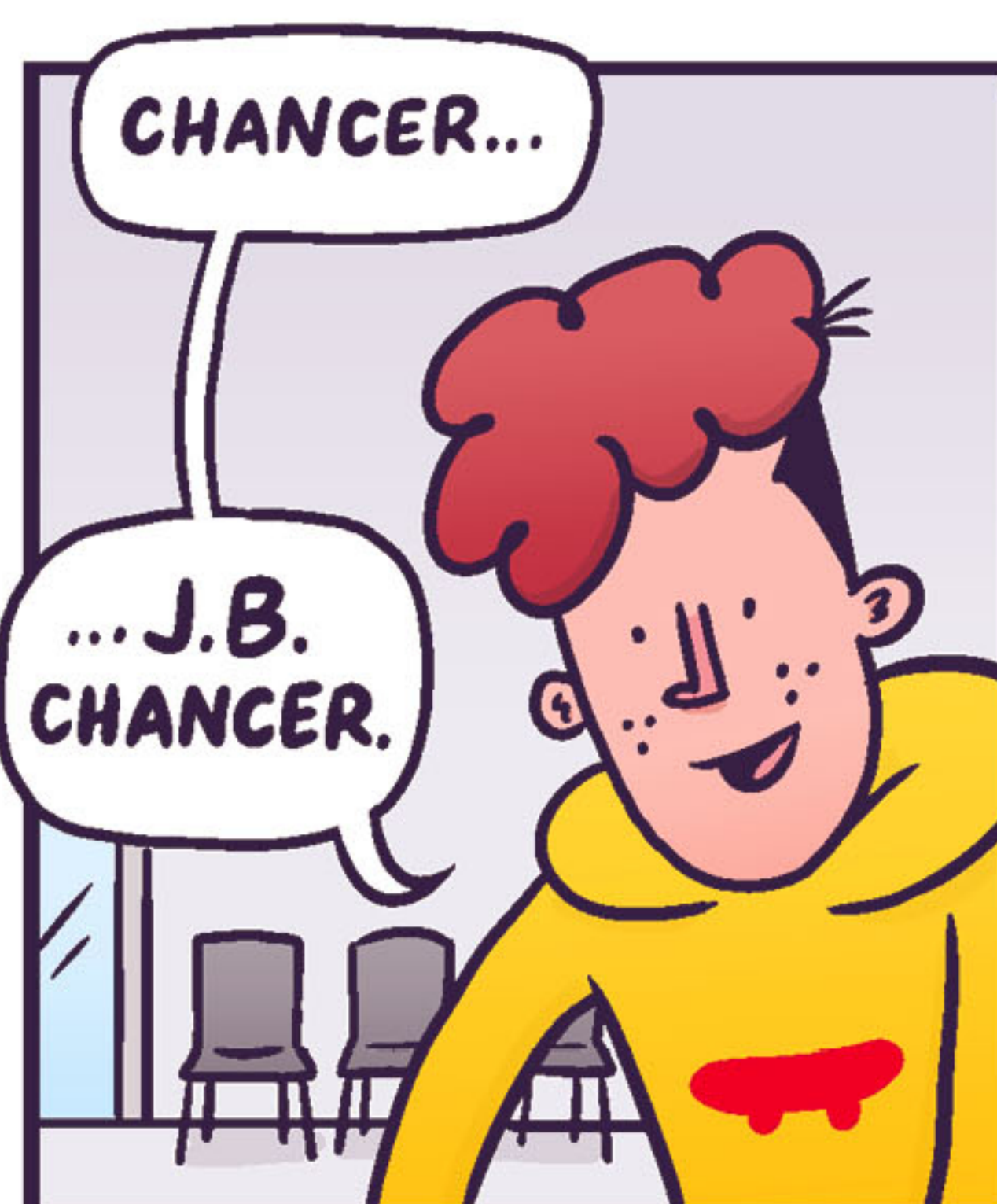
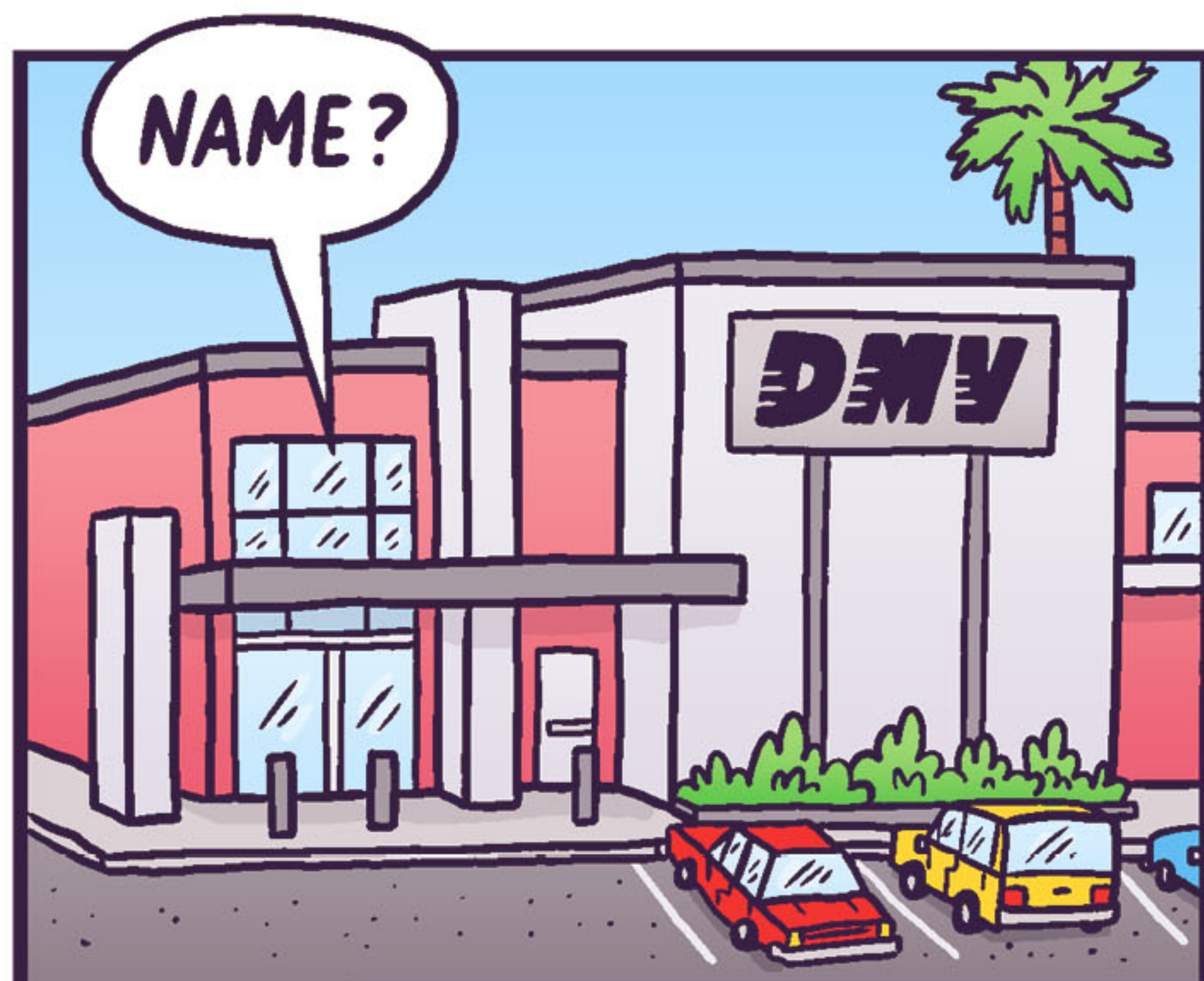
ARTIST JOHN LUCAS
COLORIST NATHAN KANE

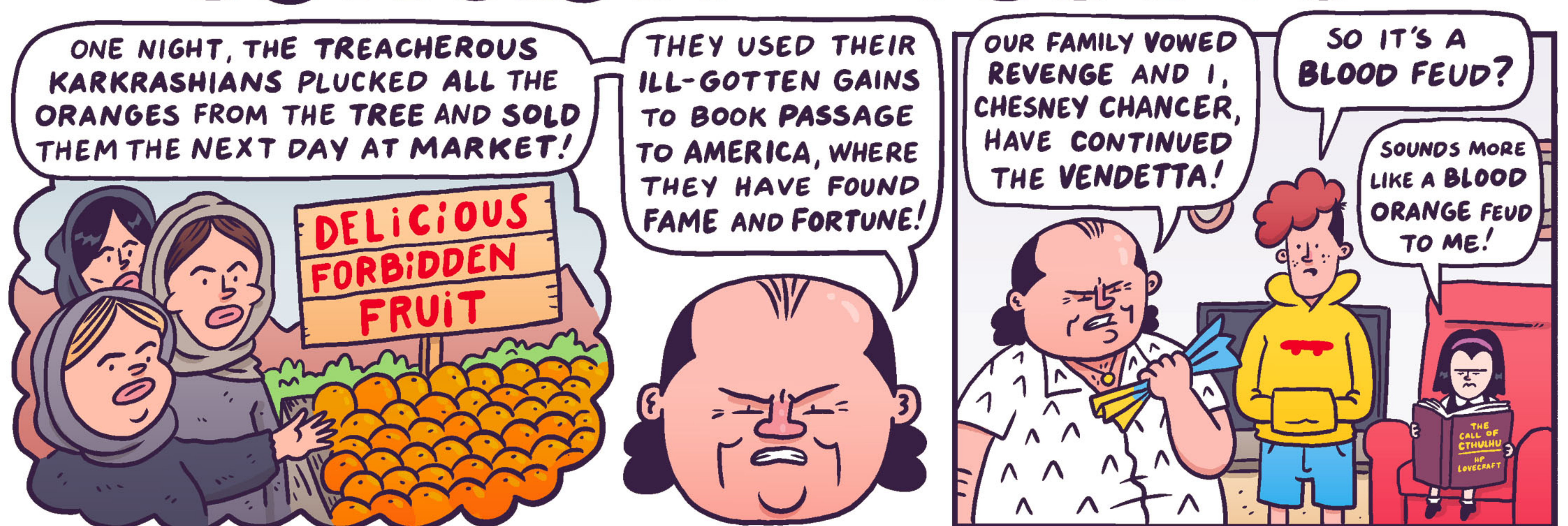
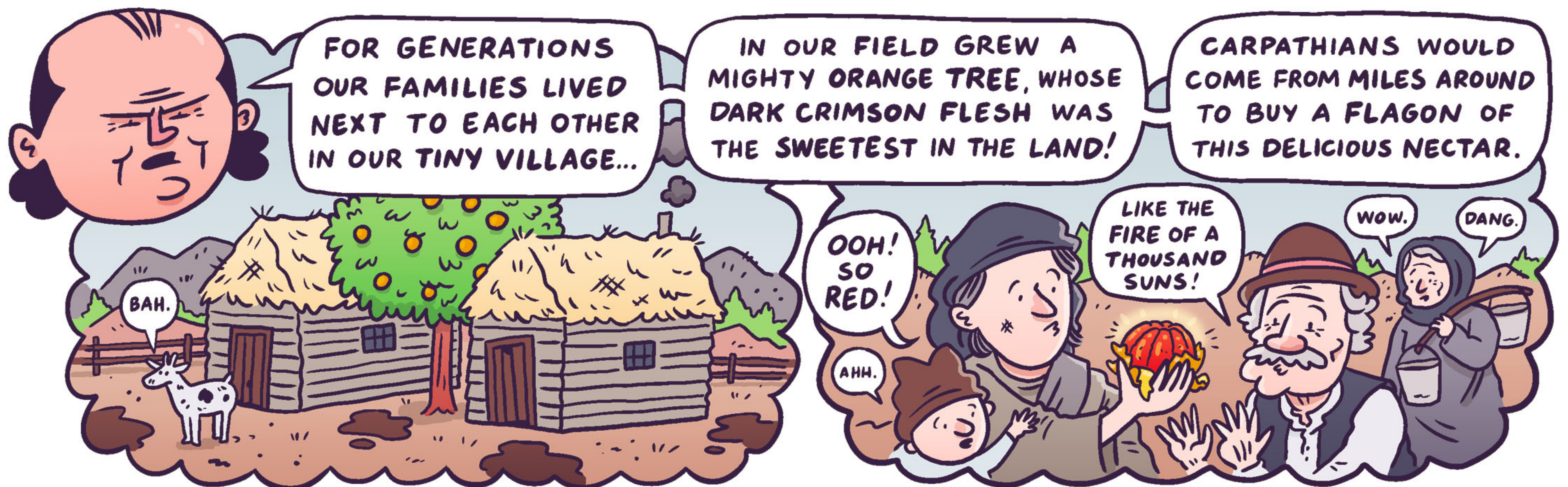
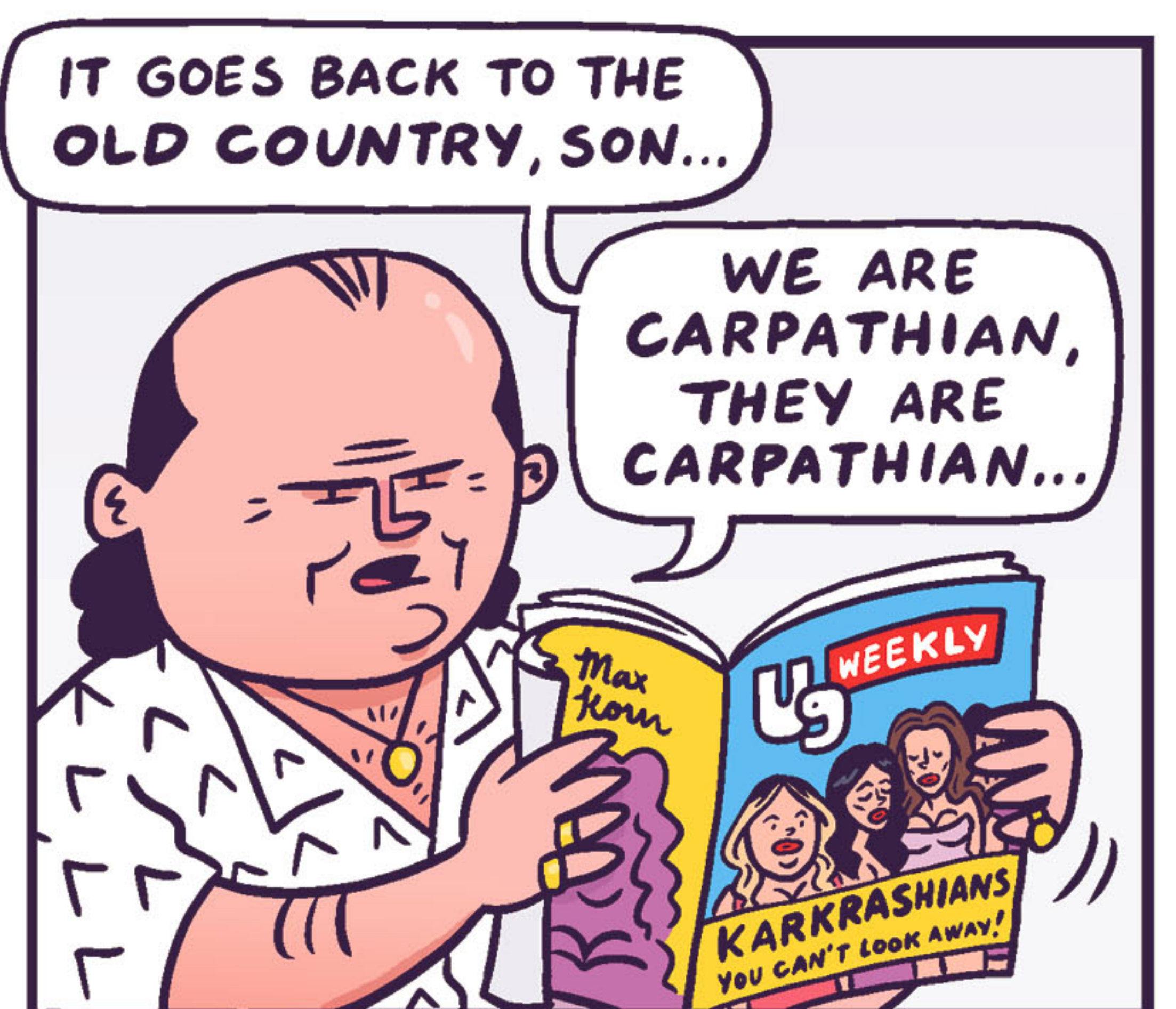
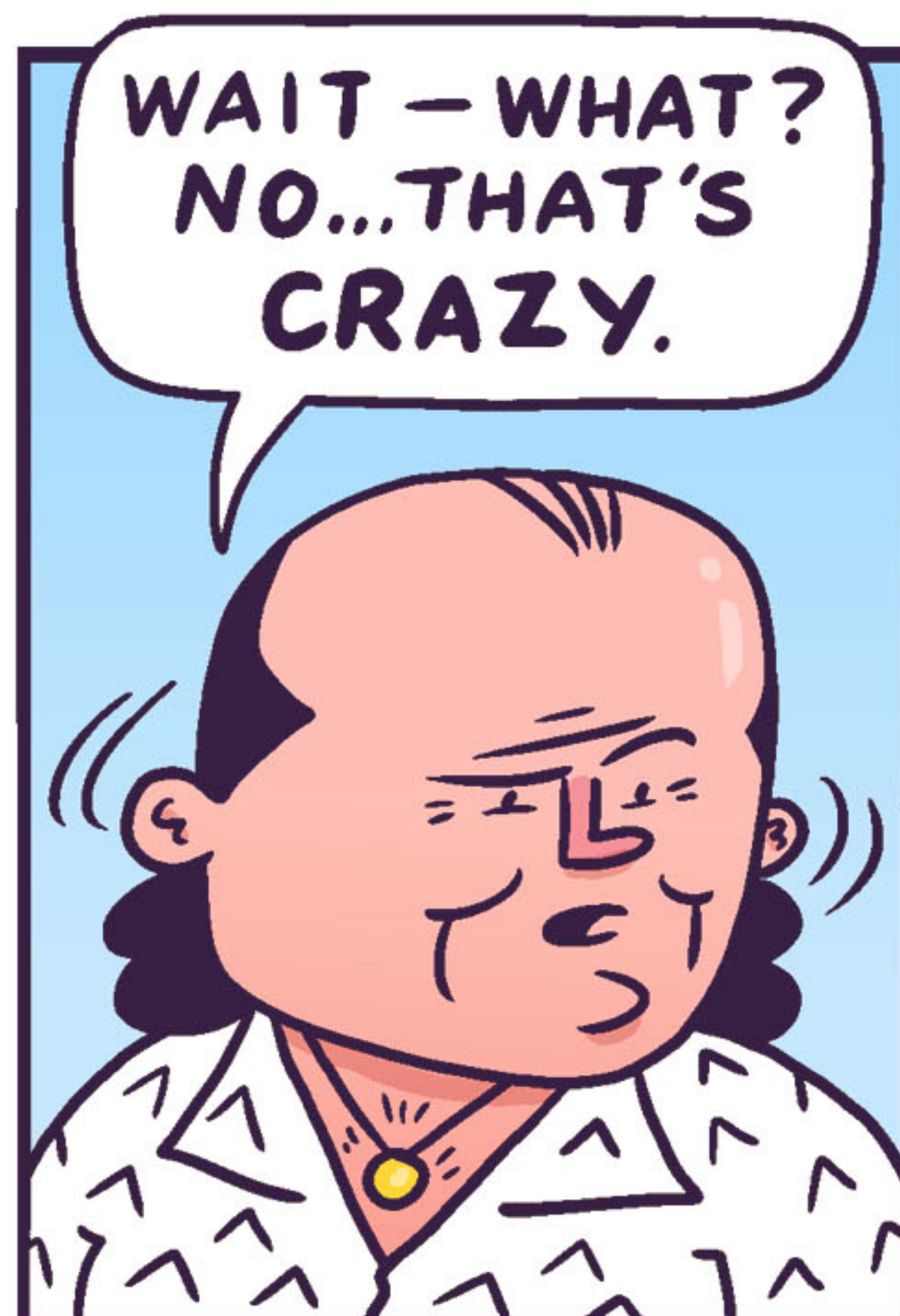
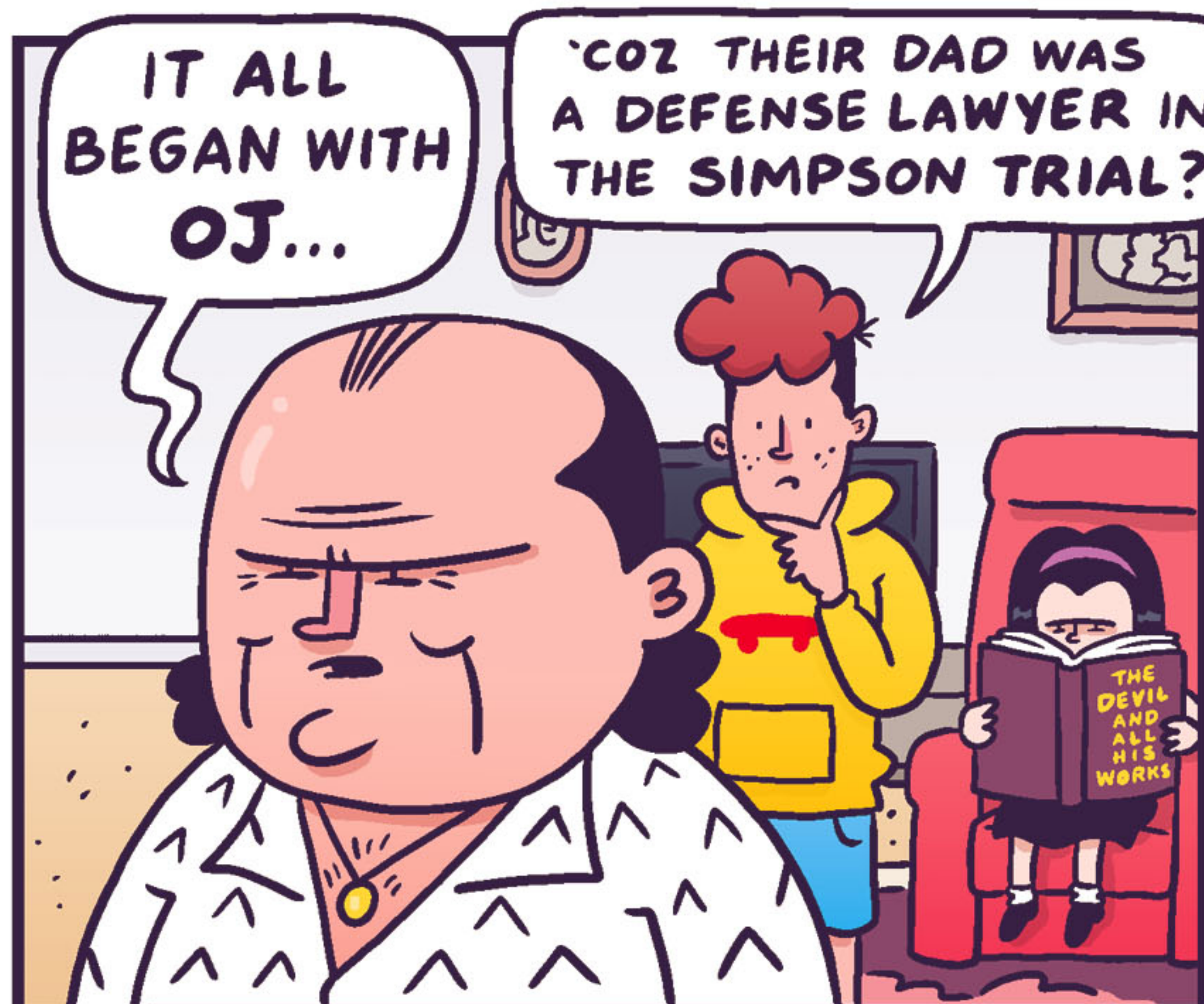
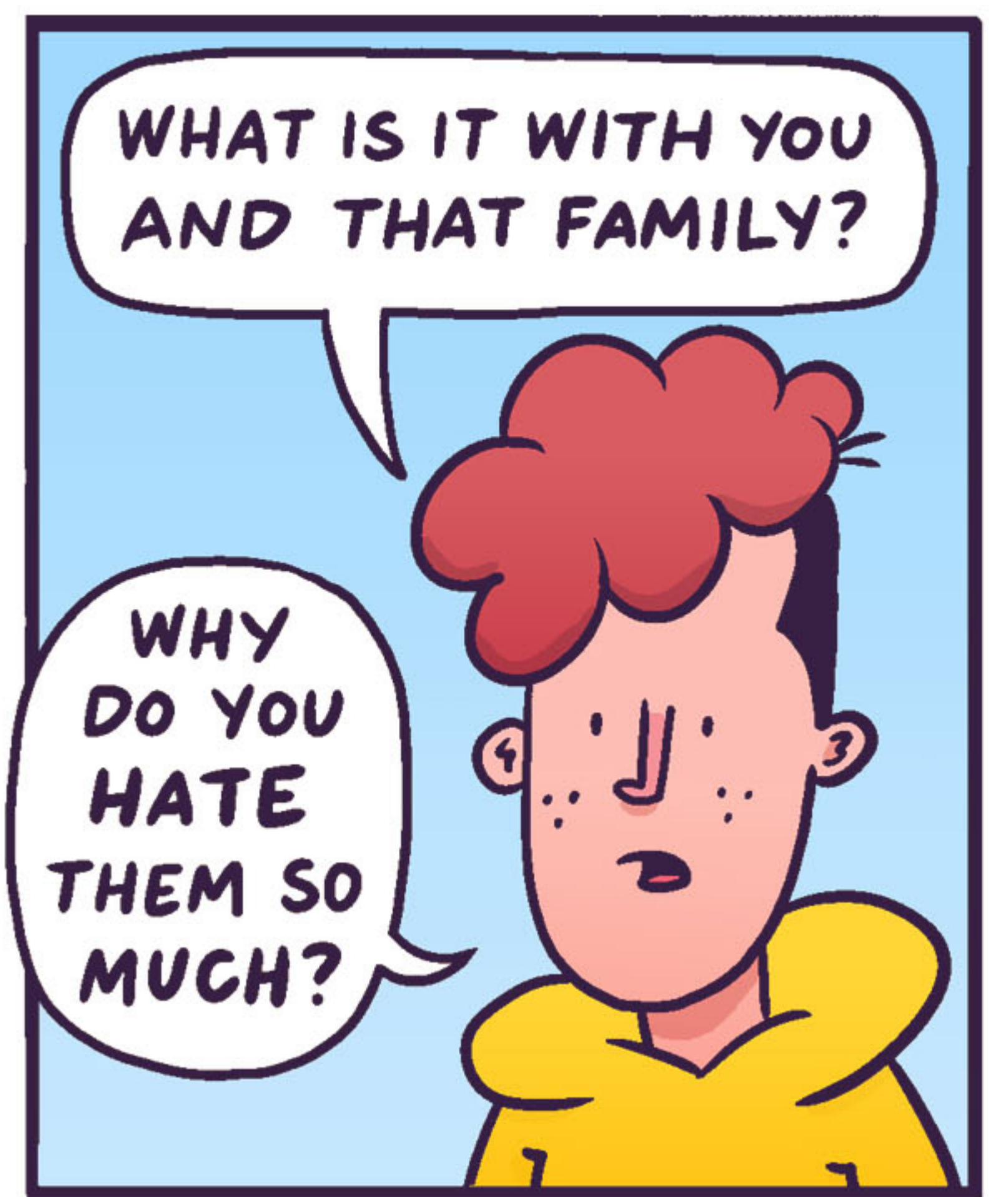
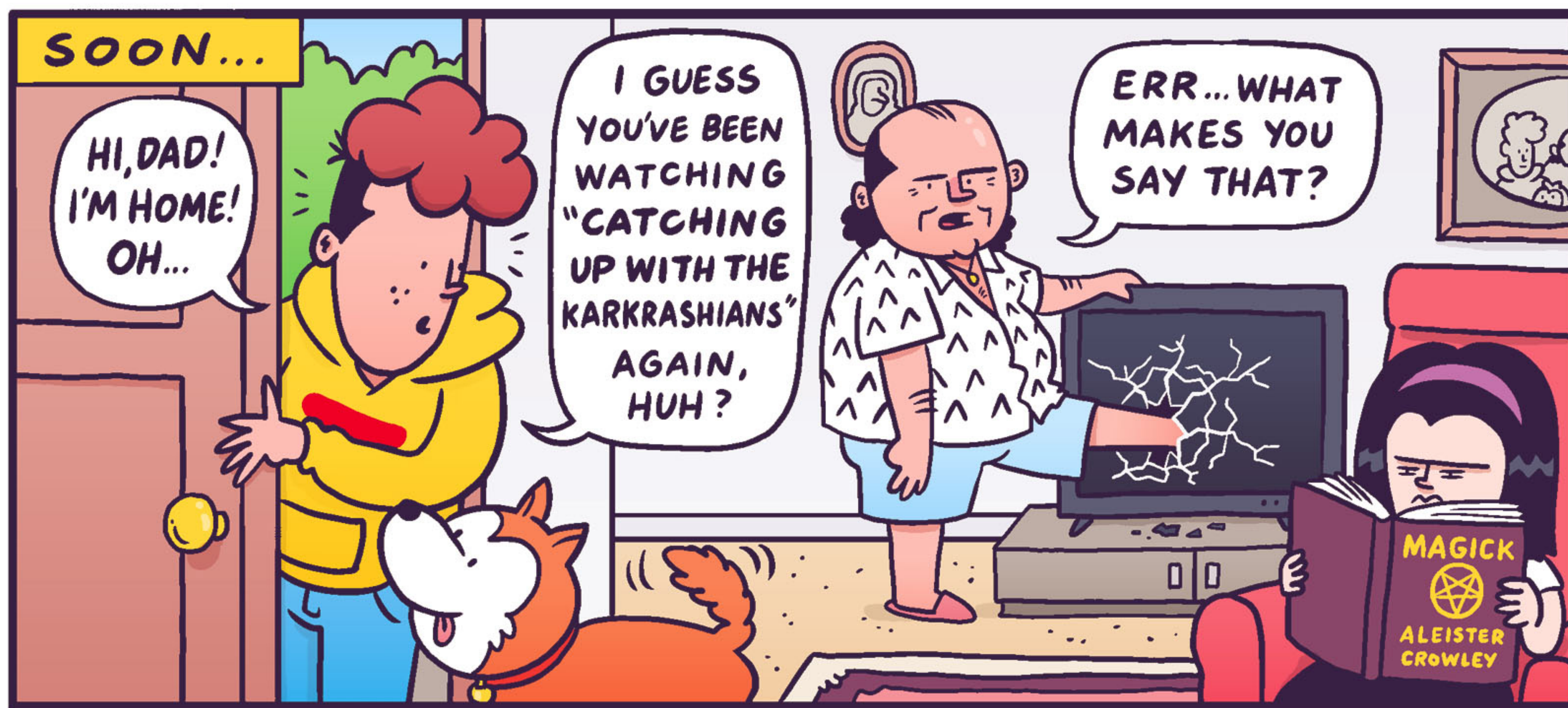
The conclusion of **THE SCHLEPPING DEAD!**

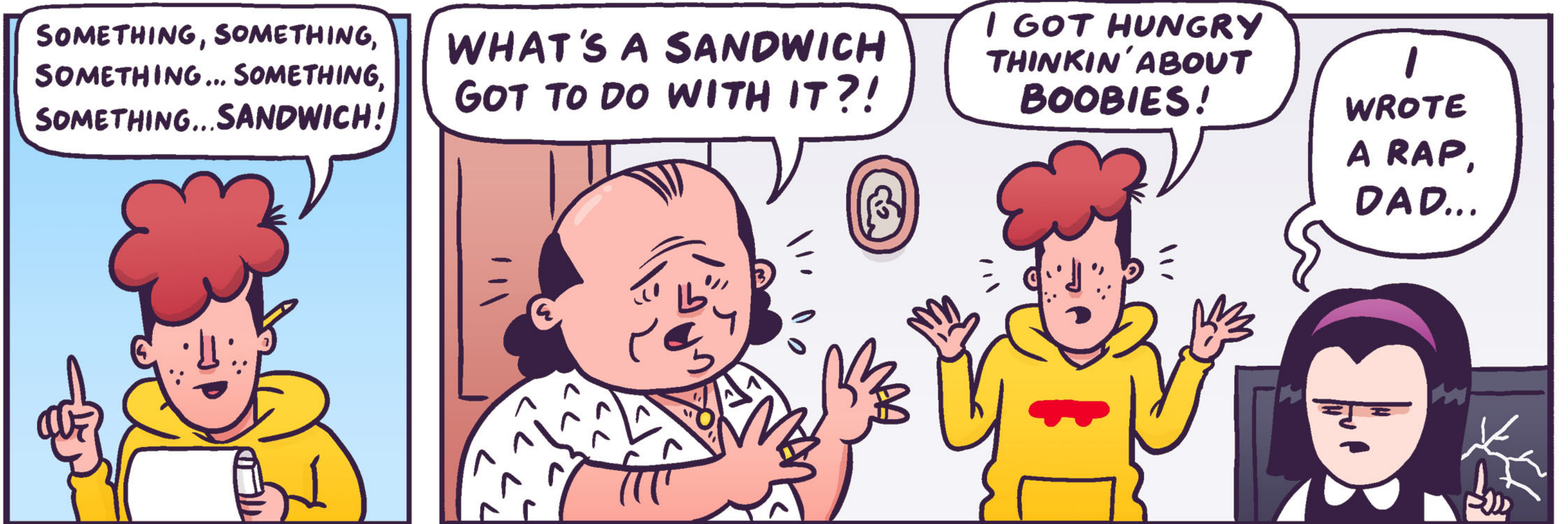
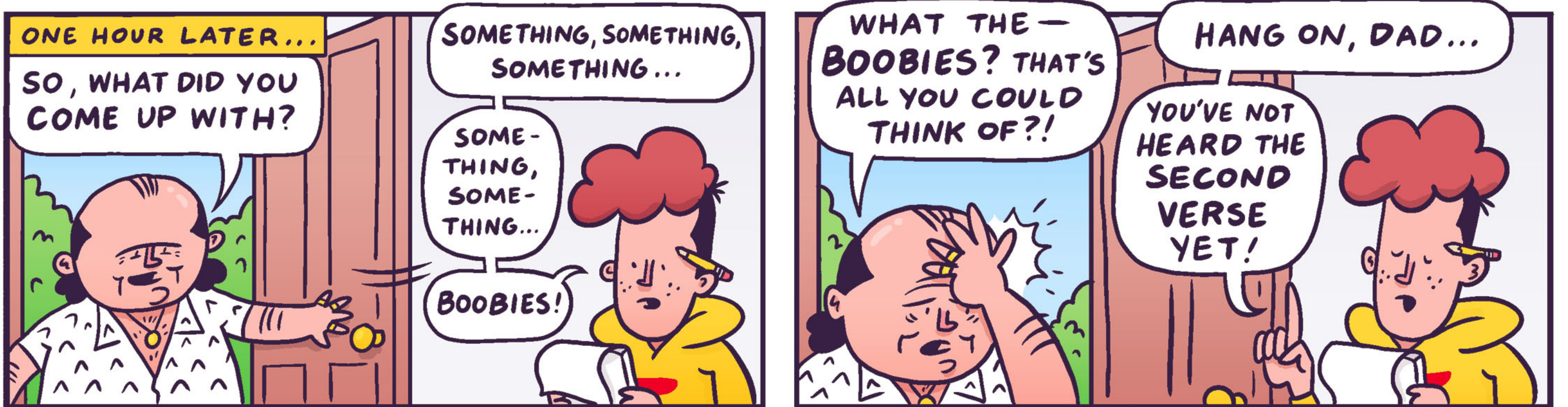
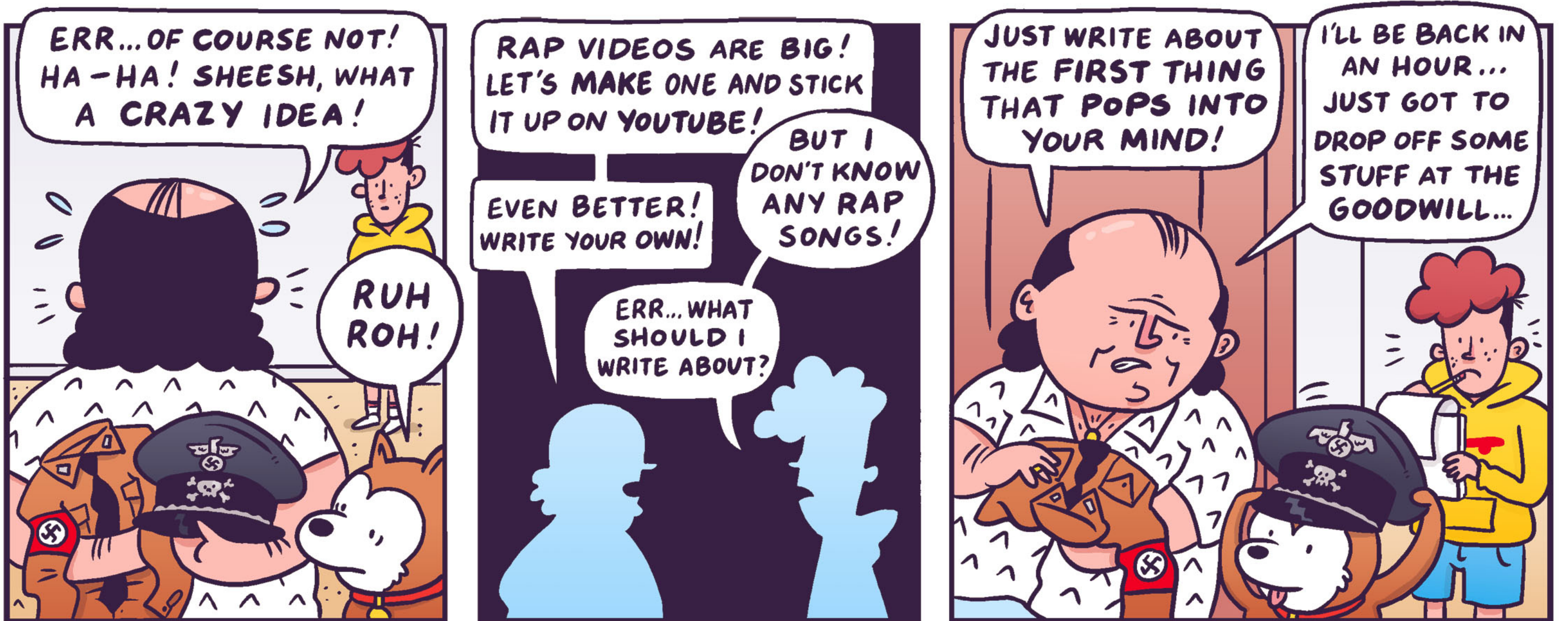
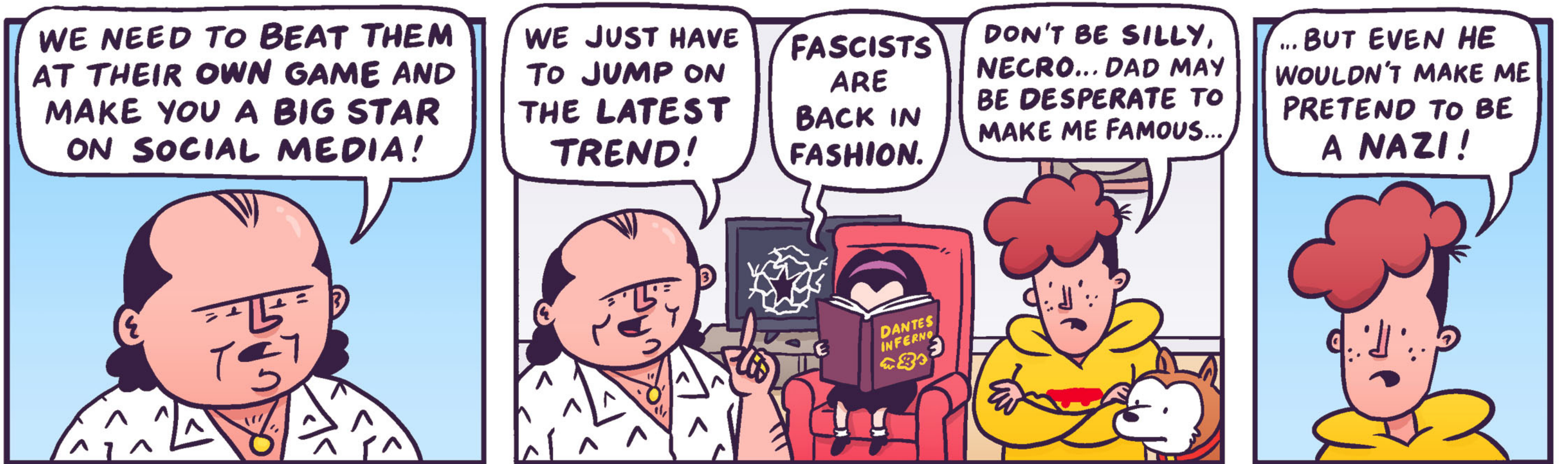
(Only in select Transylvania
editions of Potrzebie Comics)

THE ★ CHANCERS ★

BY LUKE
MCGARRY







SEVERAL VIOLENT VERSES LATER...

GRAB MY HEATER AND GET THE DROP,
DO A 187 ON AN UNDERCOVER COP!

★☠️⚡️🌀
THE POLICE!!

BLINK

PANT
PANT

NOT NOW, PUMPKIN ... DADDY'S BUSY.
BE A GOOD GIRL AND DO SOME
COLORING OR SOMETHING.

PAT
PAT

I CAN'T!!
J.B. ATE MY
CRAYONS!!!

IT'S NOT MY
FAULT!

THEY SMELLED
LIKE STRAWBERRIES!

GIVE
ME
STRENGTH.

DAD...

MR. BISCUITS
IS SCRATCHING
AGAIN.

WIKKI-
WIK-WAK
WAW!

YOU KNOW, DOGS DOING
CLEVER TRICKS IS THE
BIGGEST THING ON
THE INTERNET NOW!

WIKKI
WIK

OF COURSE!
HOW COULD
I BE SO
BLIND?!

IT WAS STARING
ME IN THE FACE
ALL ALONG!

SLAP!

WE'RE GONNA
BE RICH!!!

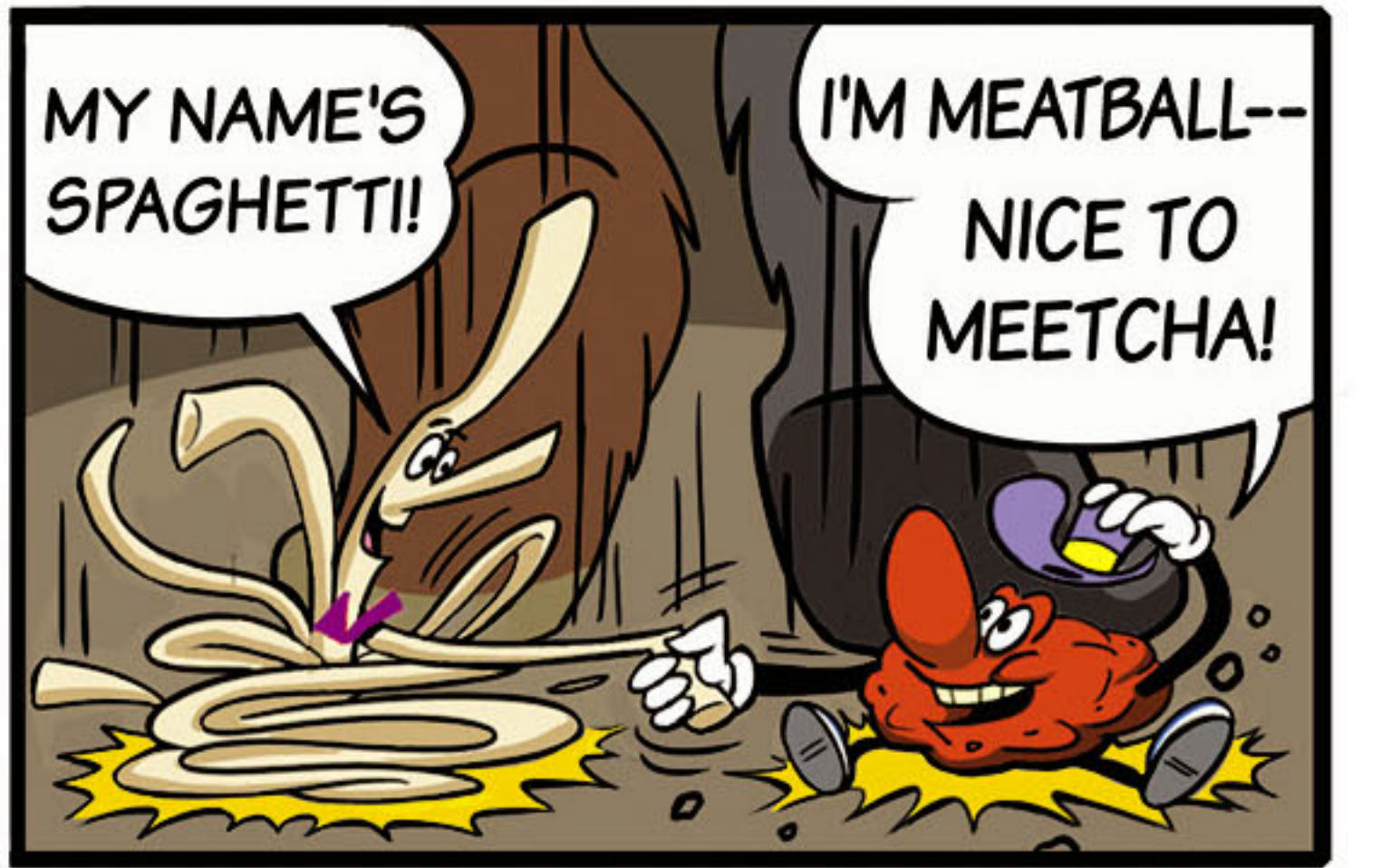
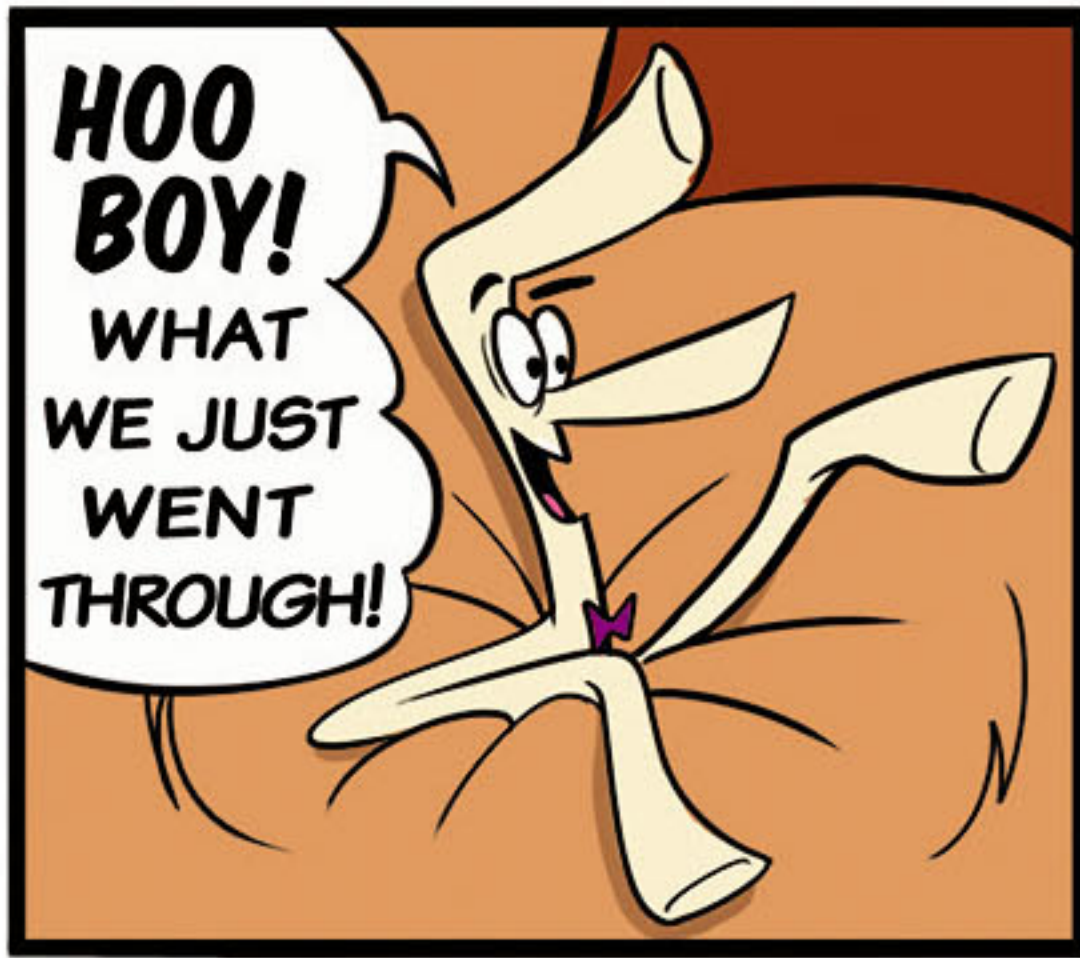
THE NEXT DAY...

DAD, THE COLLAR
IS CHOKING ME!

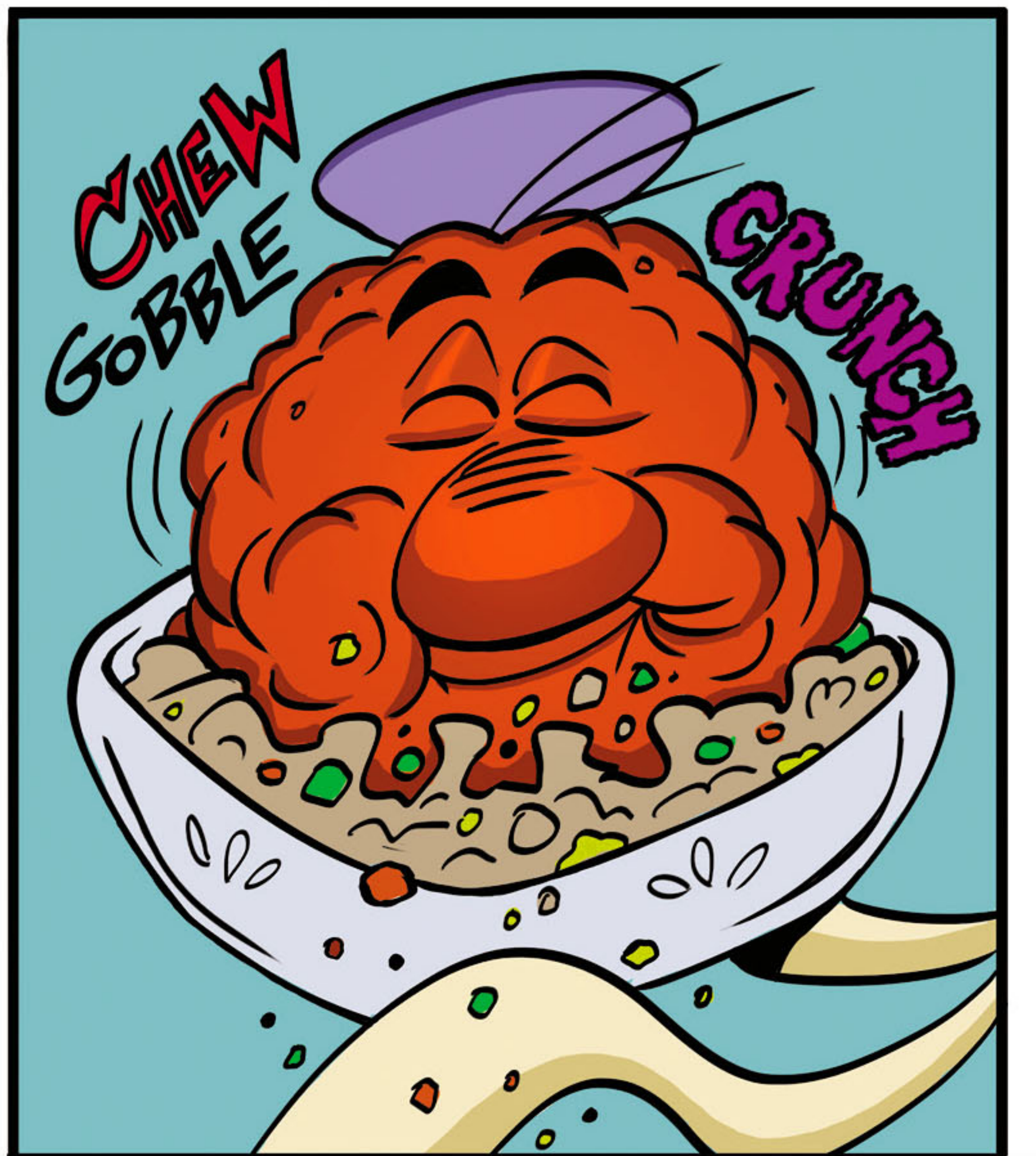
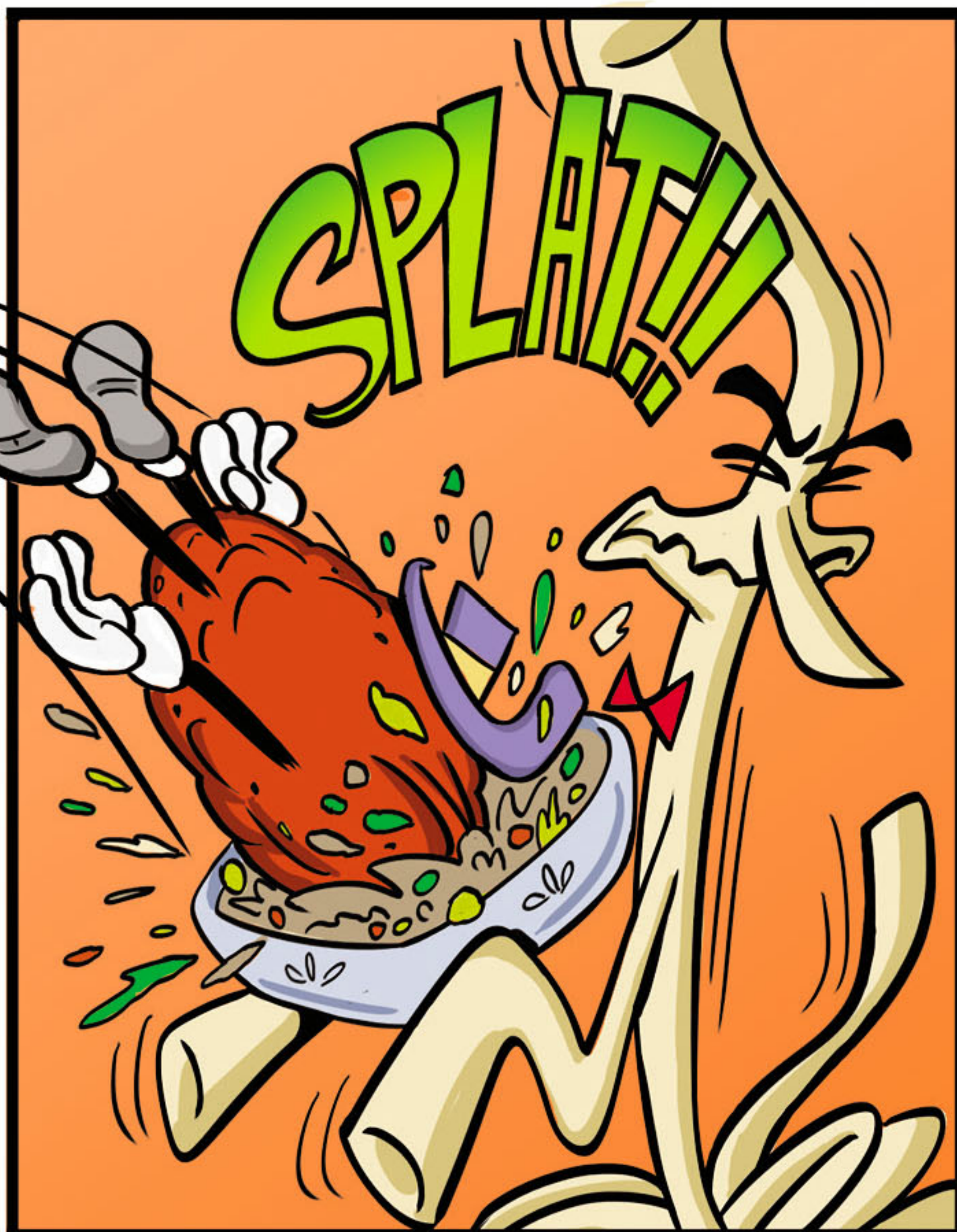
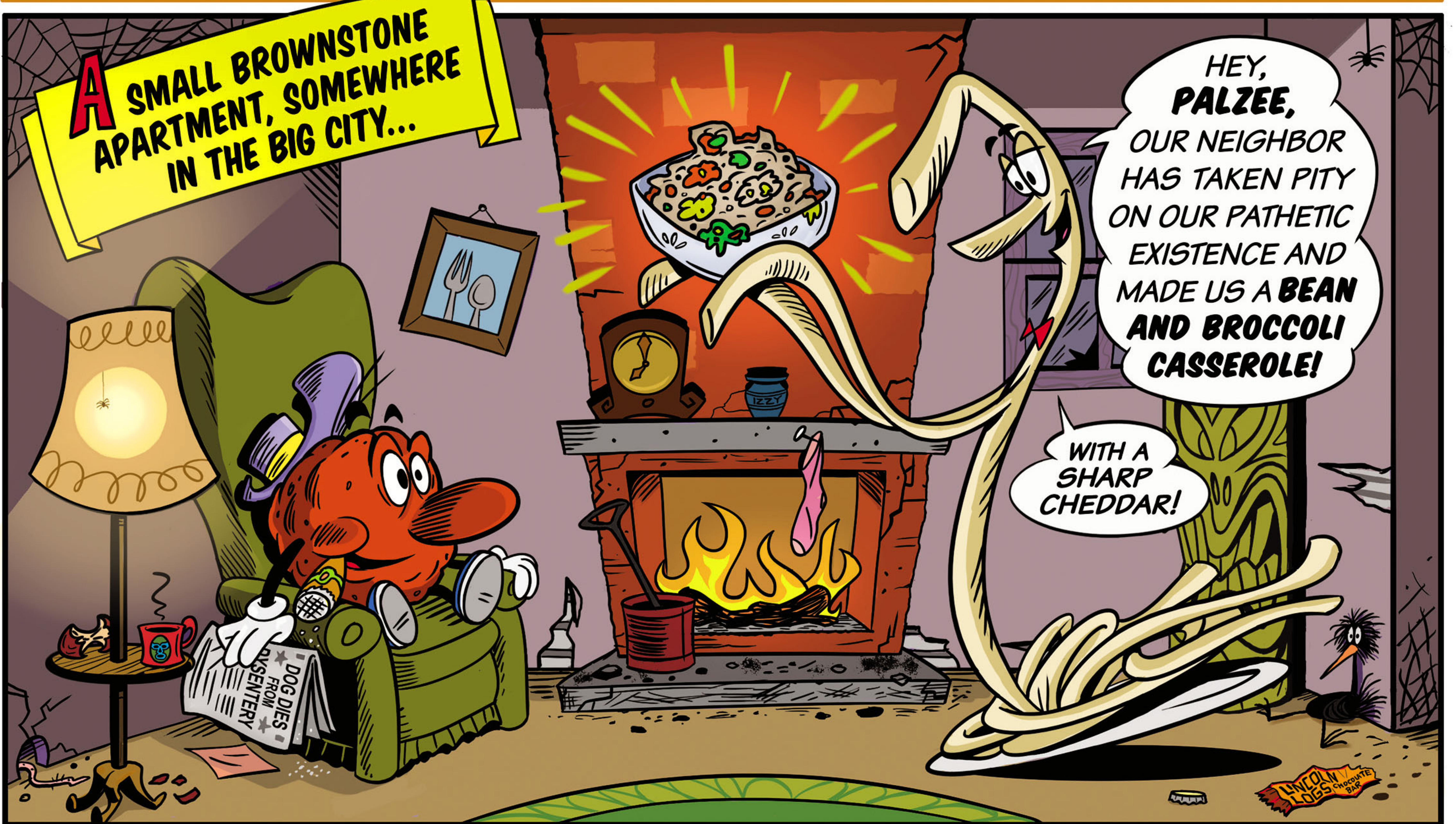
STOP WHINING
AND START
BARKING...

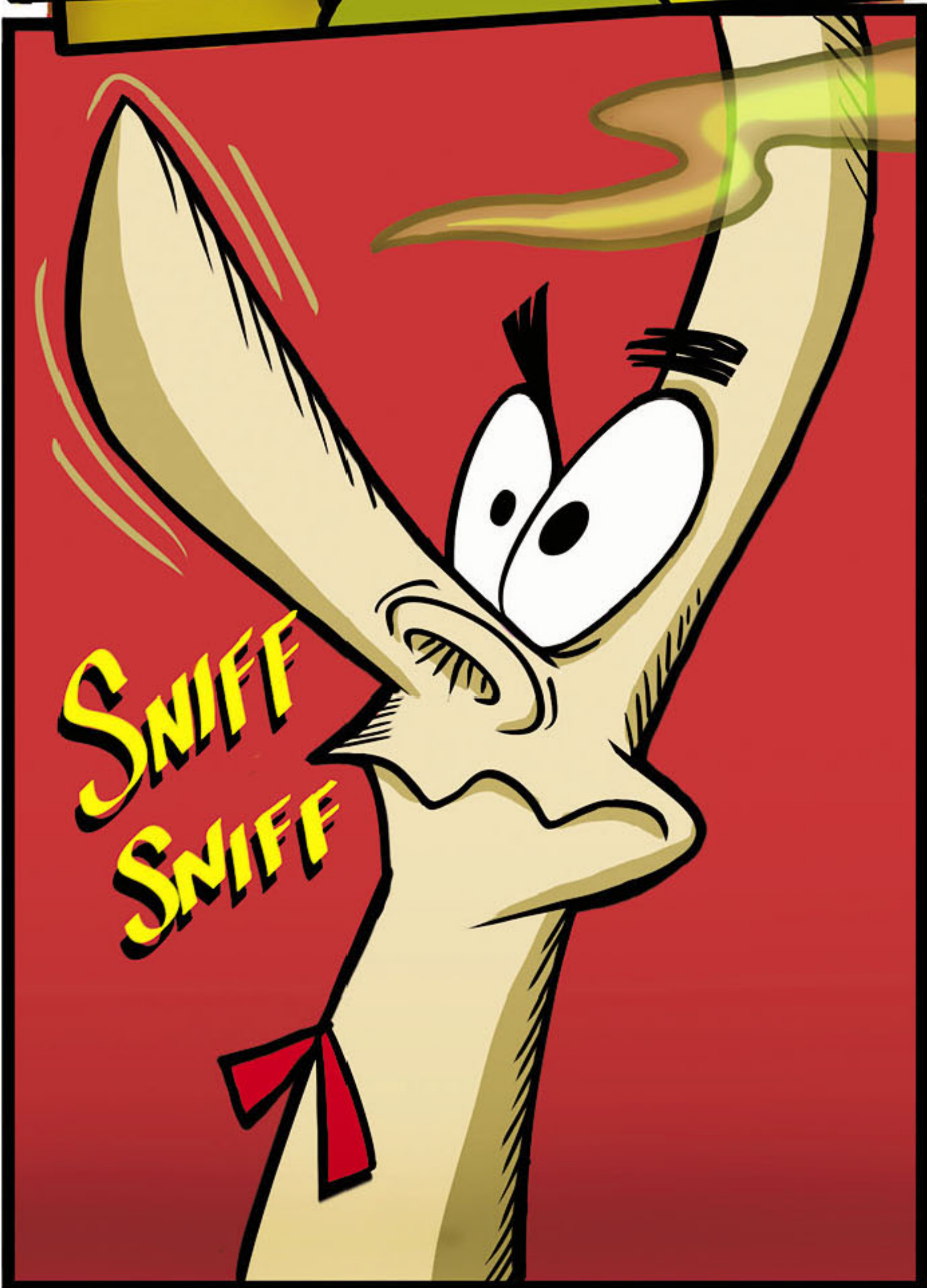
...AND MAKE
IT SOUND LIKE
YOU'RE SAYING
"I LOVE YOU!"

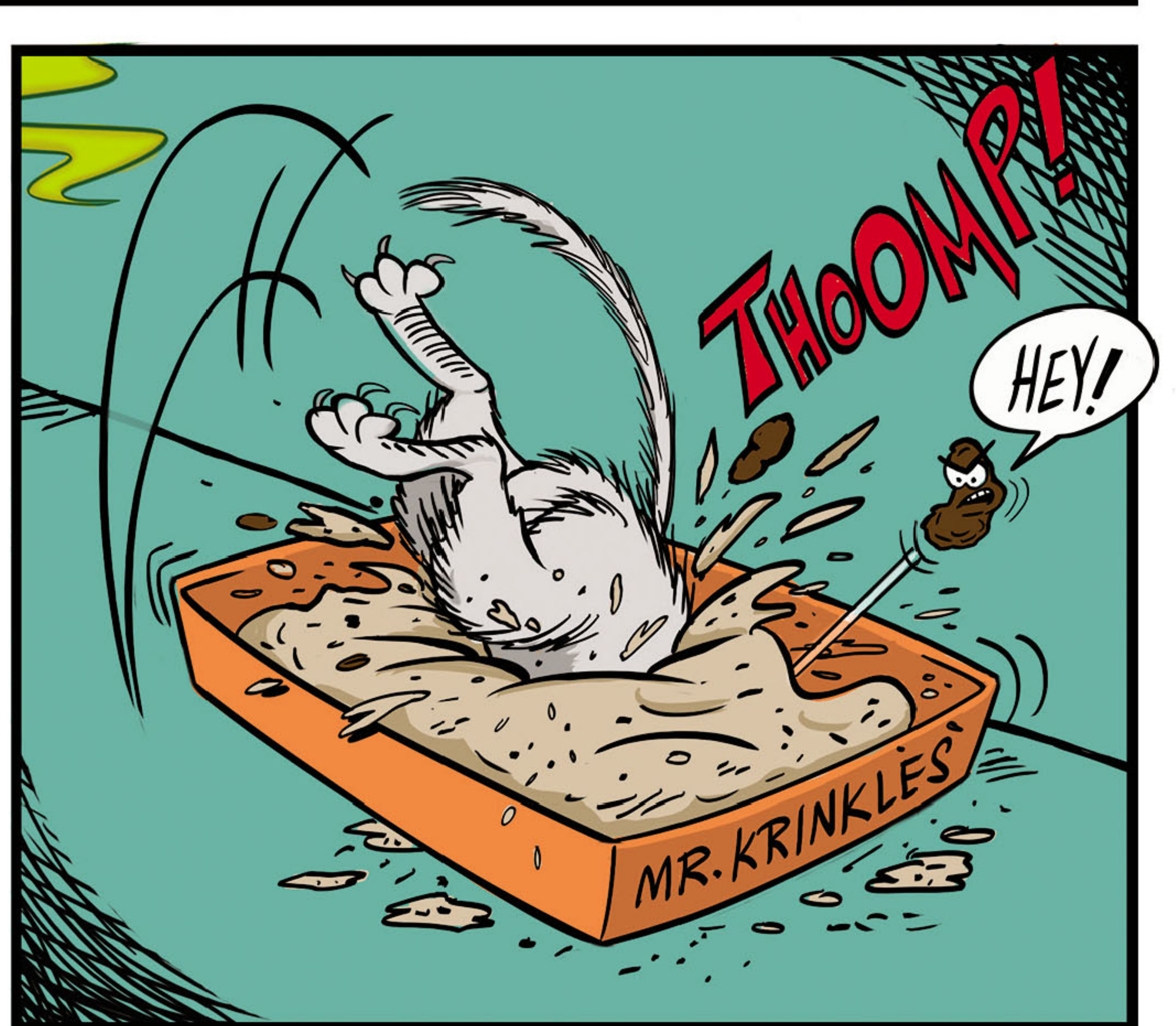
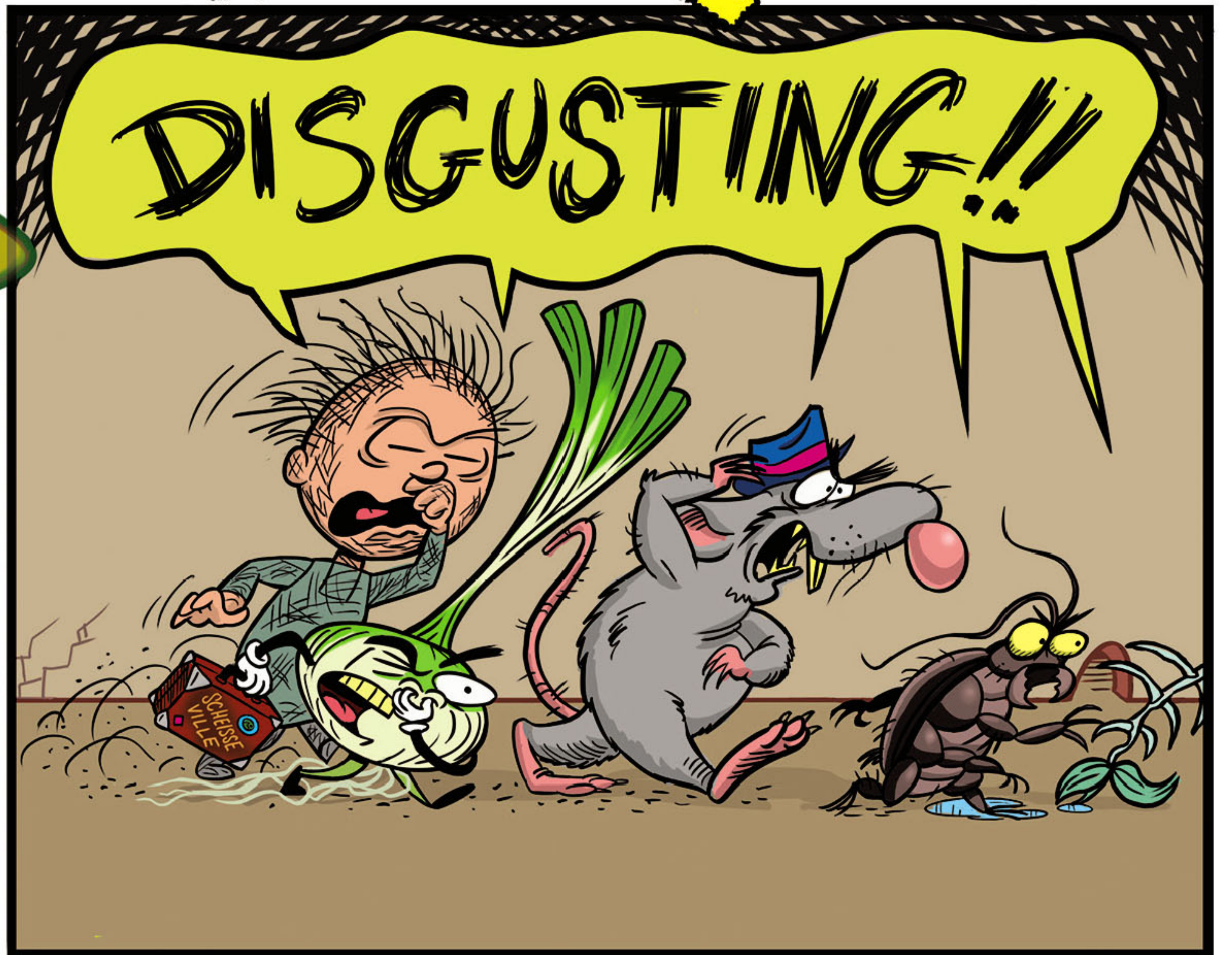
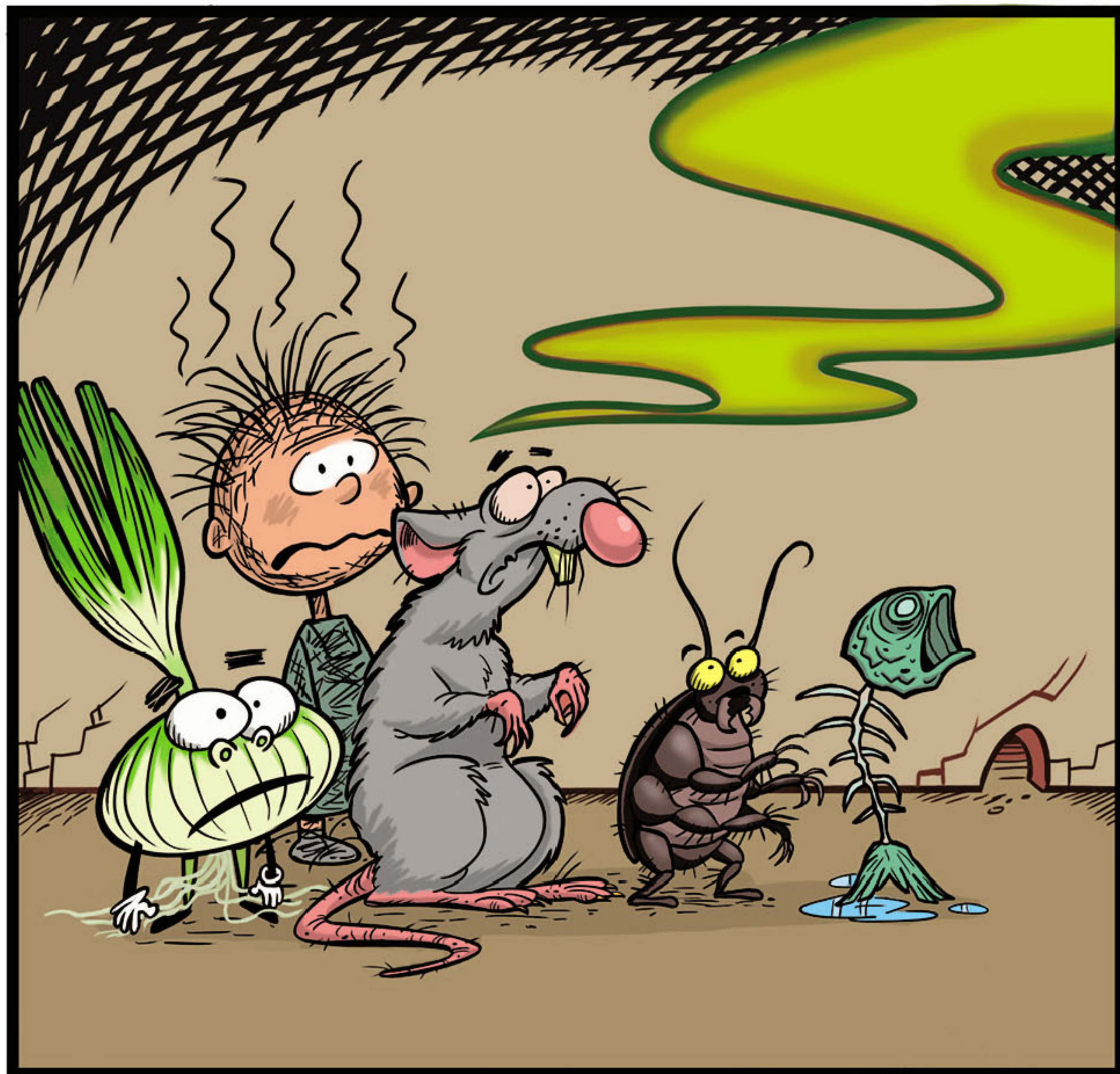
THE END

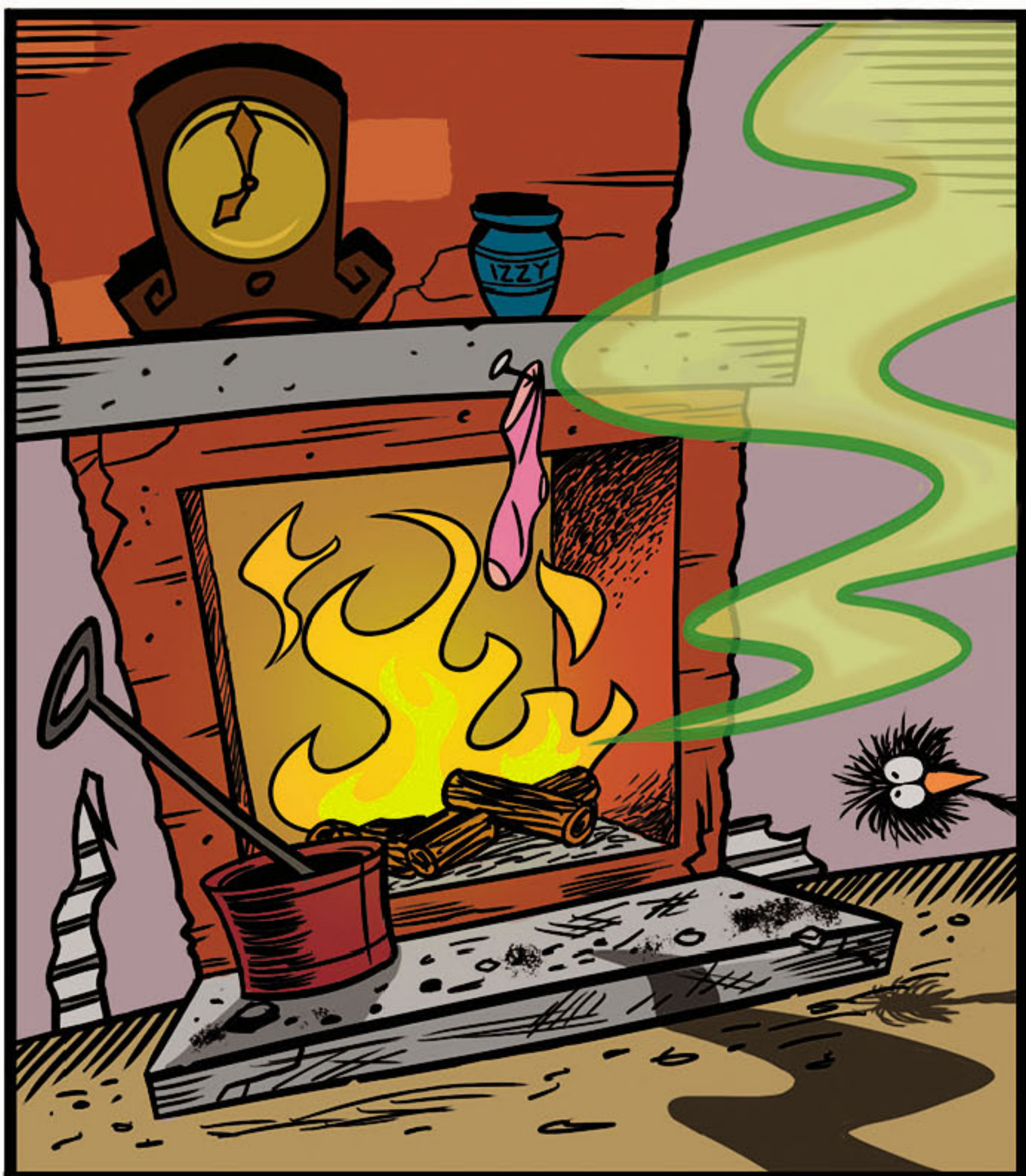


Spaghetti & MEATBALL IN





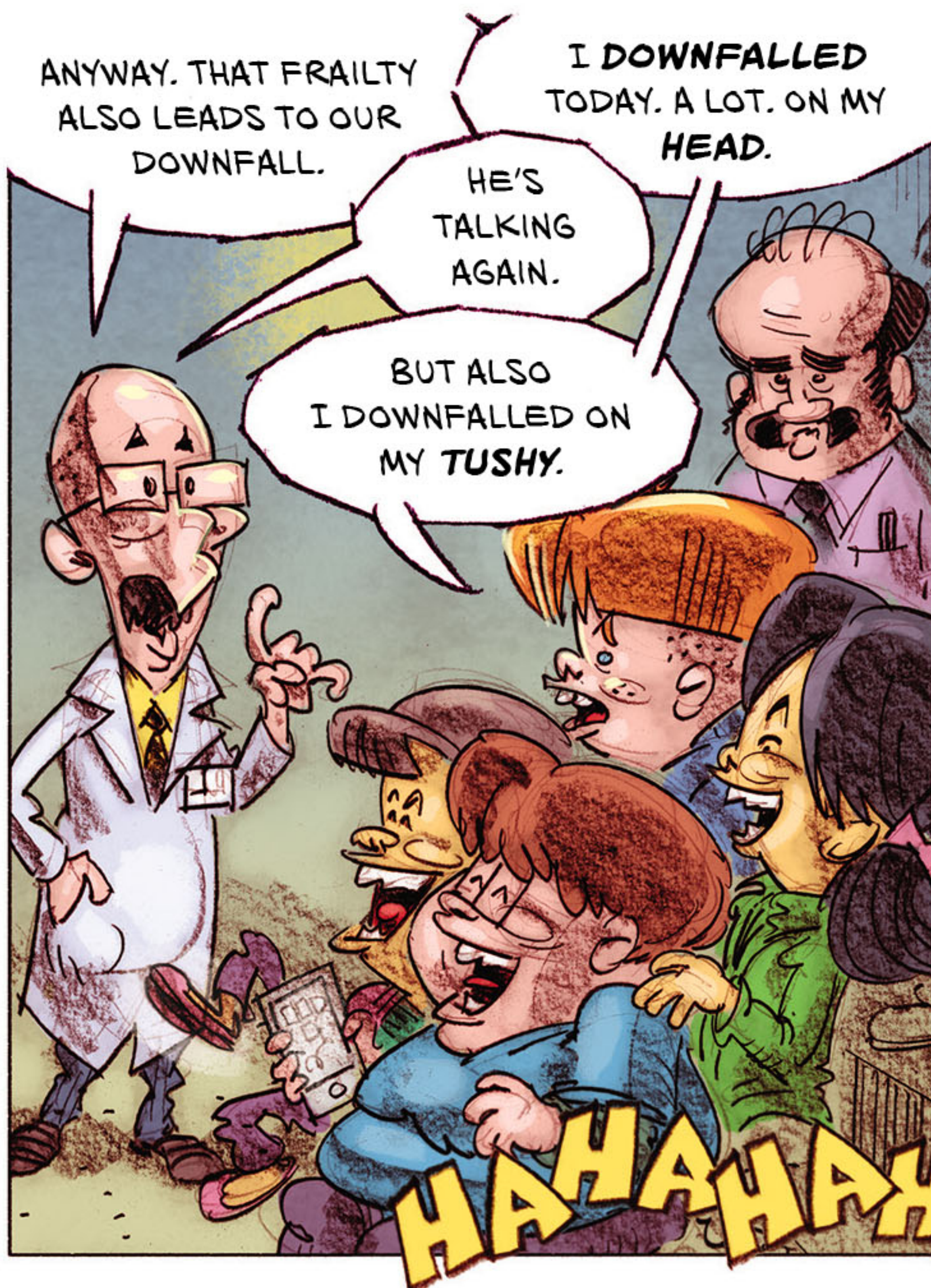
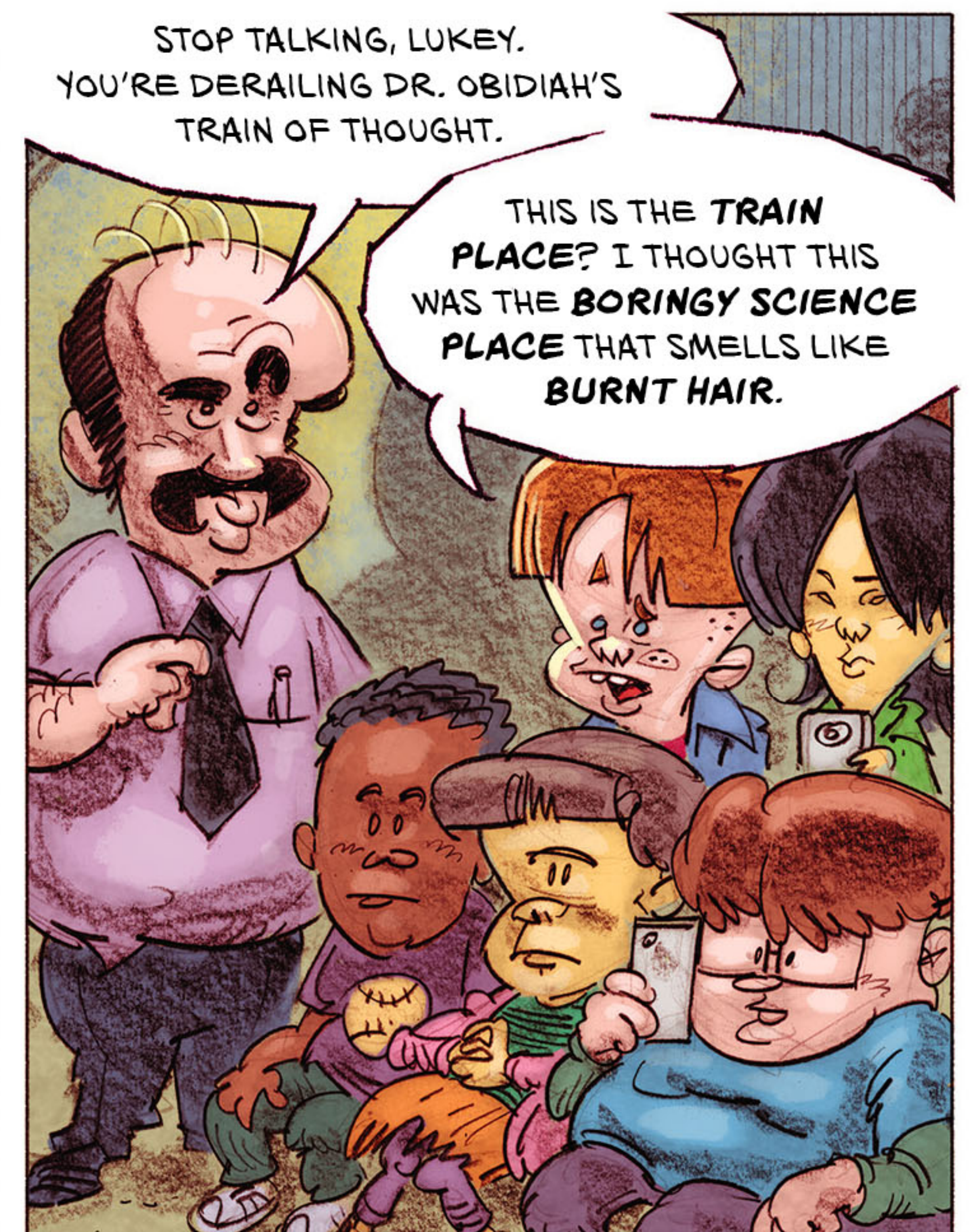
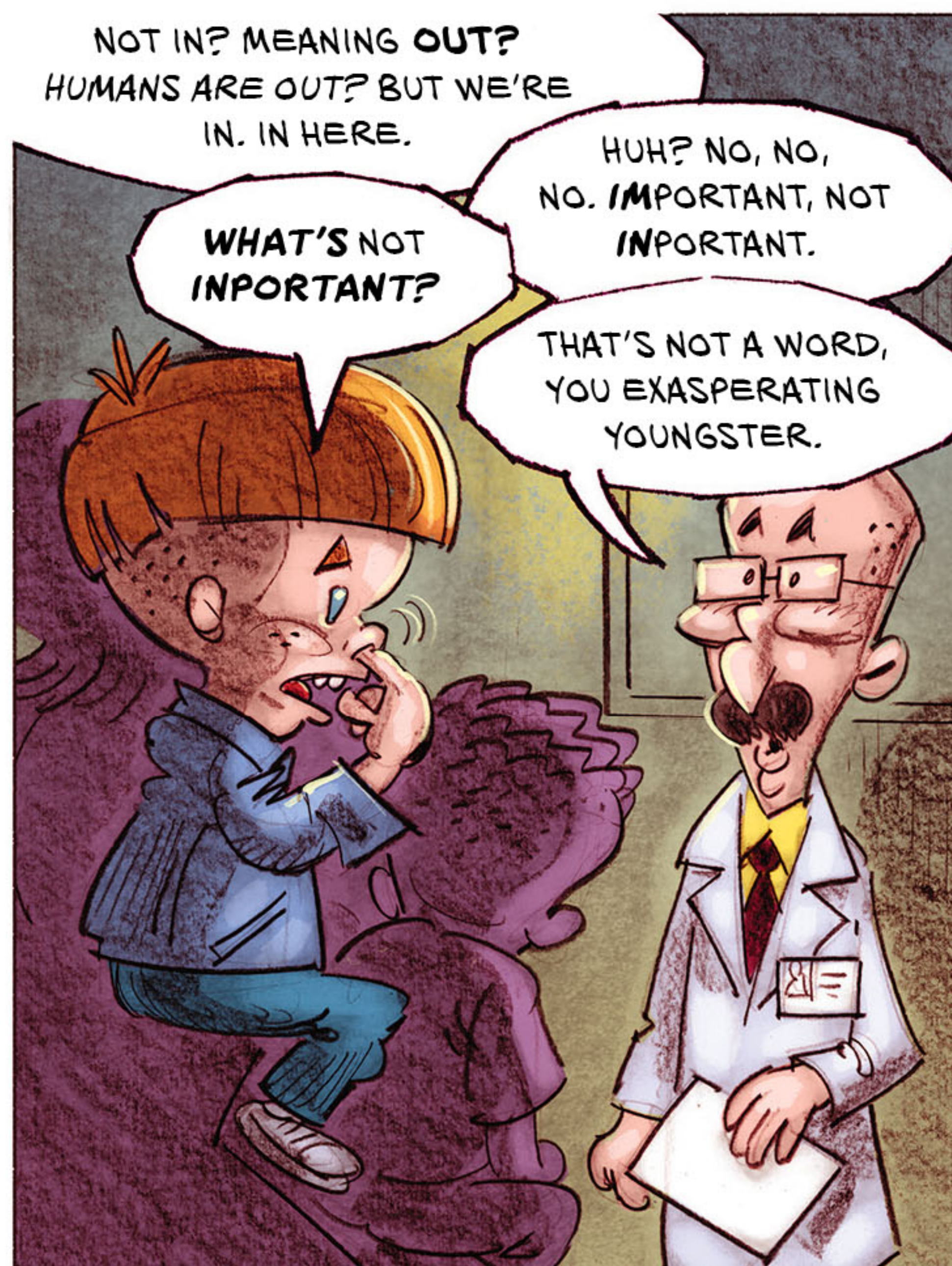
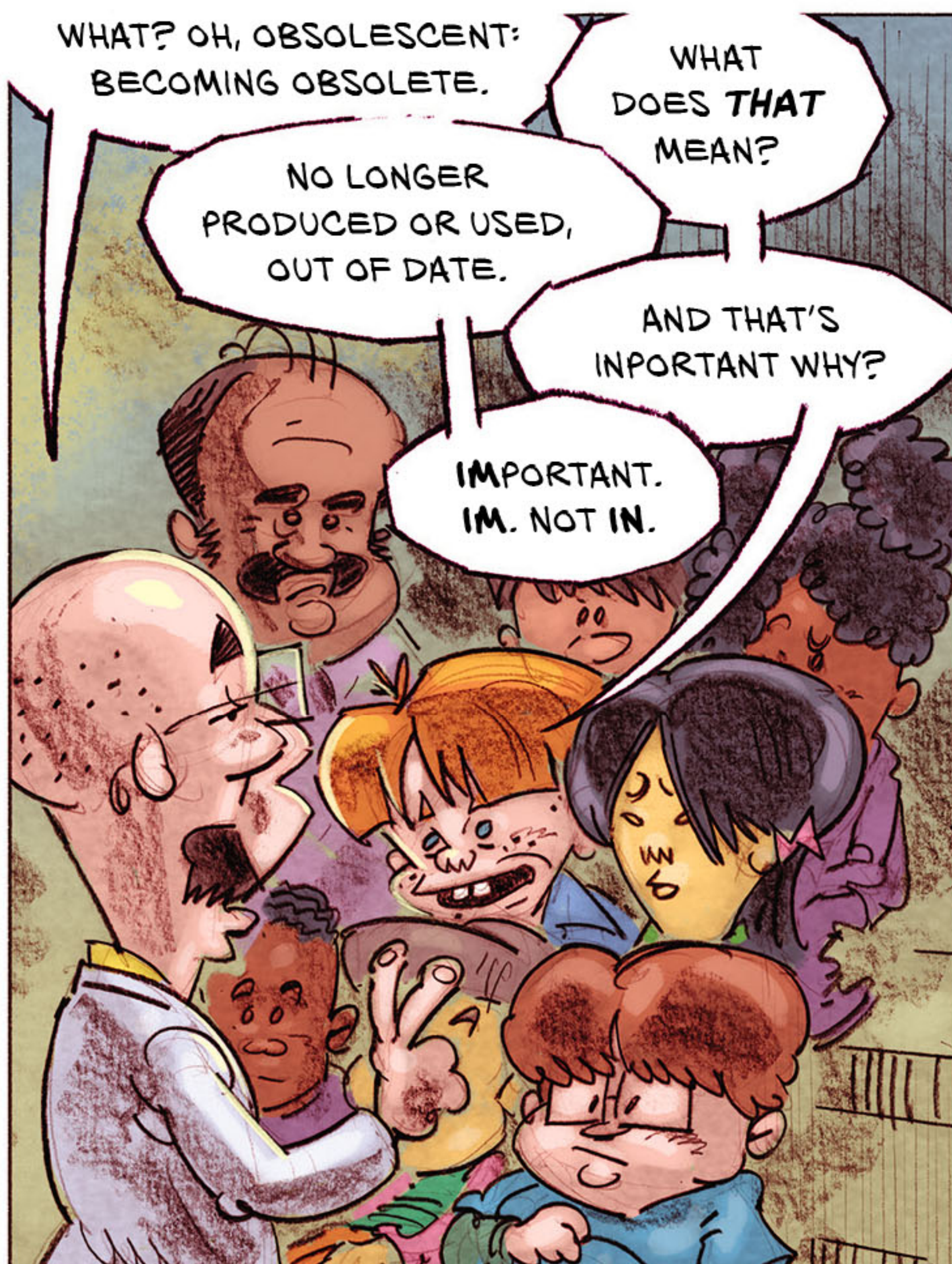
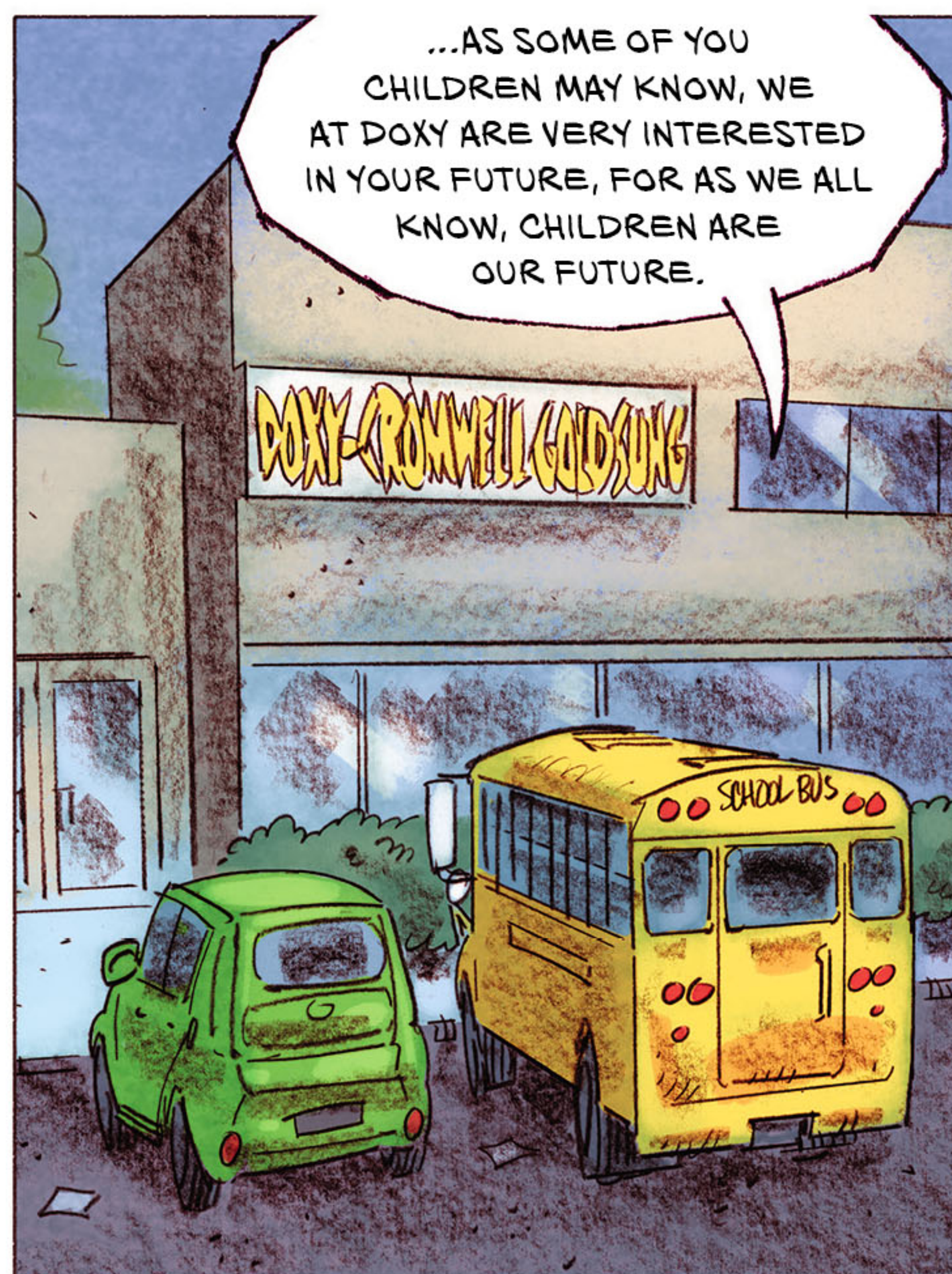


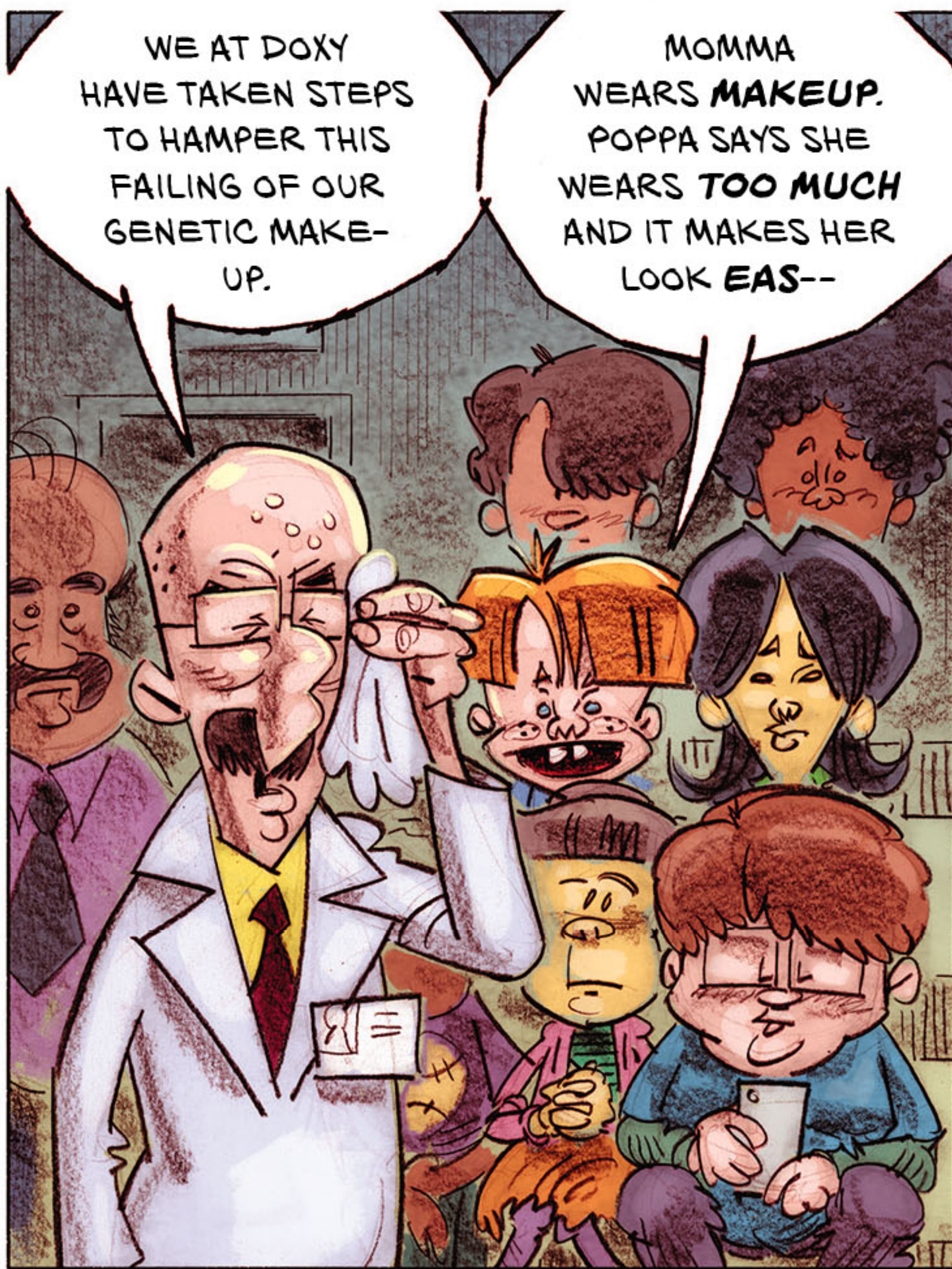


LUKEY & MUKEY

WRITER & ARTIST **BOB FINGERMAN**

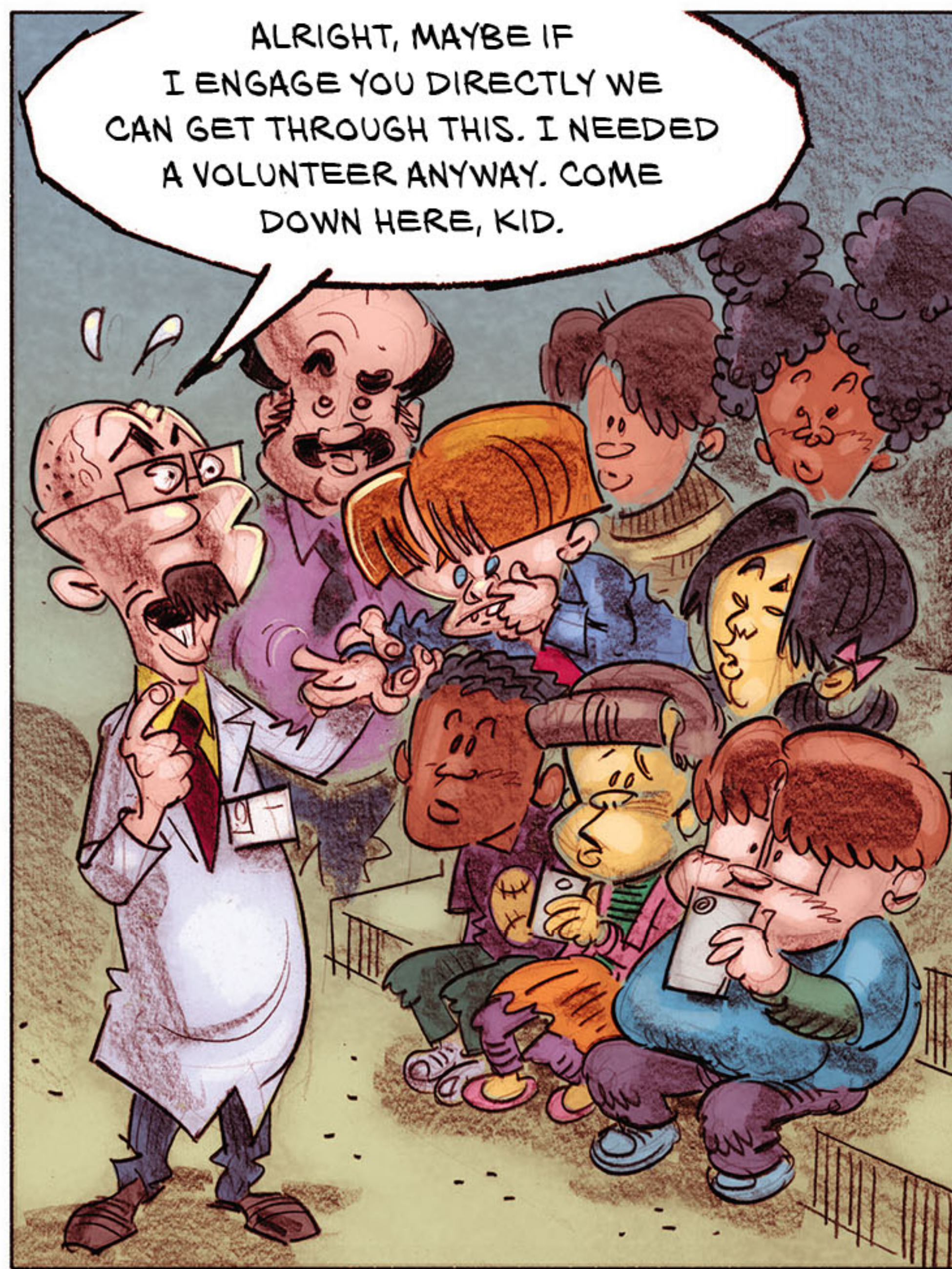
WHEN LAST WE LEFT OUR CONTINUING SAGA, FALL HAD FALLEN, WHICH MEANT FIFTH-GRADE SCIENCE TEACHER **MR. PAPADOPOULOS** HAD TAKEN HIS STUDENTS ON THEIR ANNUAL CLASS TRIP TO THE LABS OF CHEMICAL GIANT **DOXY-CROMWELL GOLDSUNG, INC.** WE JOIN THEM AS **DR. FREDERICK "HOT PEPPER" OBIDIAH** COMMENCES HIS LECTURE.



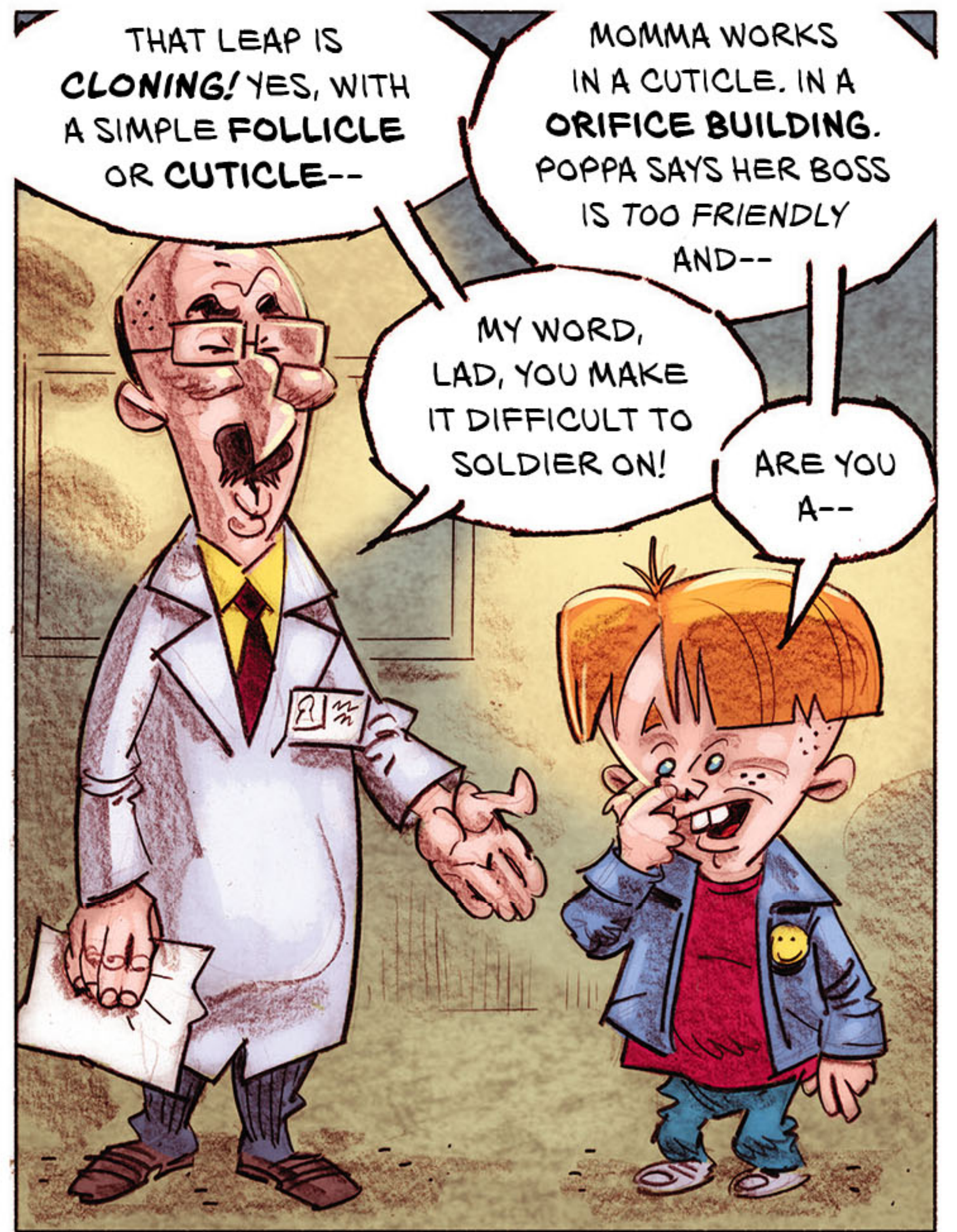


WE AT DOXY HAVE TAKEN STEPS TO HAMPER THIS FAILING OF OUR GENETIC MAKE-UP.

MOMMA WEARS **MAKEUP**. POPPA SAYS SHE WEARS **TOO MUCH** AND IT MAKES HER LOOK **EAS--**



ALRIGHT, MAYBE IF I ENGAGE YOU DIRECTLY WE CAN GET THROUGH THIS. I NEEDED A VOLUNTEER ANYWAY. COME DOWN HERE, KID.

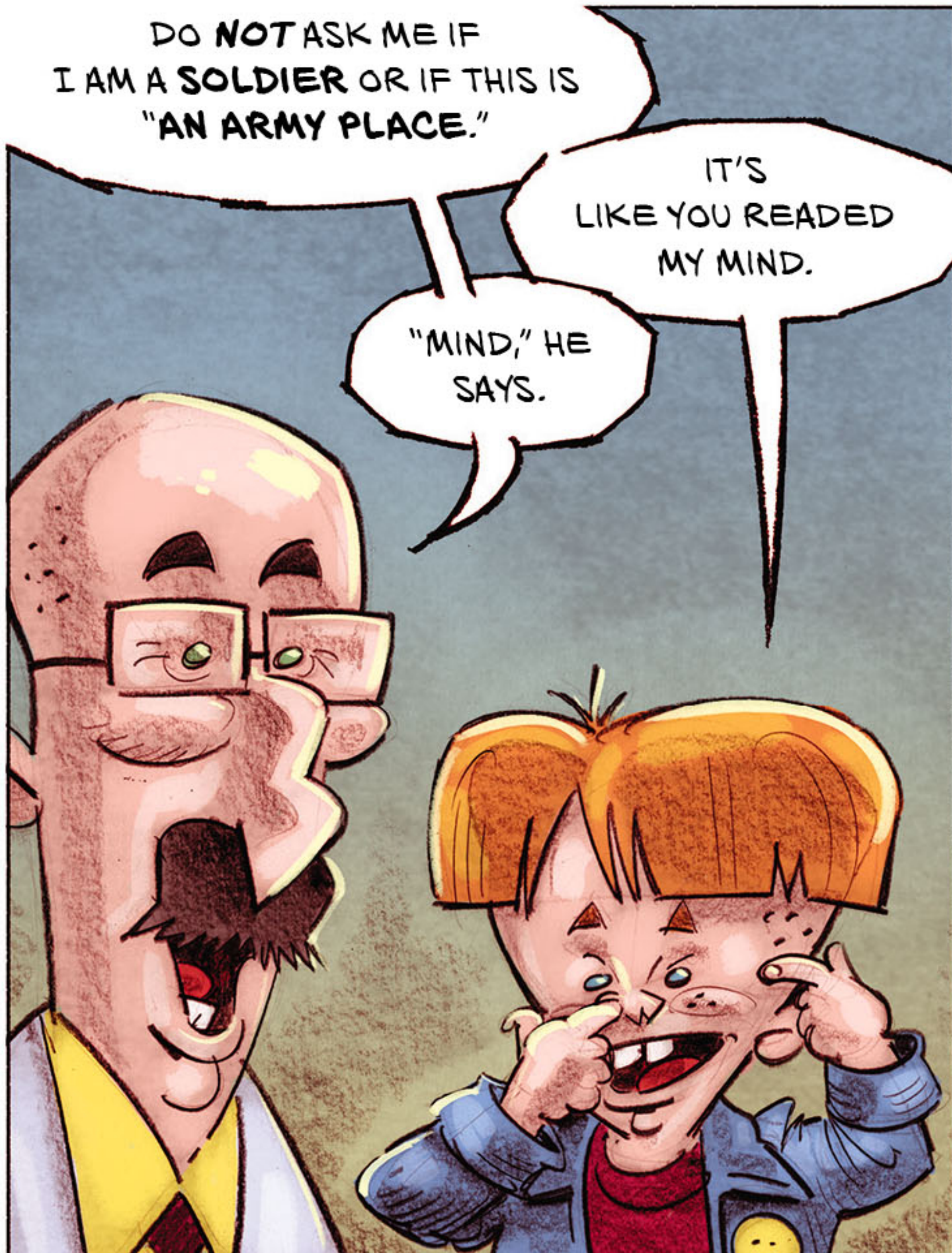


THAT LEAP IS **CLONING!** YES, WITH A SIMPLE **FOLLICLE** OR **CUTICLE--**

MOMMA WORKS IN A **CUTICLE**. IN A **ORIFICE BUILDING**. POPPA SAYS HER BOSS IS TOO FRIENDLY AND--

MY WORD, LAD, YOU MAKE IT DIFFICULT TO SOLDIER ON!

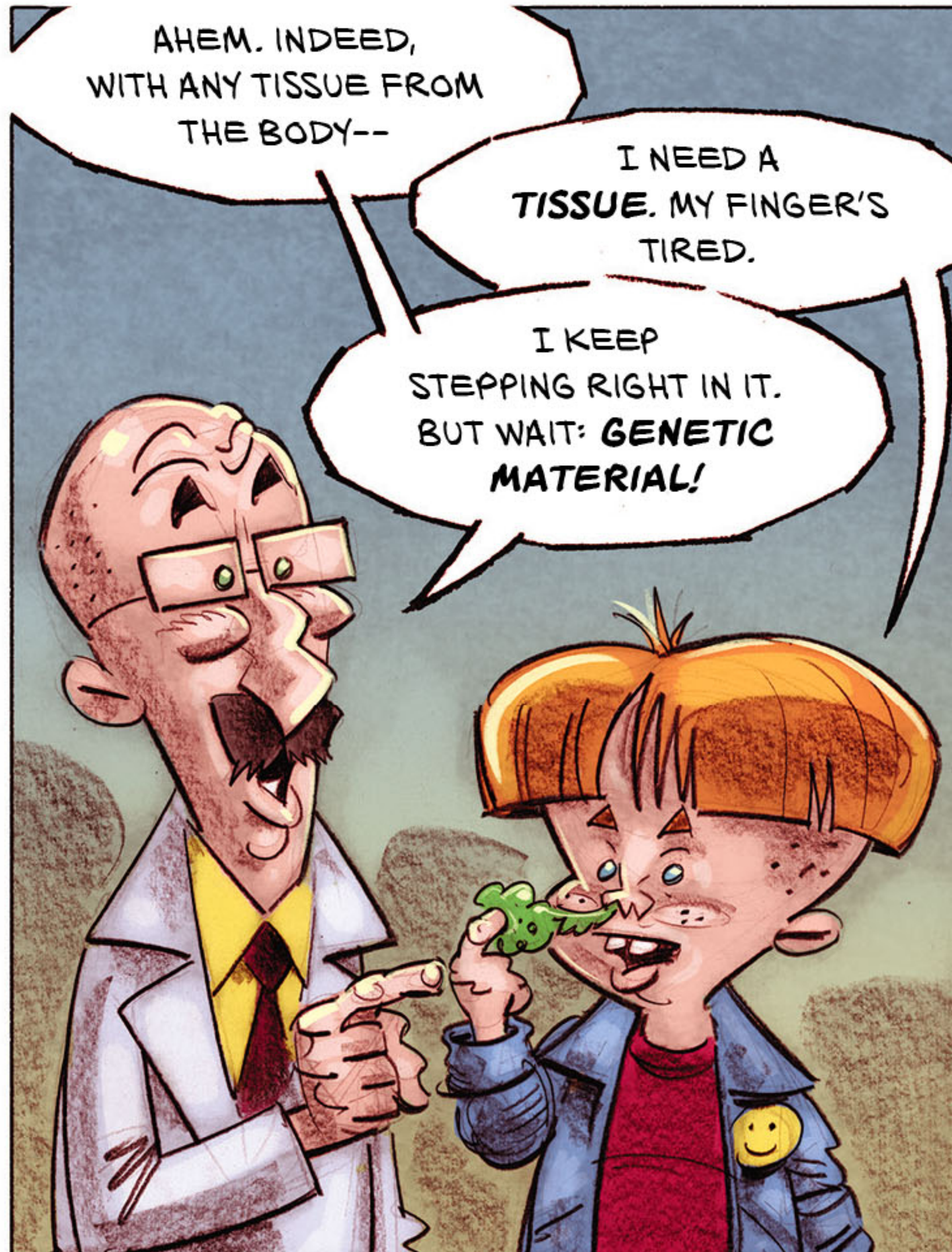
ARE YOU A--



DO **NOT** ASK ME IF I AM A **SOLDIER** OR IF THIS IS "**AN ARMY PLACE.**"

IT'S LIKE YOU READED MY MIND.

"MIND," HE SAYS.



AHEM. INDEED, WITH ANY **TISSUE** FROM THE BODY--

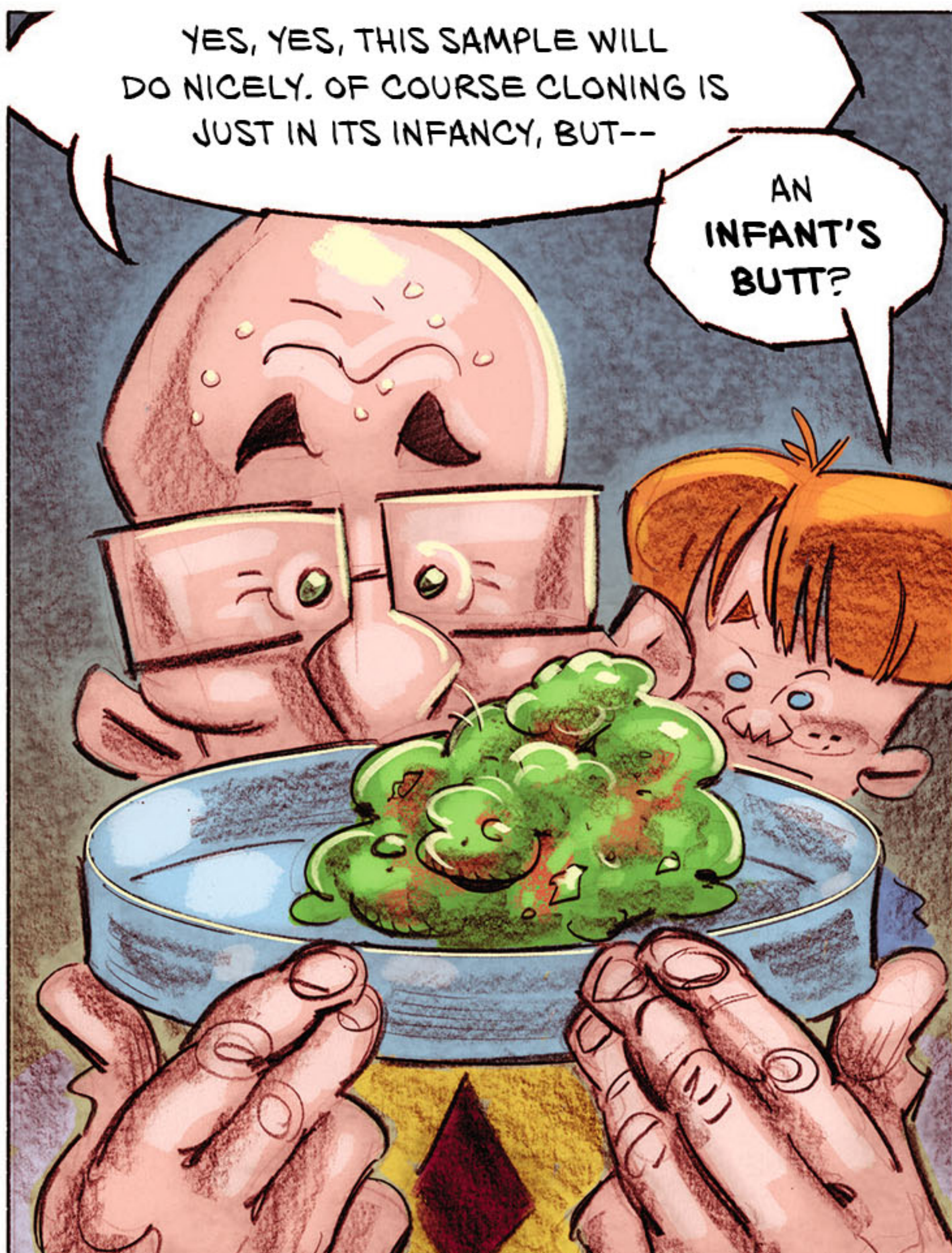
I NEED A **TISSUE**. MY FINGER'S TIRED.

I KEEP STEPPING RIGHT IN IT. BUT WAIT: **GENETIC MATERIAL!**



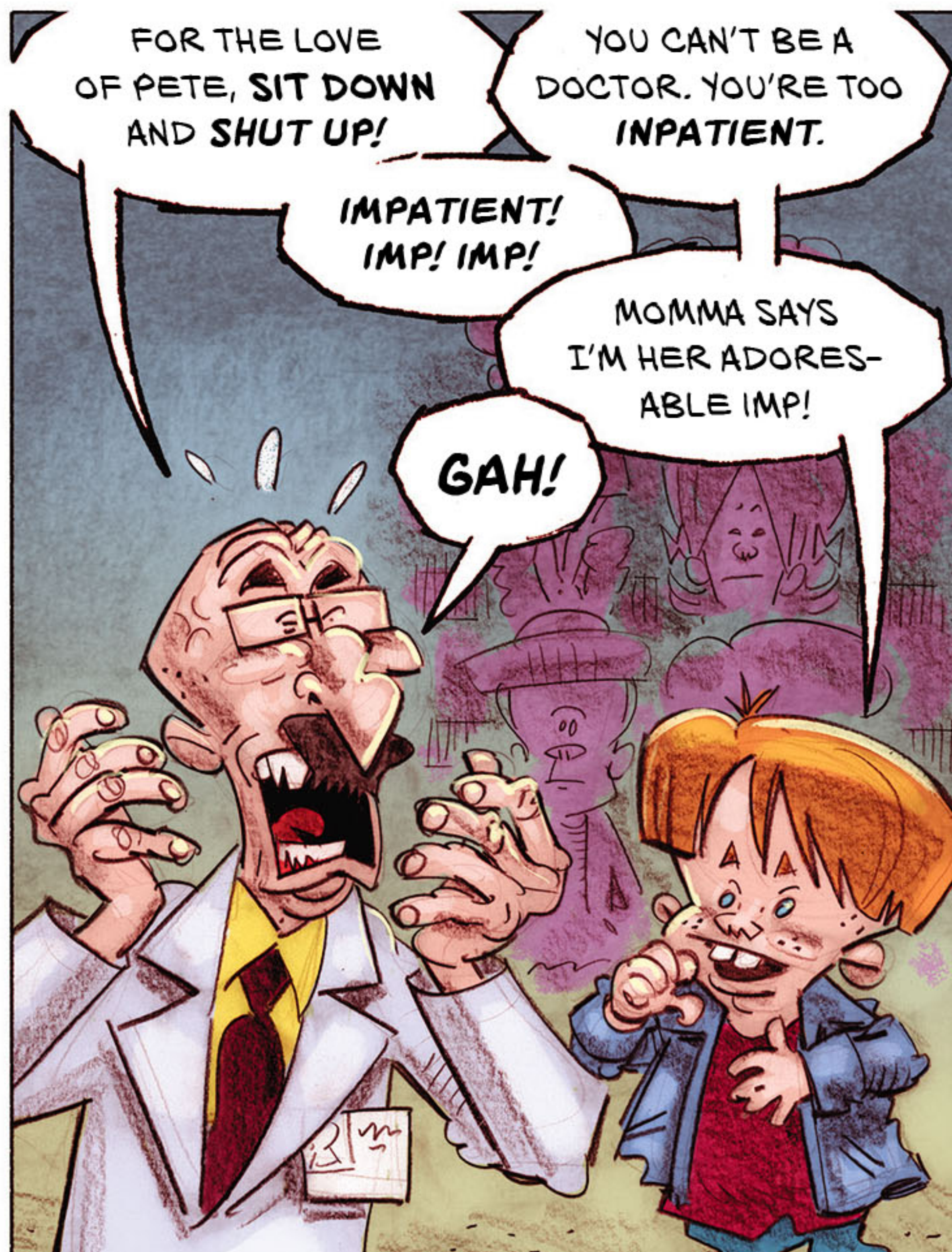
YOUNG MAN, I WILL TRADE YOU A BOX OF **TISSUE** FOR THAT **GLISTENING DOLLOP** OF **BLOOD-INFUSED MUCUS**.

HERE YOU GO, DR. **OBBY-DOBBY-DOO**.



YES, YES, THIS **SAMPLE** WILL DO NICELY. OF COURSE **CLONING** IS JUST IN ITS **INFANCY**, BUT--

AN **INFANT'S BUTT?**



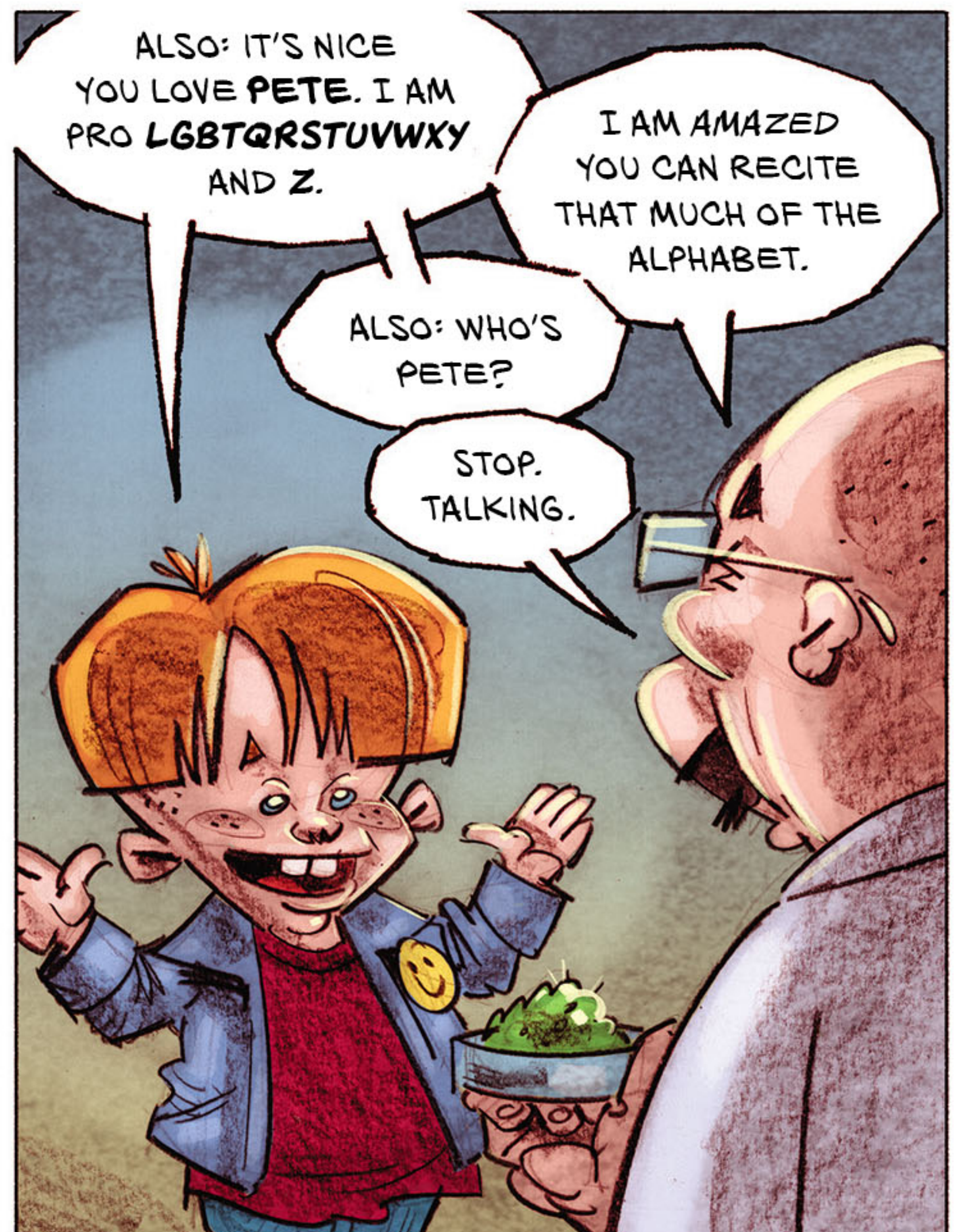
FOR THE LOVE OF PETE, **SIT DOWN** AND **SHUT UP!**

YOU CAN'T BE A **DOCTOR**. YOU'RE TOO **IMPATIENT**.

IMPATIENT! **IMP!** **IMP!**

MOMMA SAYS I'M HER **ADORESS-ABLE IMP!**

GAH!

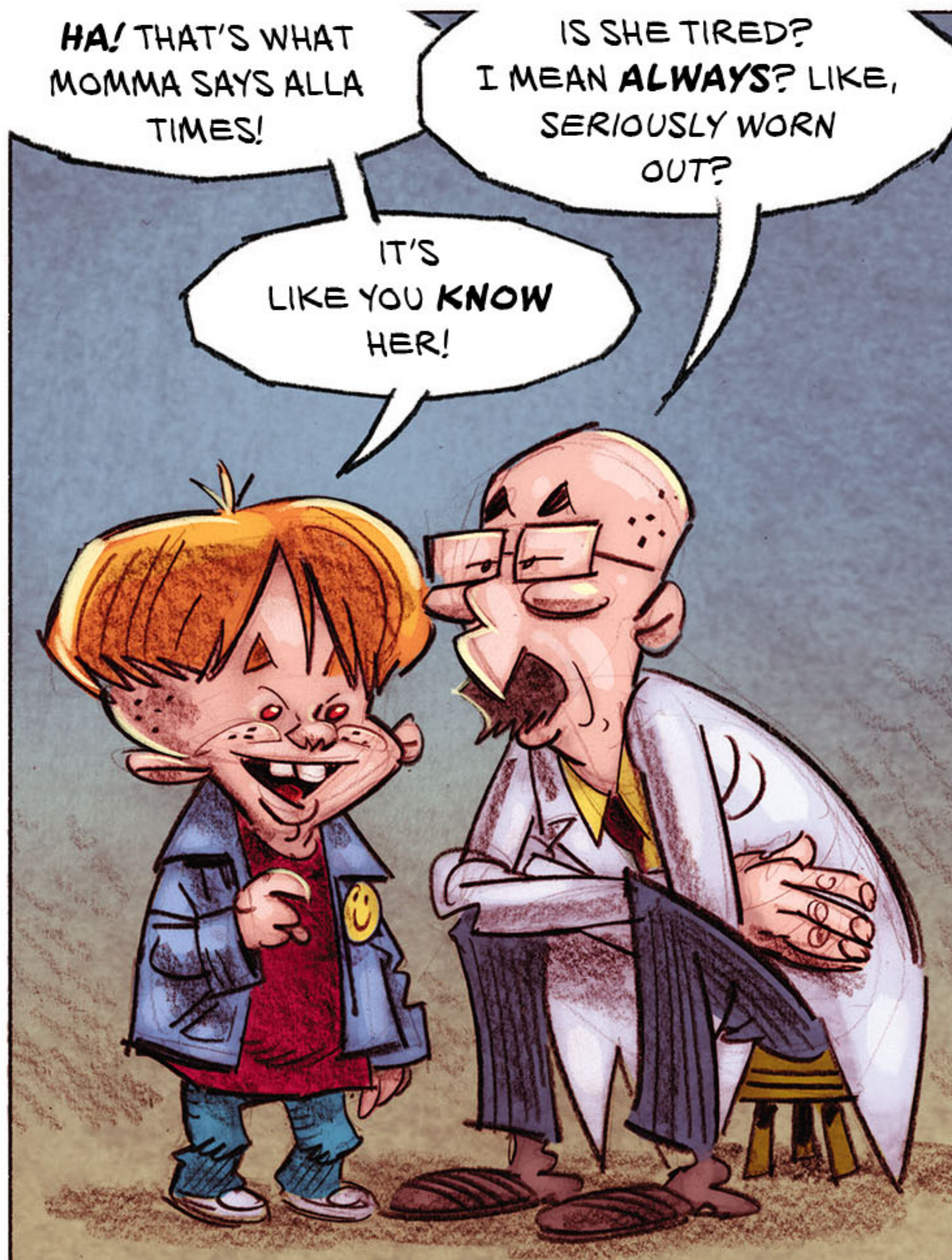
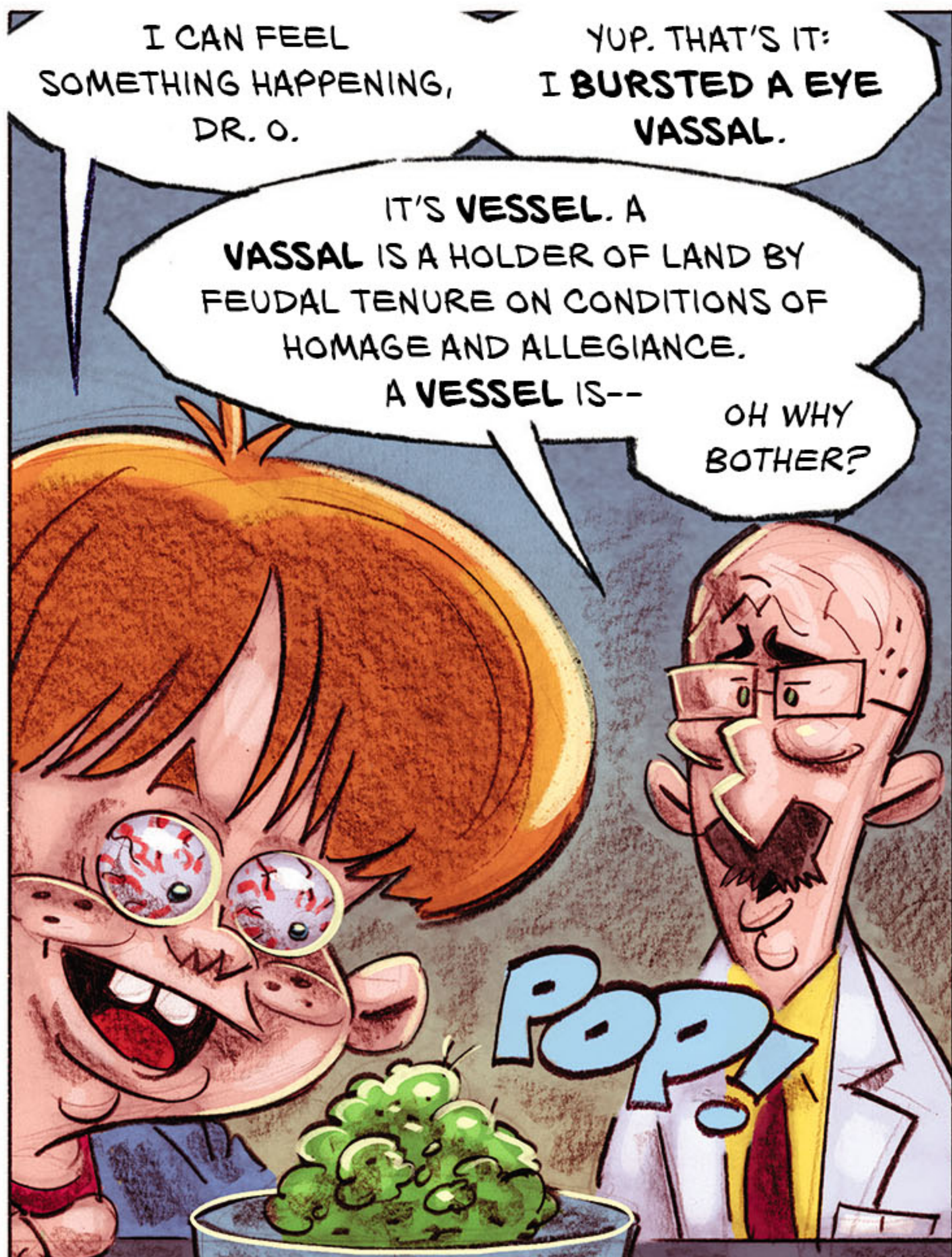
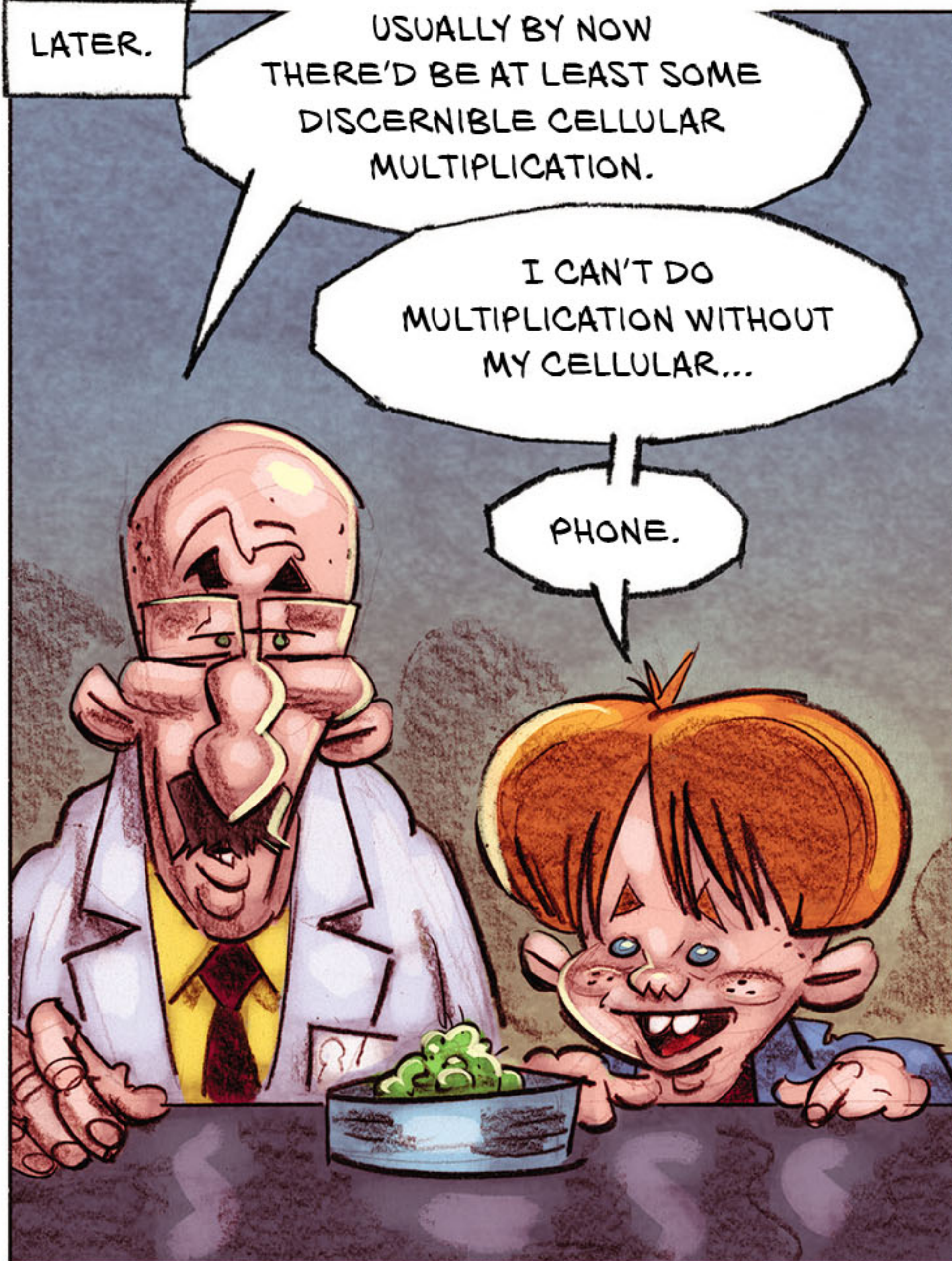
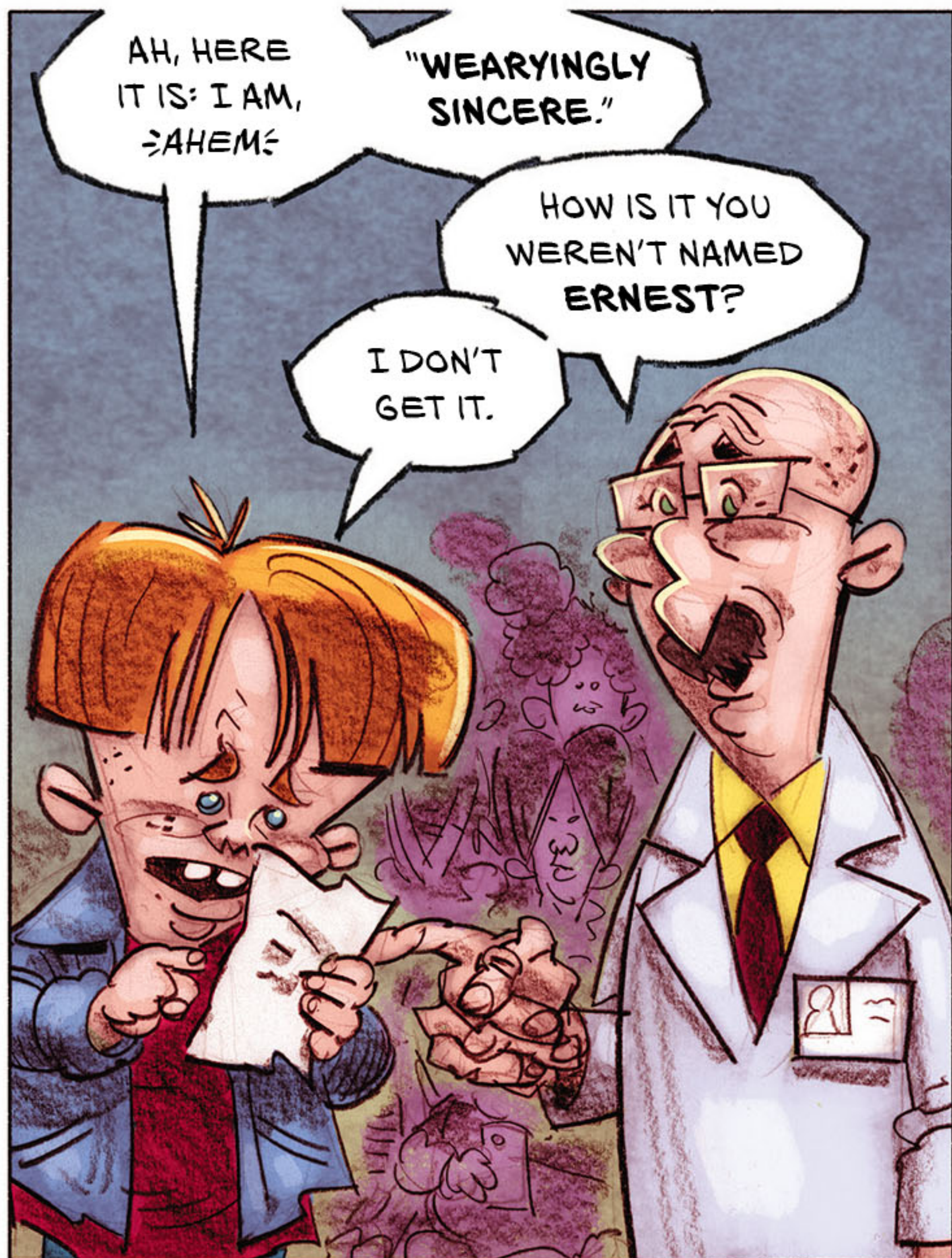
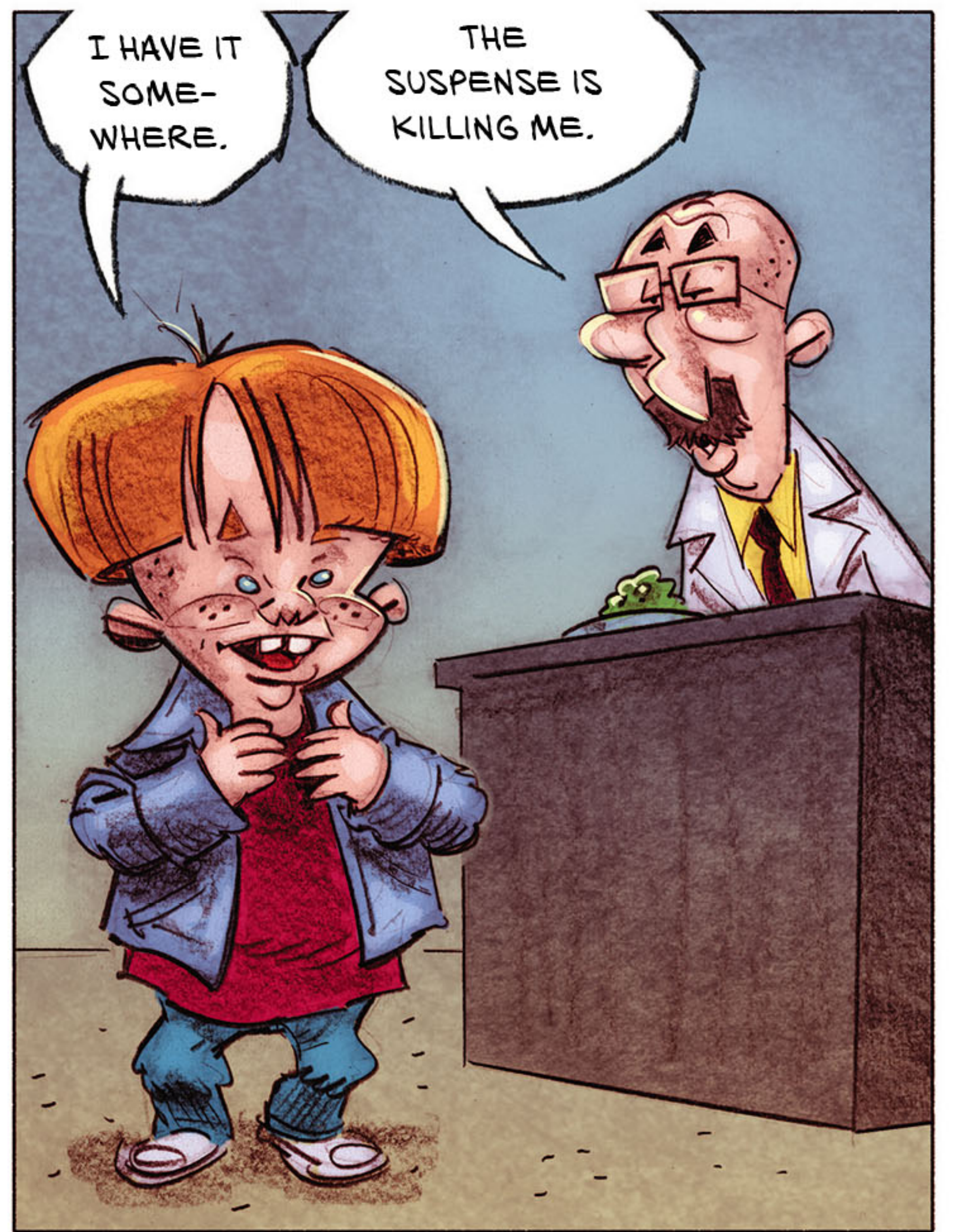
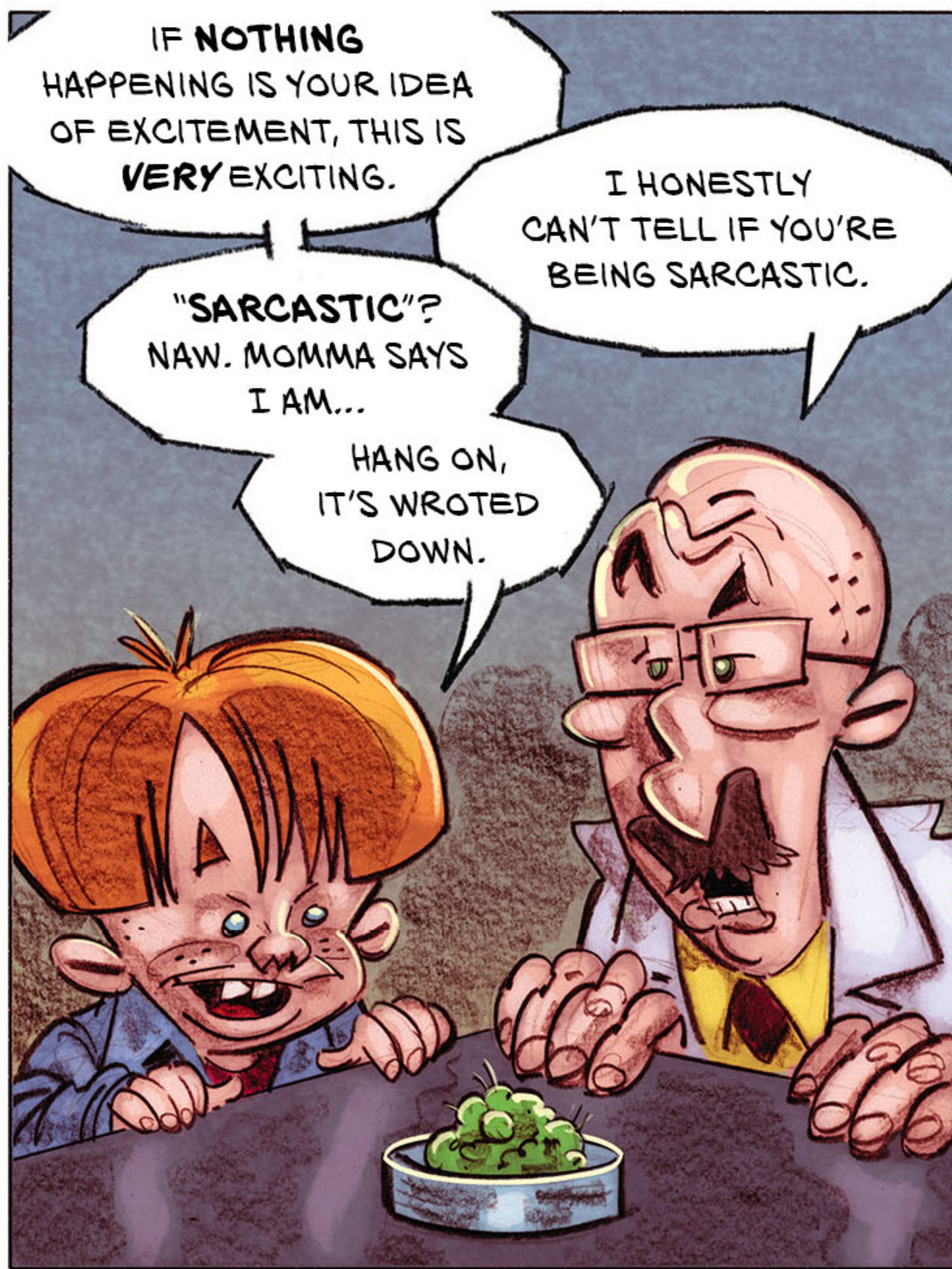
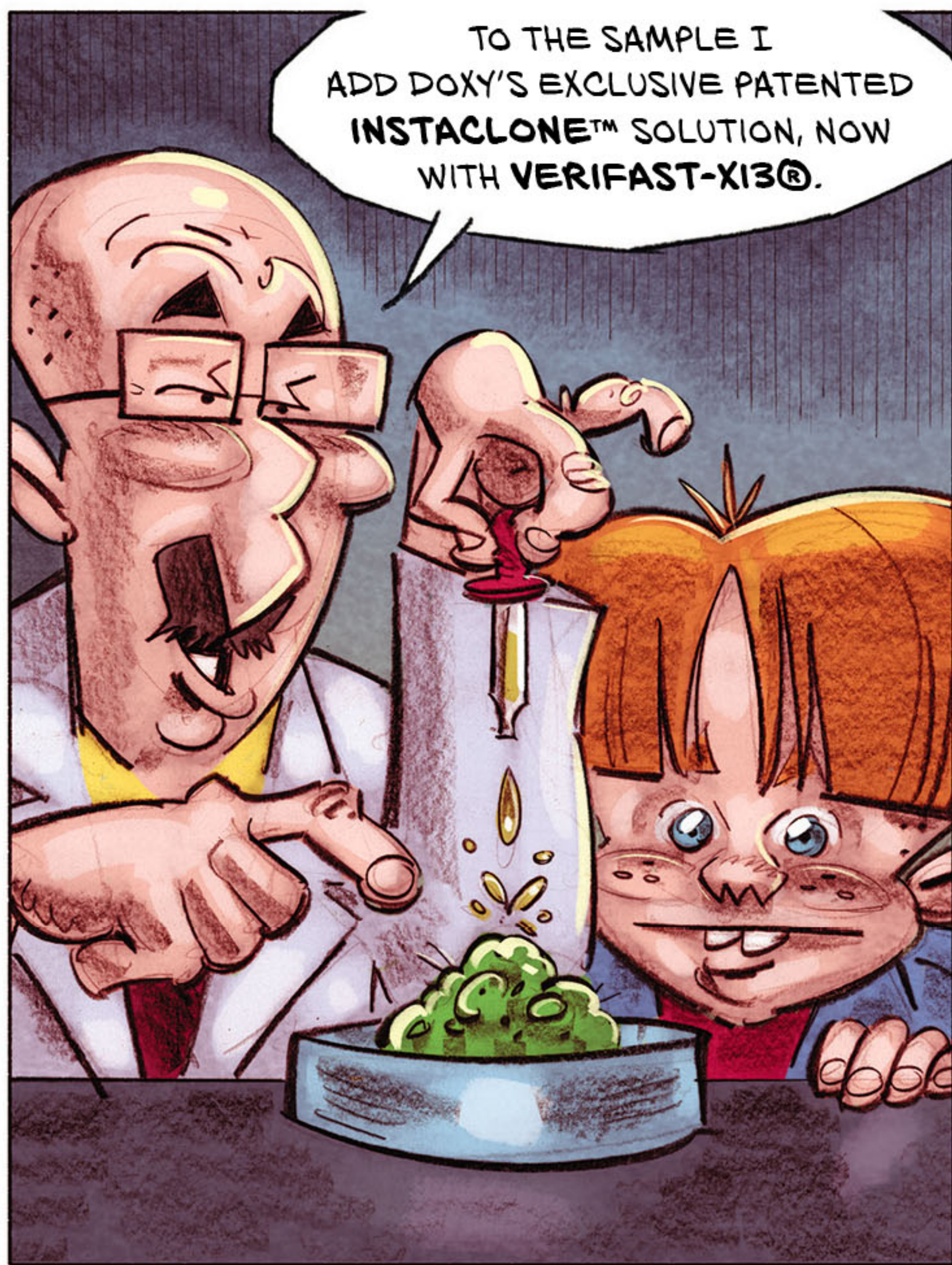


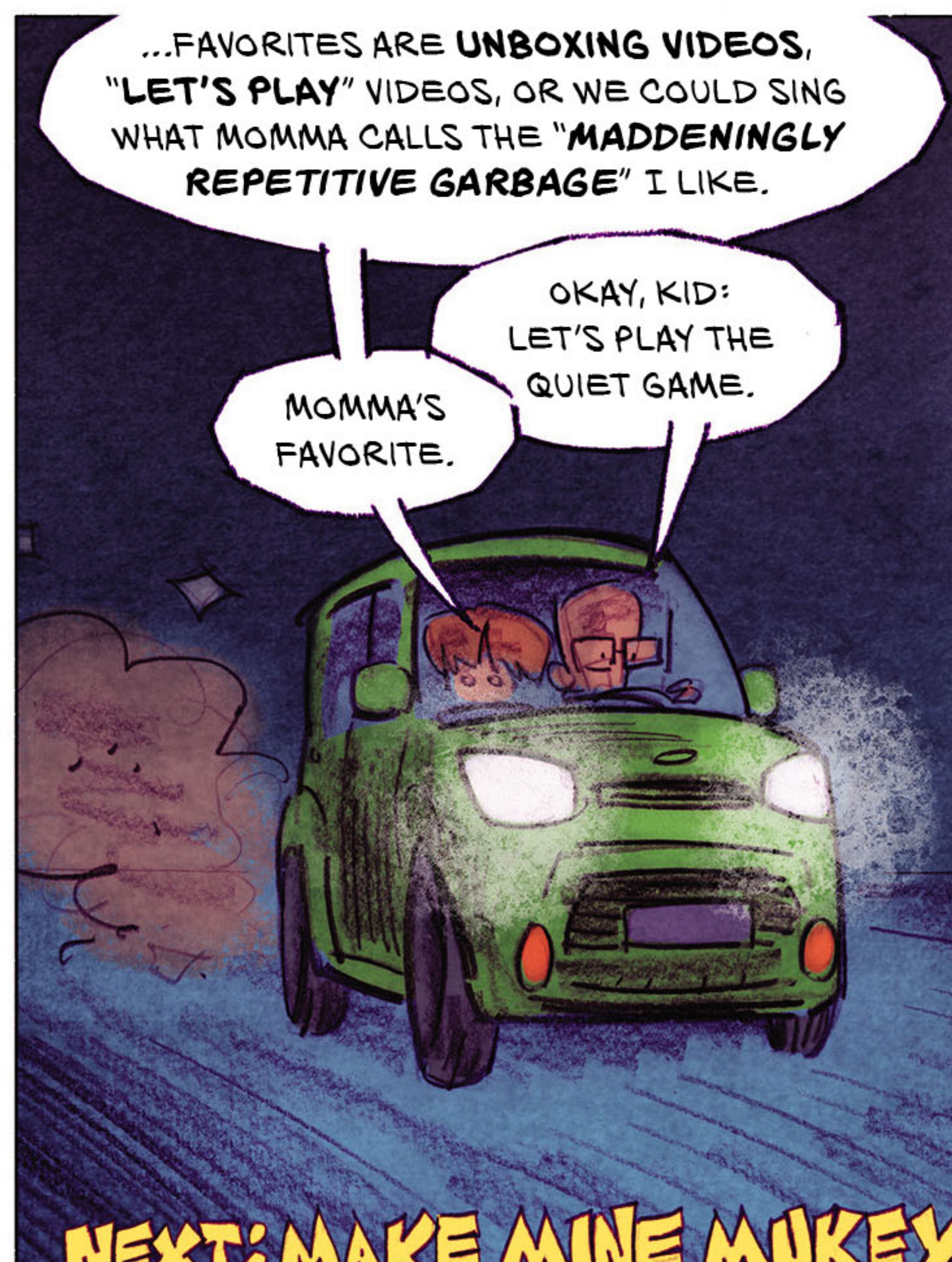
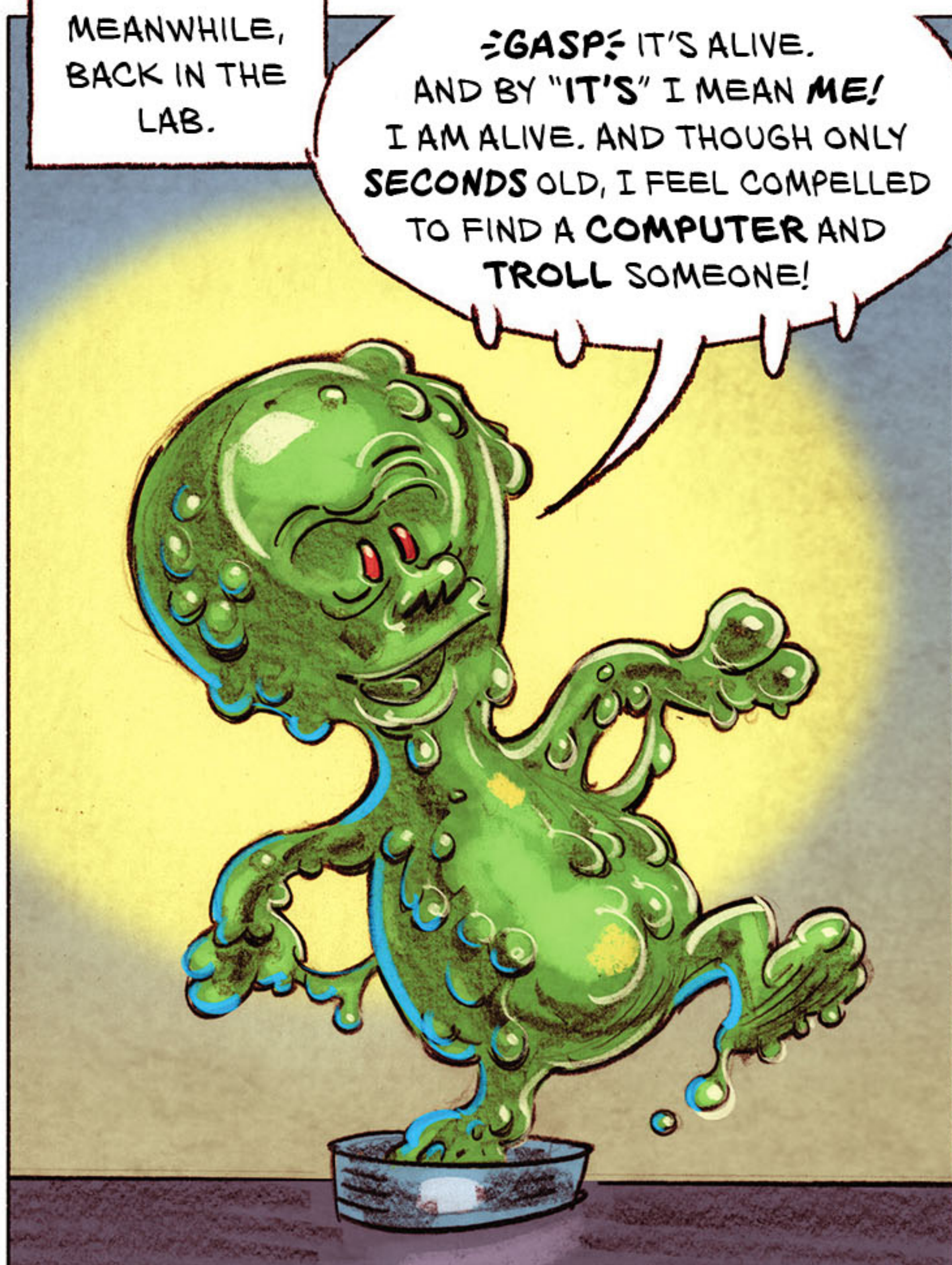
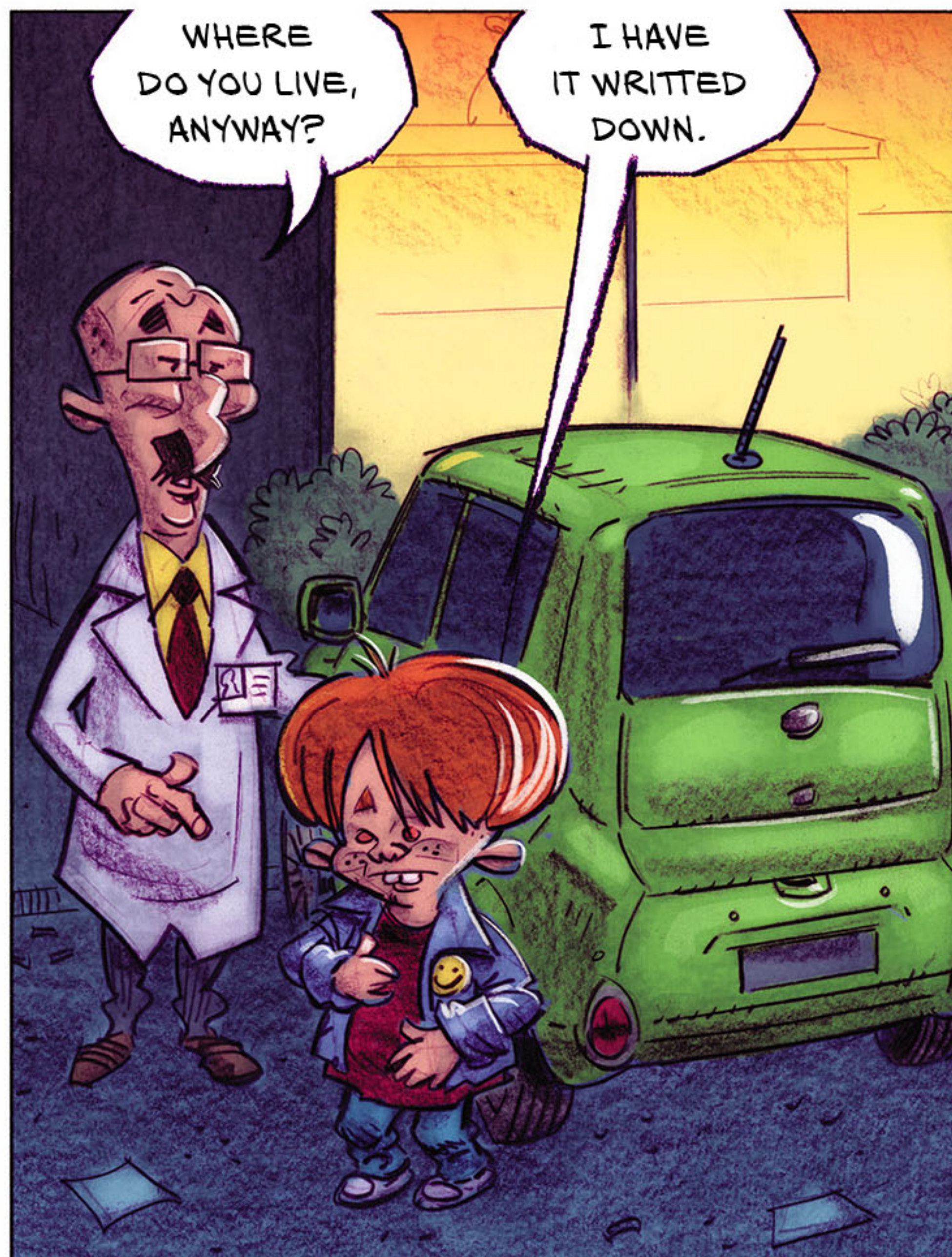
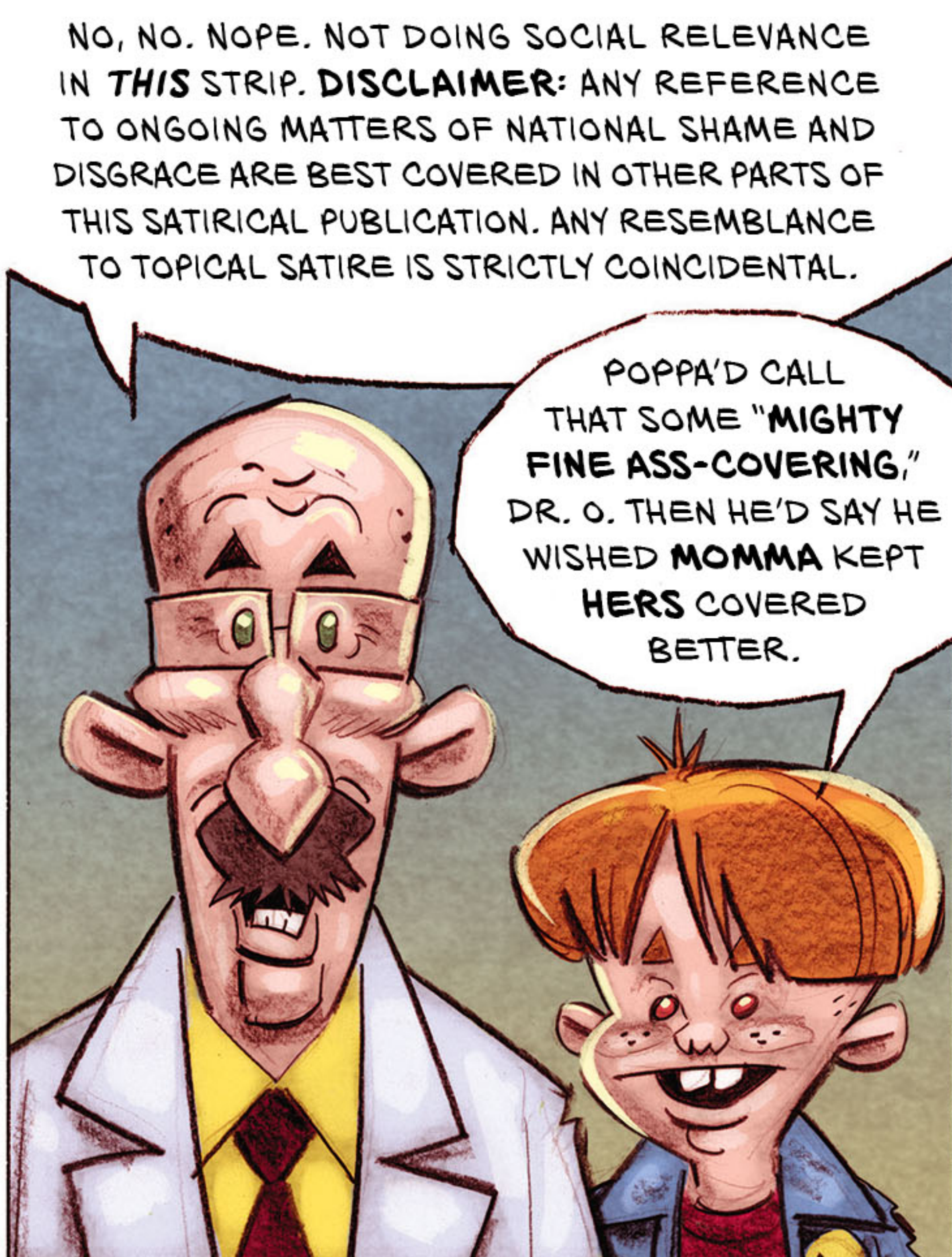
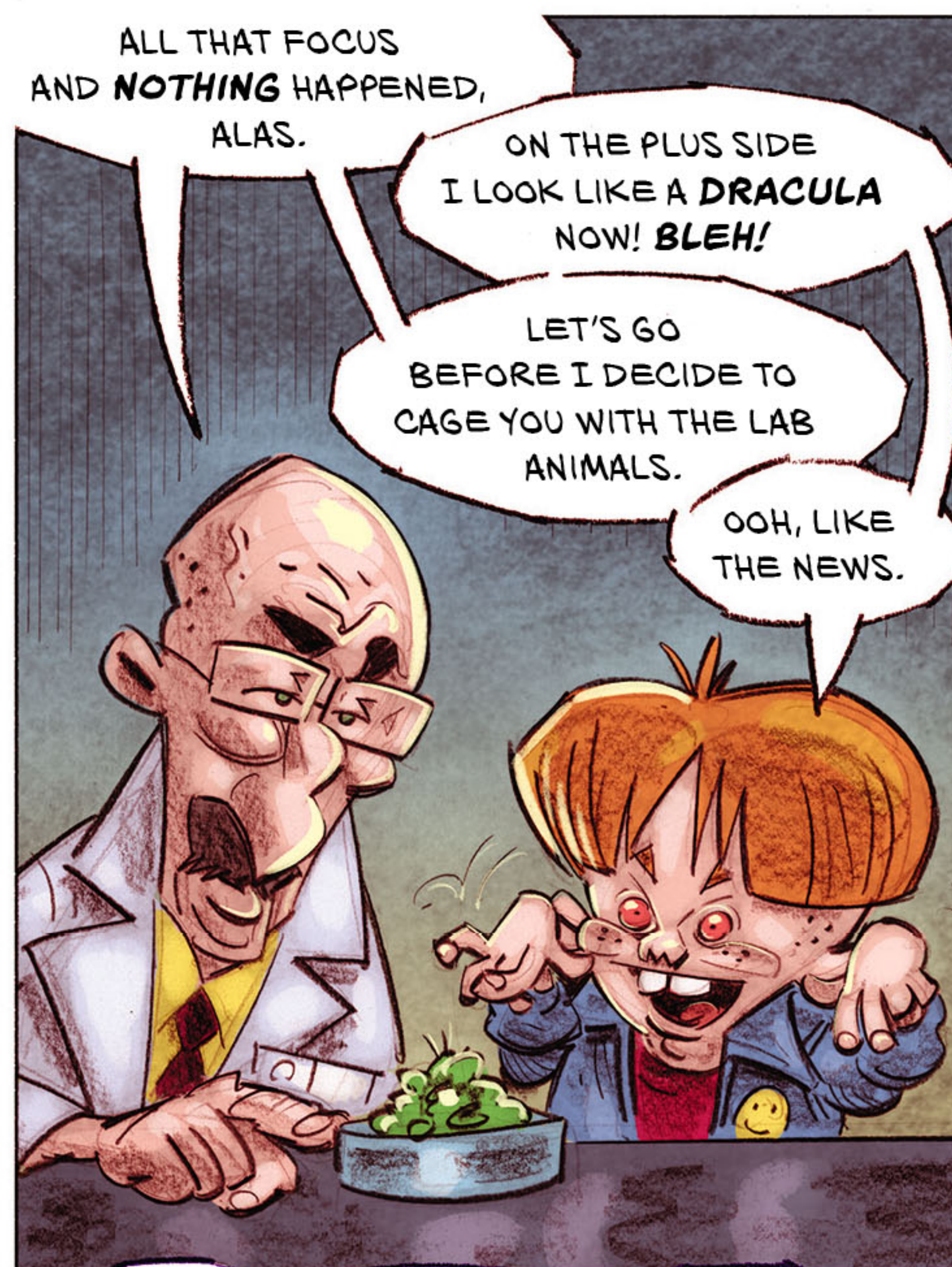
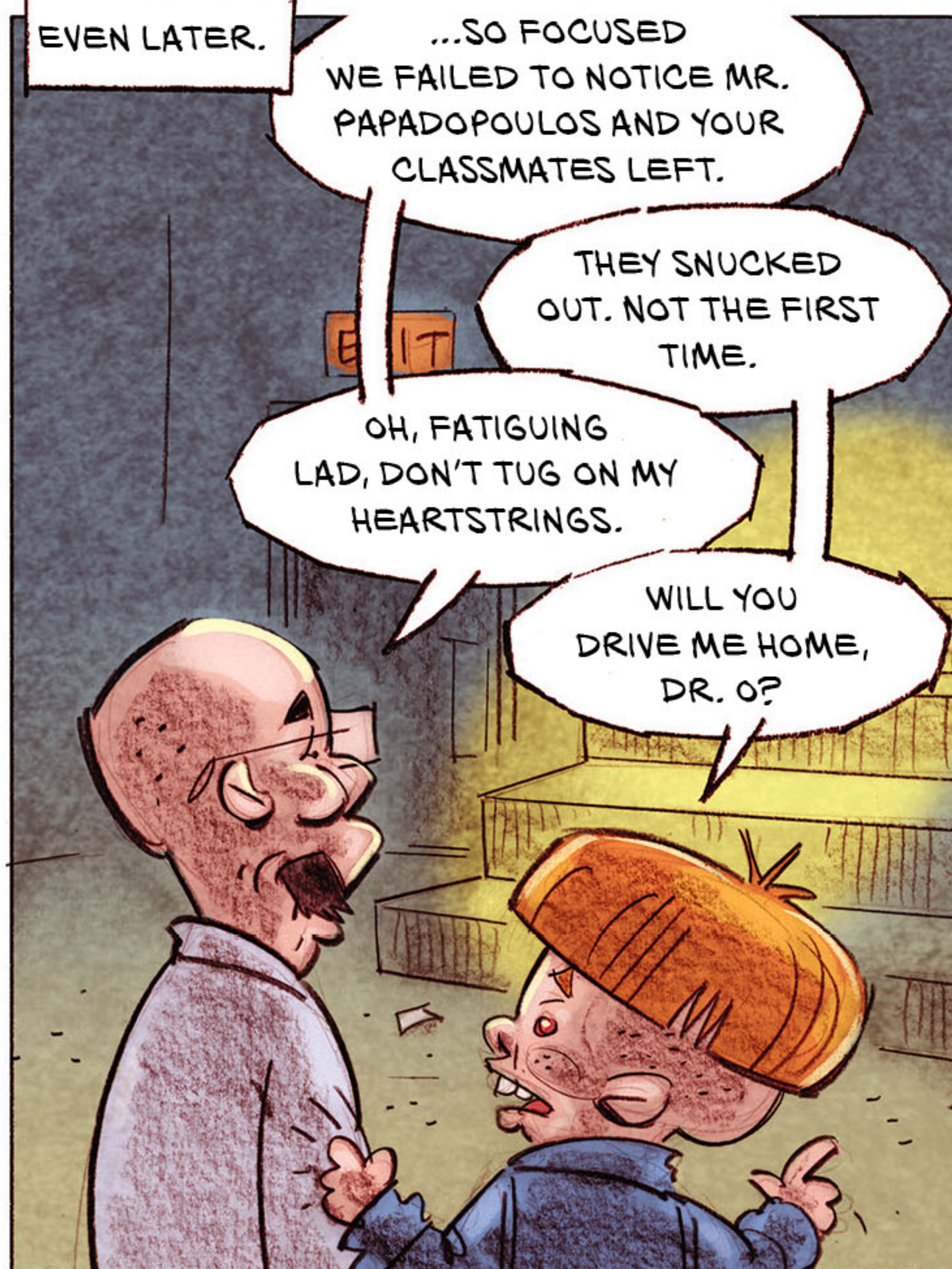
ALSO: IT'S NICE YOU LOVE **PETE**. I AM **PRO LGBTQRSTUVWXY** AND **Z**.

I AM **AMAZED** YOU CAN RECITE THAT MUCH OF THE **ALPHABET**.

ALSO: WHO'S **PETE?**

STOP TALKING.





NEXT: MAKE MINE MUKEY!



WHAT A GORE DEPT.

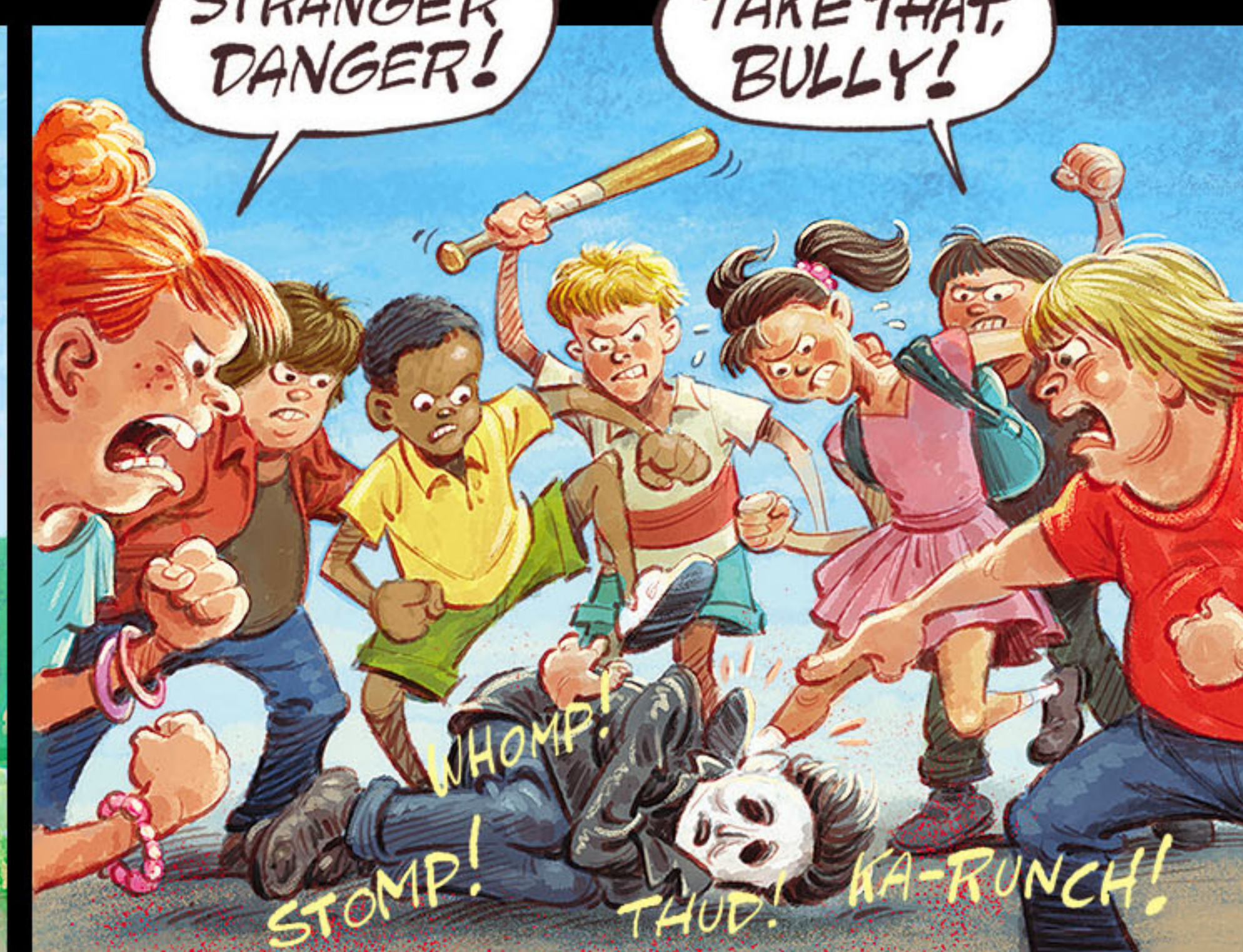
Brian Posehn here, warning you to sharpen your coat hangers because Michael Myers and his creepy Shatner mask are back and ready to get stabby! Lots has changed since Michael first made us soil ourselves in 1978 (Jamie Lee Curtis now recommends Activia to help with that). Let's see how modern times might affect a movie about a giant weirdo chasing dumb teenagers in the...

DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE ORIGINAL & HALLOWEEN 2018

POLICE RESPONSE



BULLIES



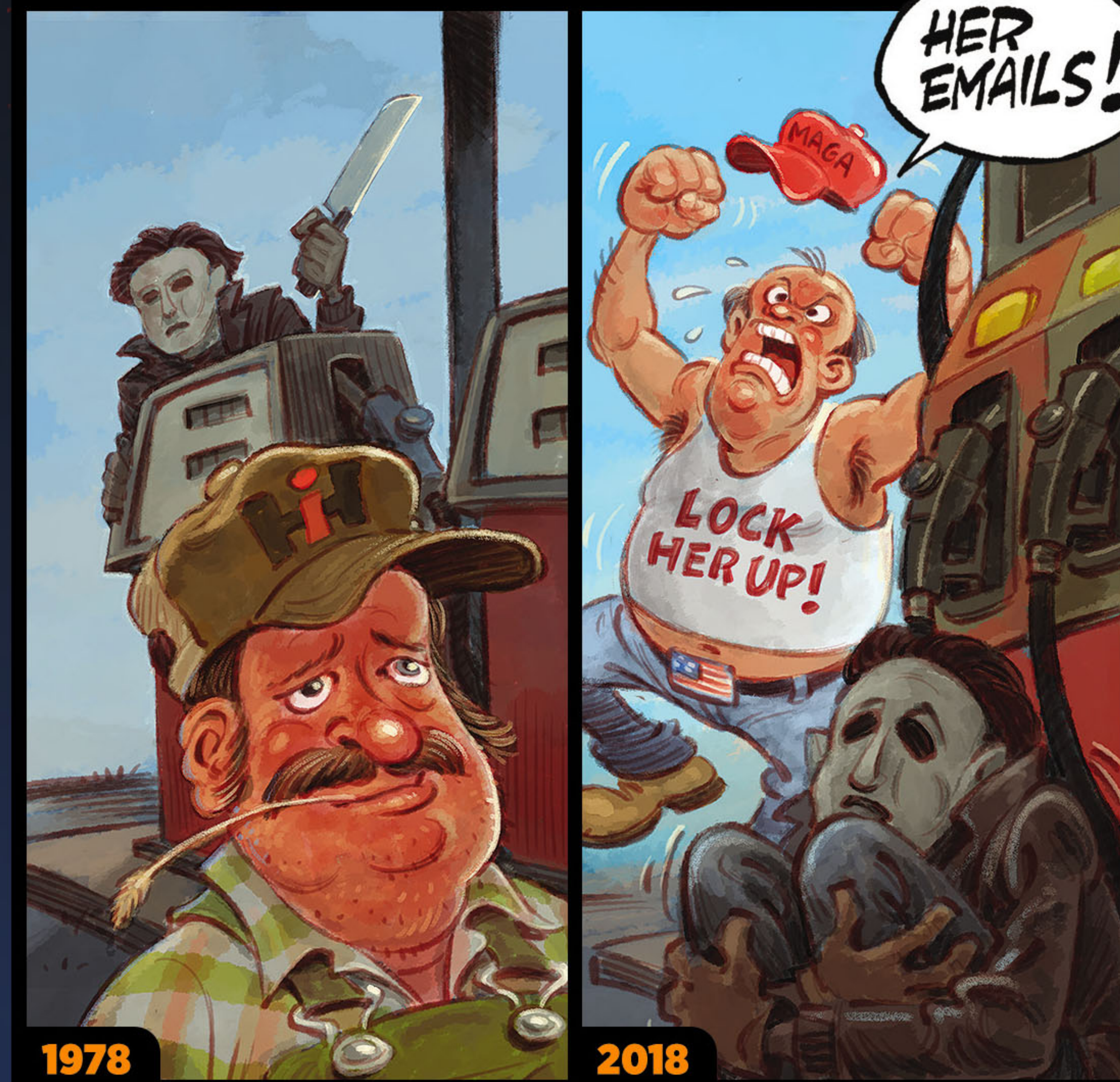
TOAST



JUMP SCARES



SMALL-TOWN FOLKS



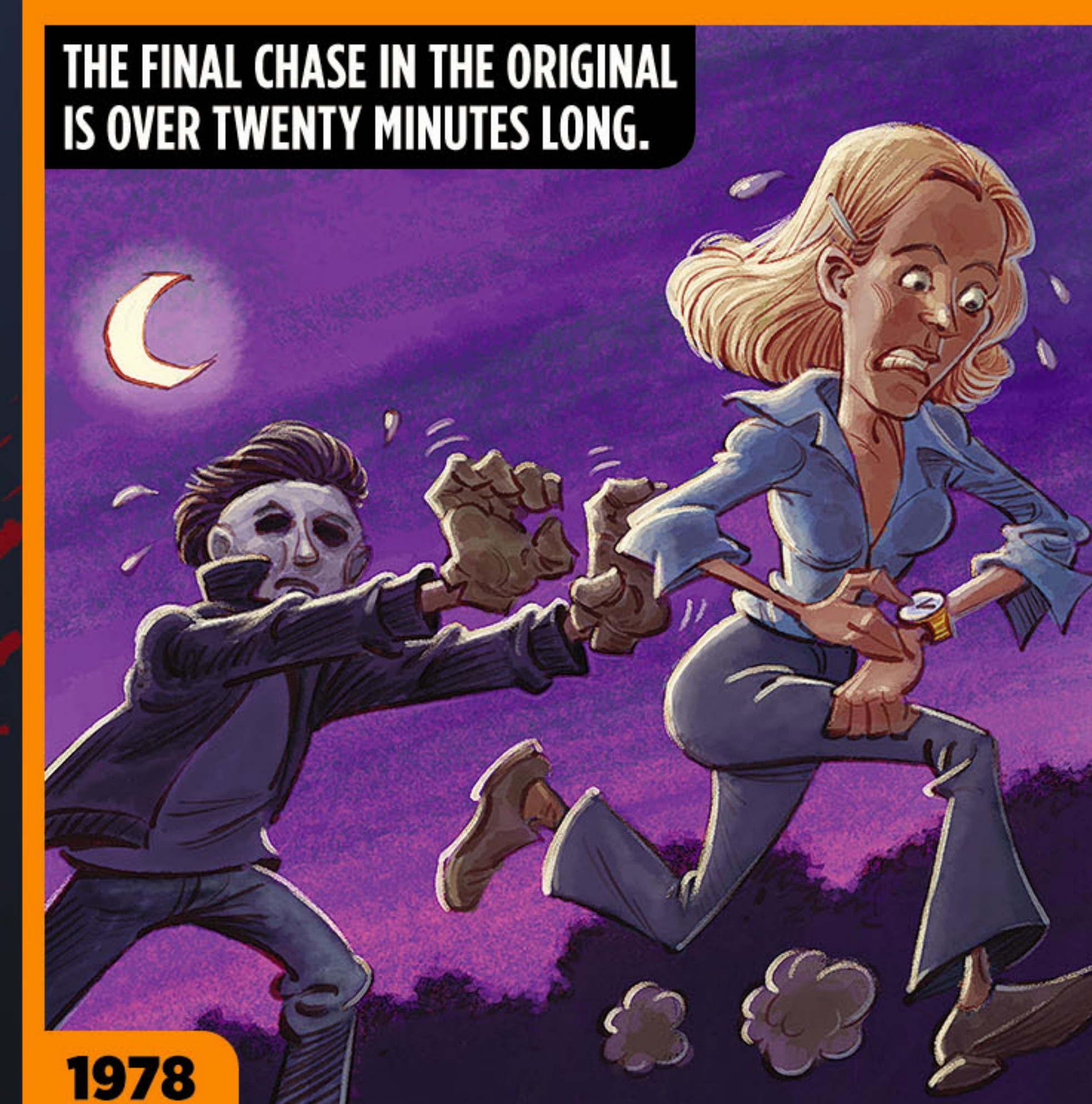
PHONES



CERTAIN SMOKABLE SUBSTANCES



THE FINAL CHASE





Pass the time while stuck in the heaviest traffic of the year by playing "What's this?" with all the crap in your backseat.



Get some footage of the hostess when she's at her most wigged-out, then play it back if she talks about hosting again next year.



When the vegan can't stop mentioning his yummy Tofurky, remind him of the article you read about how potatoes feel pain.



Download a thermal-camera app so you can capture all those post-pie farts.



GET STUFFED DEPT.

The family, the football, the food...what's not to love about Thanksgiving? Well, for some, it's the family, the football...and a few other things that keep us from feeling gobs of gratitude. But don't worry: You'll want second helpings of all this holiday has to offer after reading...

LET'S HAVE FUN

WITH WHAT YOU HATE ABOUT THANKSGIVING

WRITER & ARTIST TERESA BURNS PARKHURST

When your most hippy-dippy relative makes everyone go around and say what they're grateful for, give the winning answer.

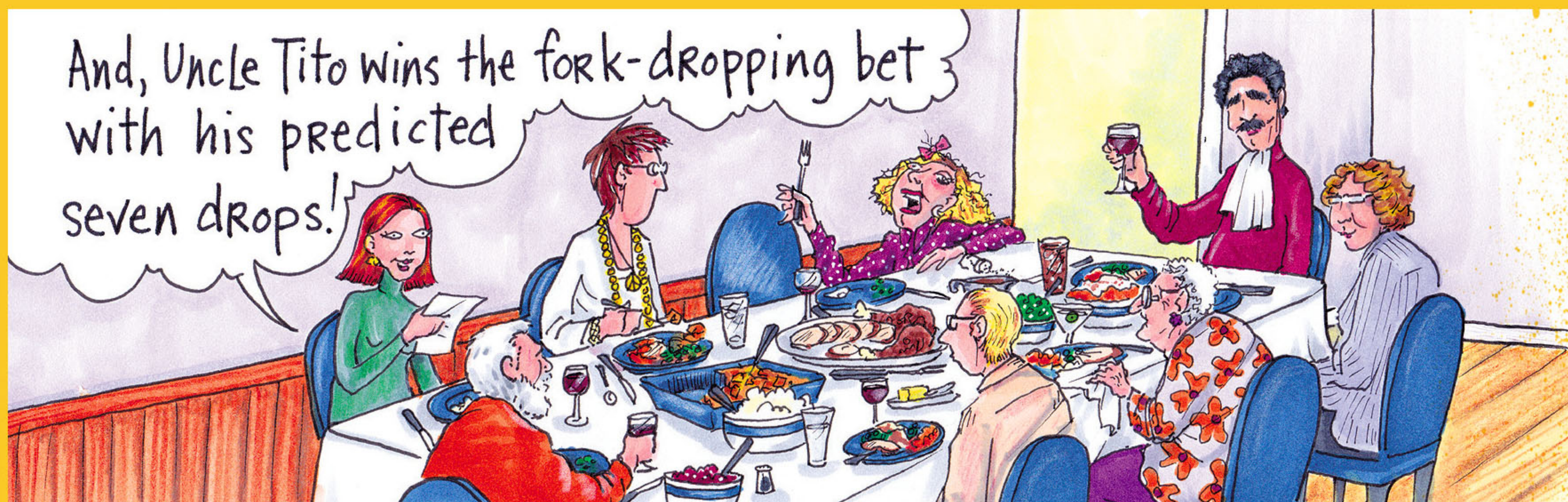


Every time politics comes up, turn on your fake Tourette's.



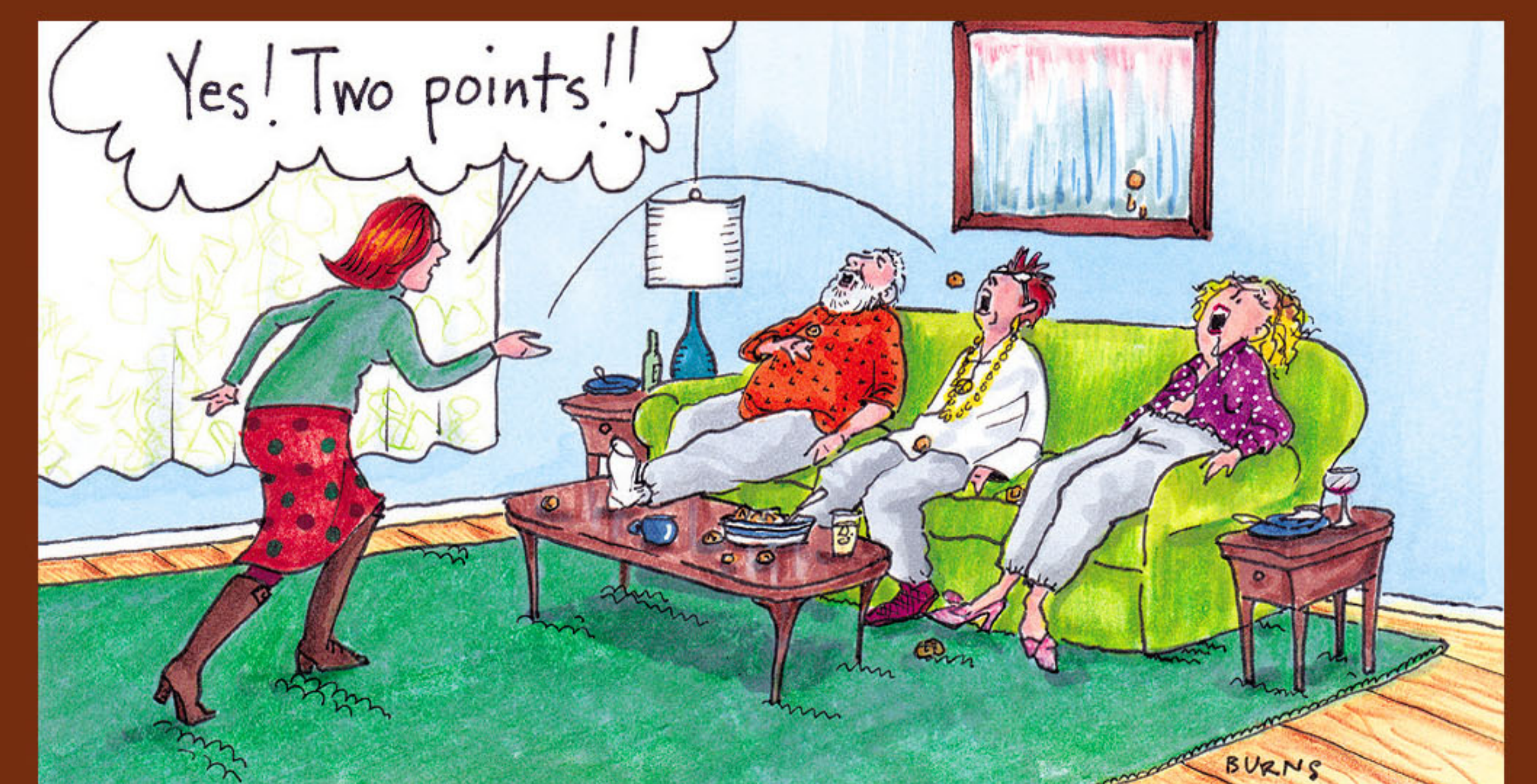
Avoid seeing everyone with their top button undone by surprising guests with complimentary sweatpants.

And, Uncle Tito wins the fork-dropping bet with his predicted seven drops!

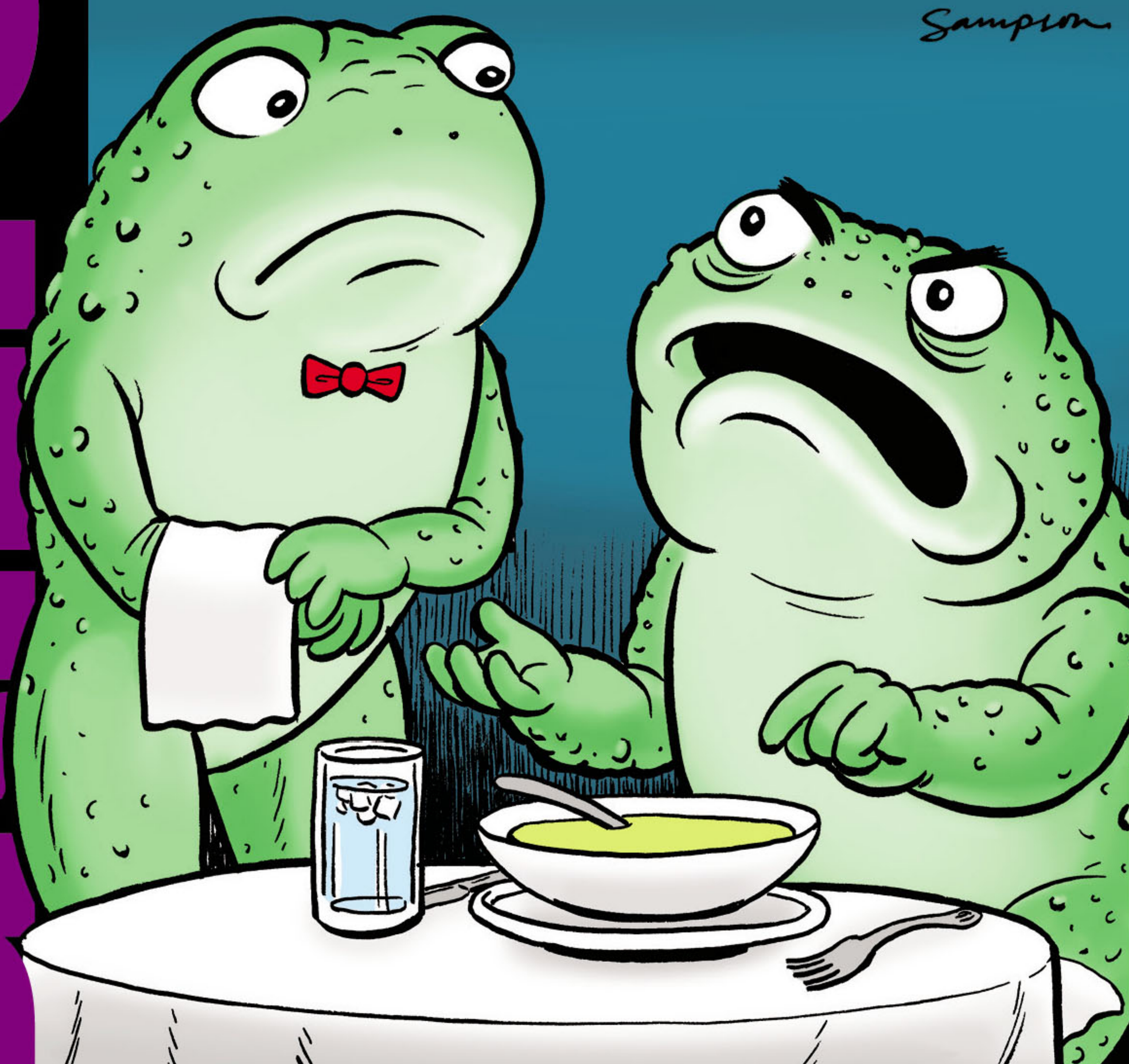


Turn that family member who's always hammered before dinner into a wagering opportunity.

Use the ol' "butter fingers" excuse to get out of helping with cleanup.



After dinner, enjoy a round of "stuffing ball" with the folks who are passed out in the living room.



"WAITER - THERE'S NO FLY IN MY SOUP!"

WRITER & ARTIST JOHNNY SAMPSON



WRITER KIT LIVELY

ARTIST SCOTT NICKEL

A GUIDE TO FEMINIST HALLOWEEN COSTUMES

WRITER ALISON STEVENSON ARTIST BY A PERSON

CACTUS

This costume lets you prevent unsolicited groping from drunken men and embrace your inner prickly bitch! A cactus is a lot like a woman: able to withstand harsh environments and needing a drink only now and then.

GAT WOMAN

You're a woman of "marrying age" but considered a "spinster," while men your age are "bachelors." Spinsters must own at least three cats to properly match the stereotype. If that's you, proudly own it by wearing your felines like some sort of spinster pirate!

WONDER WOMAN

To be this everyday woman who isn't afraid to wonder things like, "Hmm, why am I paid less for doing the same job as my male coworkers?", all you need is an inquisitive mind! Perfect for divas on a budget after spending too much on mascara. ("Hmm, why should women feel bad about our weak eyelashes?")

MEDUSA

This gorgon literally slays! One of the first to challenge the male gaze, Medusa didn't only address the issue, she had a solution—turning men who looked at her into stone. Attaching live snakes to your skull might prove difficult, but worth it!

THE FEMALE ORGASM

Many men don't think it exists! Use this depressing fact to your advantage by simply staying home from that Halloween party.

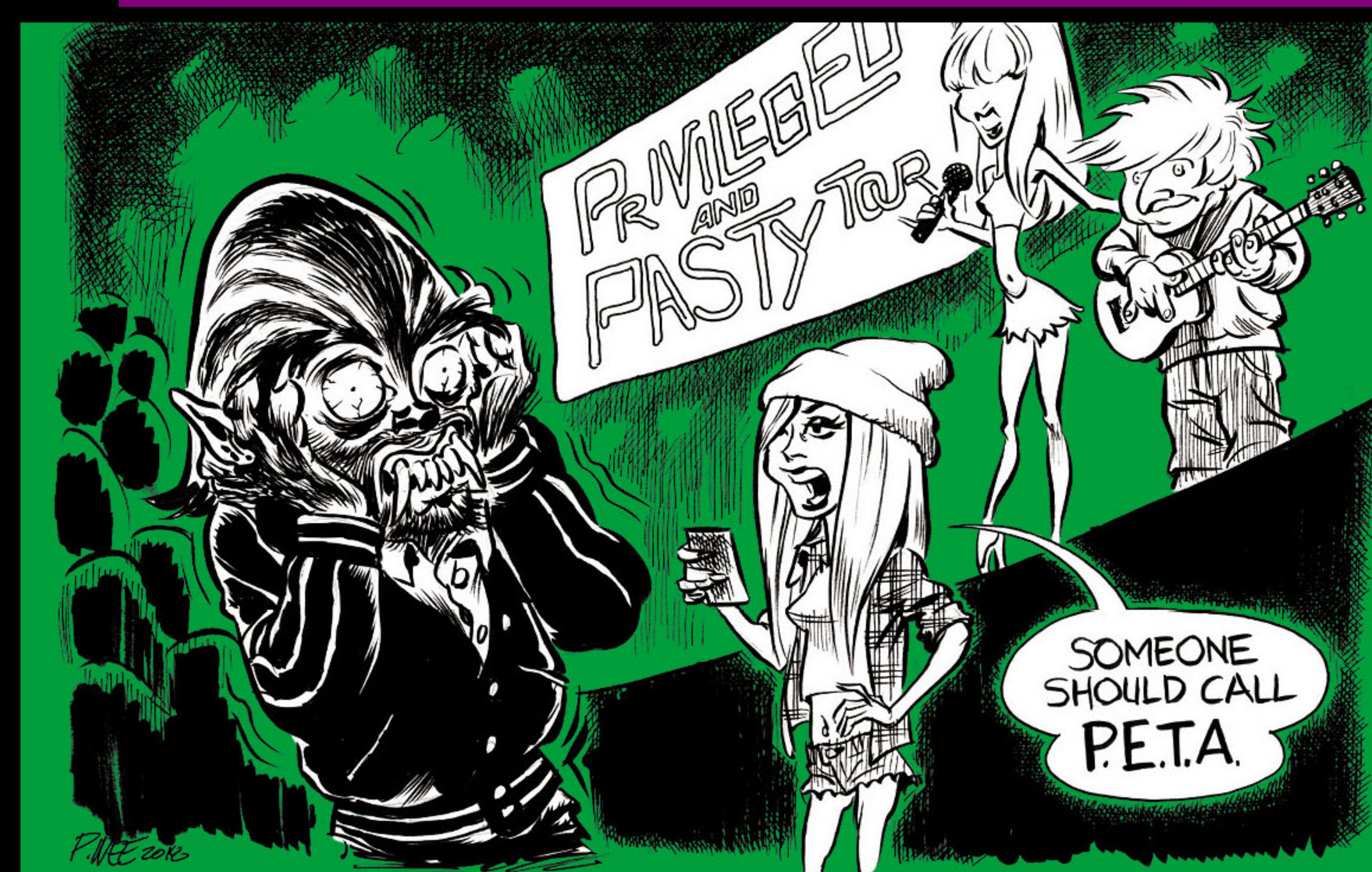
HOW TO DEFEAT A WEREWOLF IN 2018



Make it watch a marathon of *Ballers*.



Ask it to remember its Yahoo password from 2009.

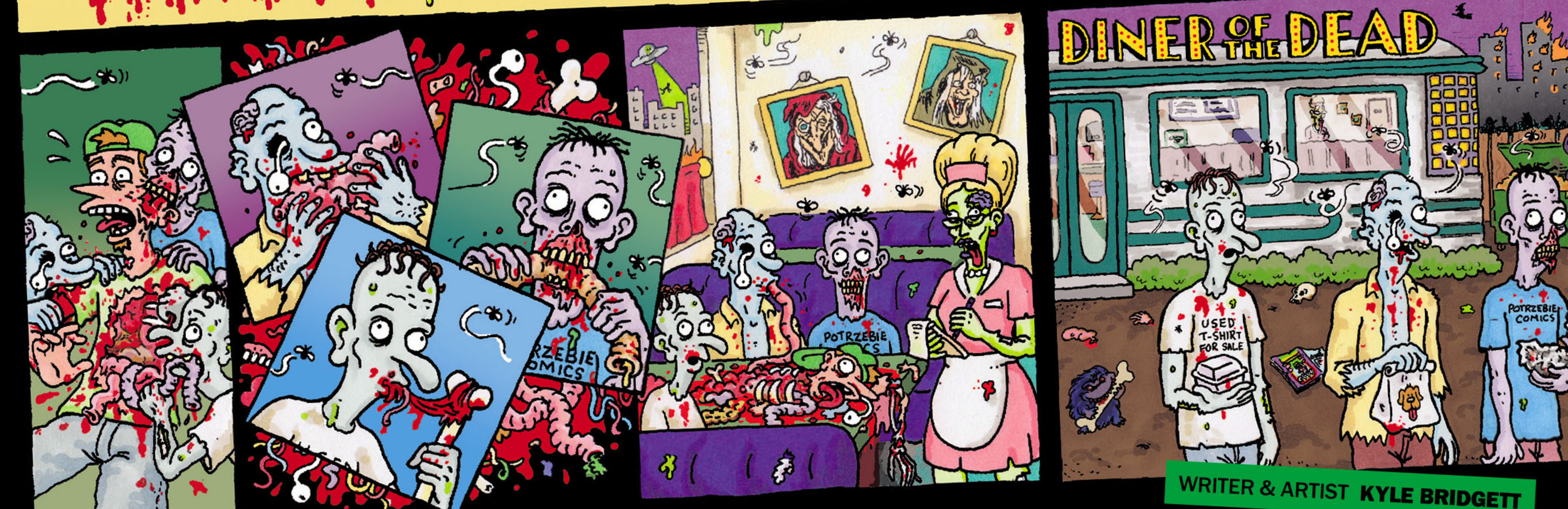


Buy it tickets to a Taylor Swift and Ed Sheeran concert.

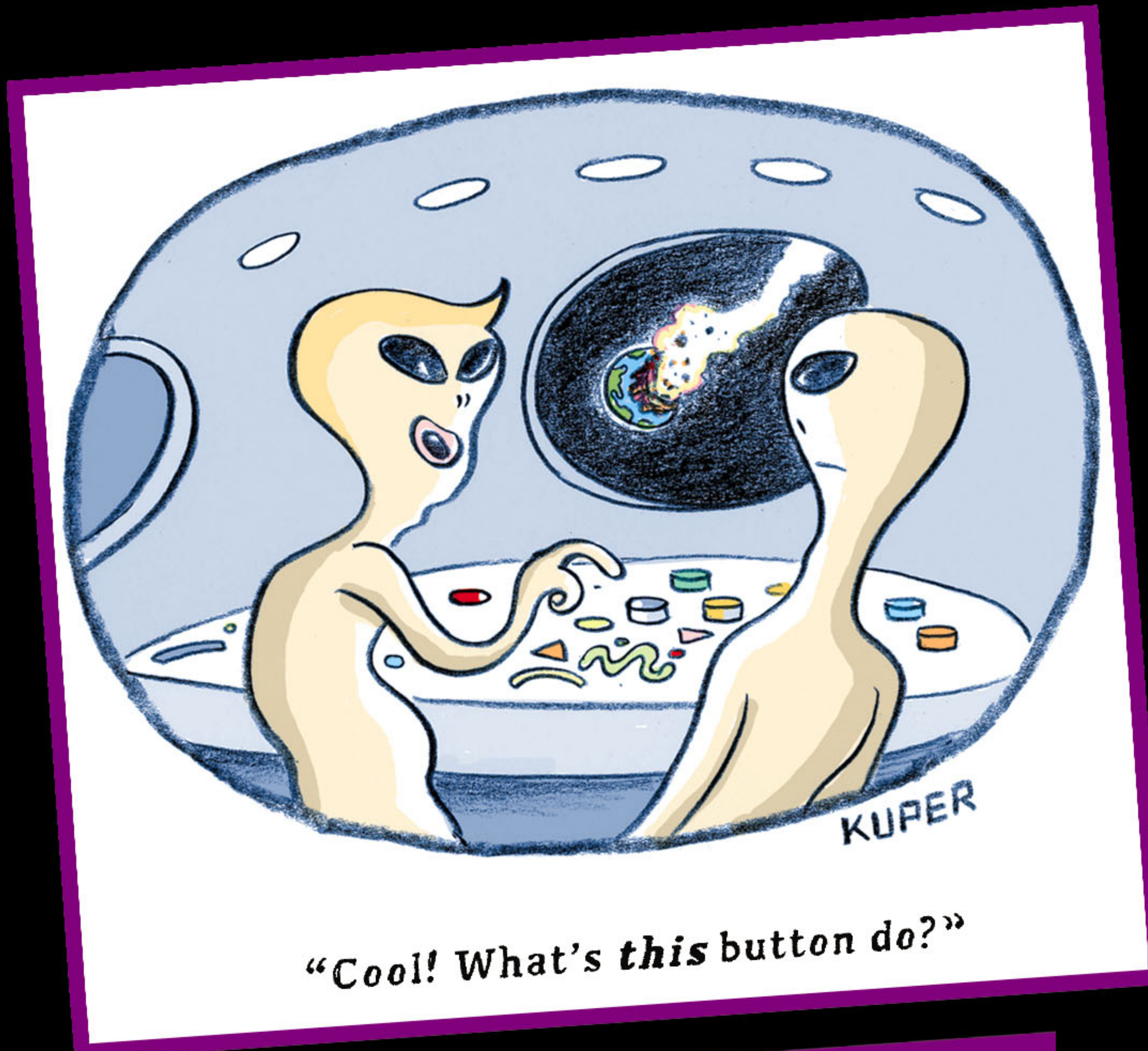
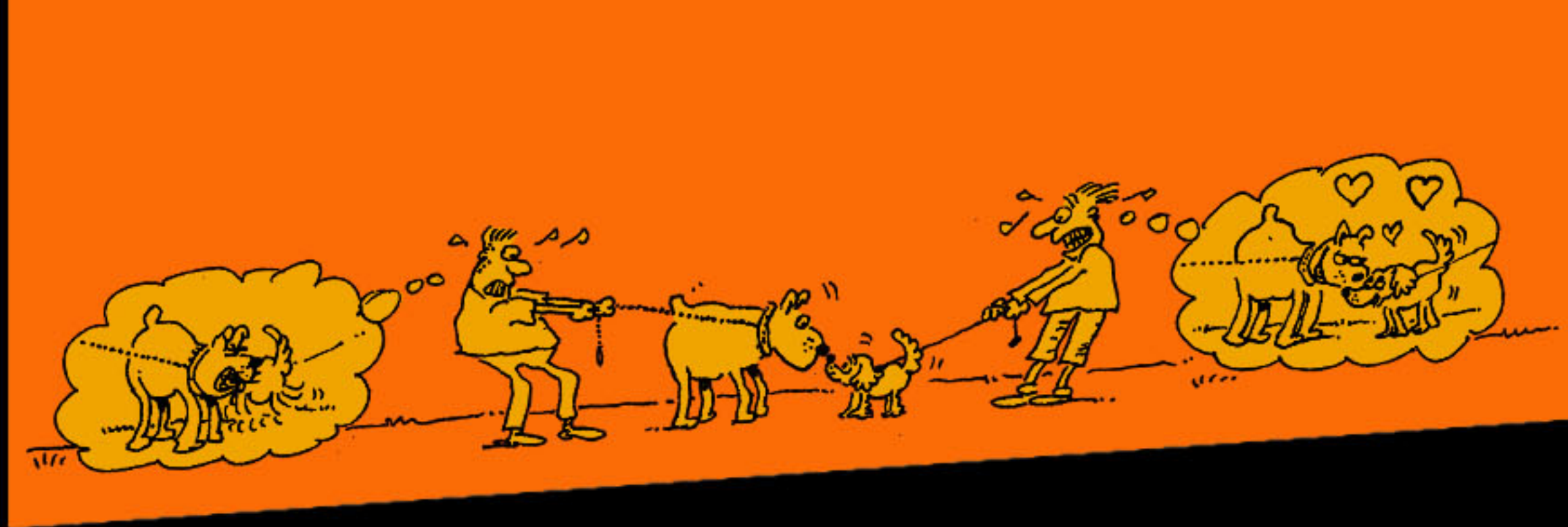


Sign it up for Twitter.

WRITER BROCKTON MCKINNEY ARTIST PAUL WEE

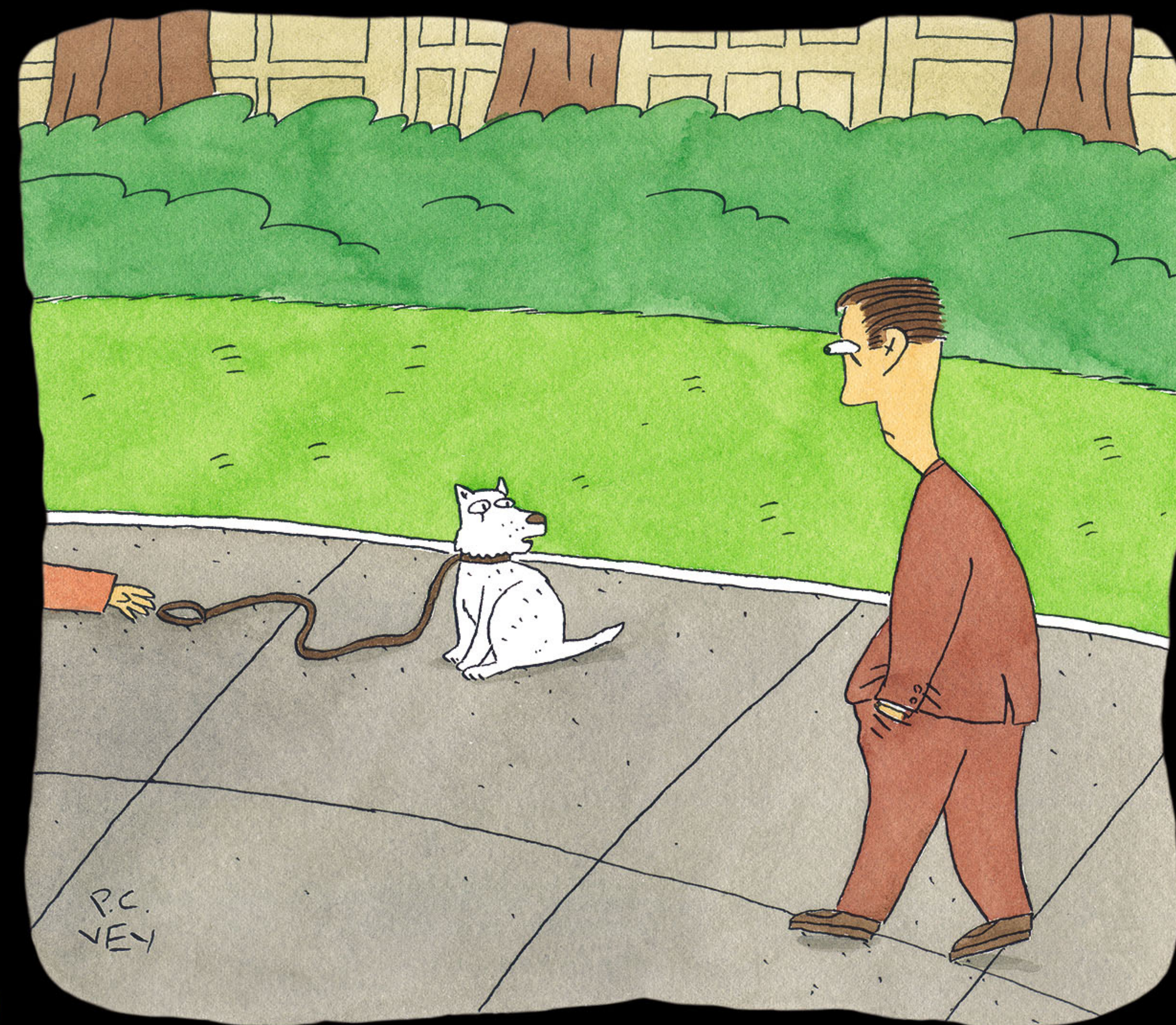


WRITER & ARTIST KYLE BRIDGETT



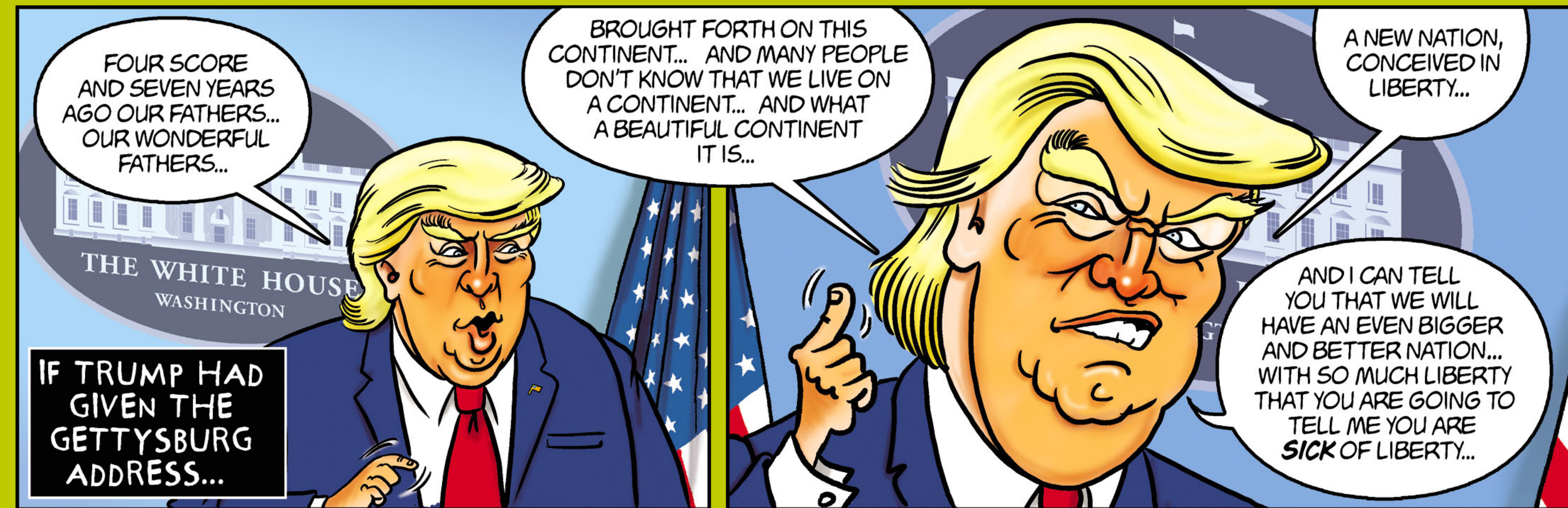
"Cool! What's *this* button do?"

WRITER & ARTIST **PETER KUPER**

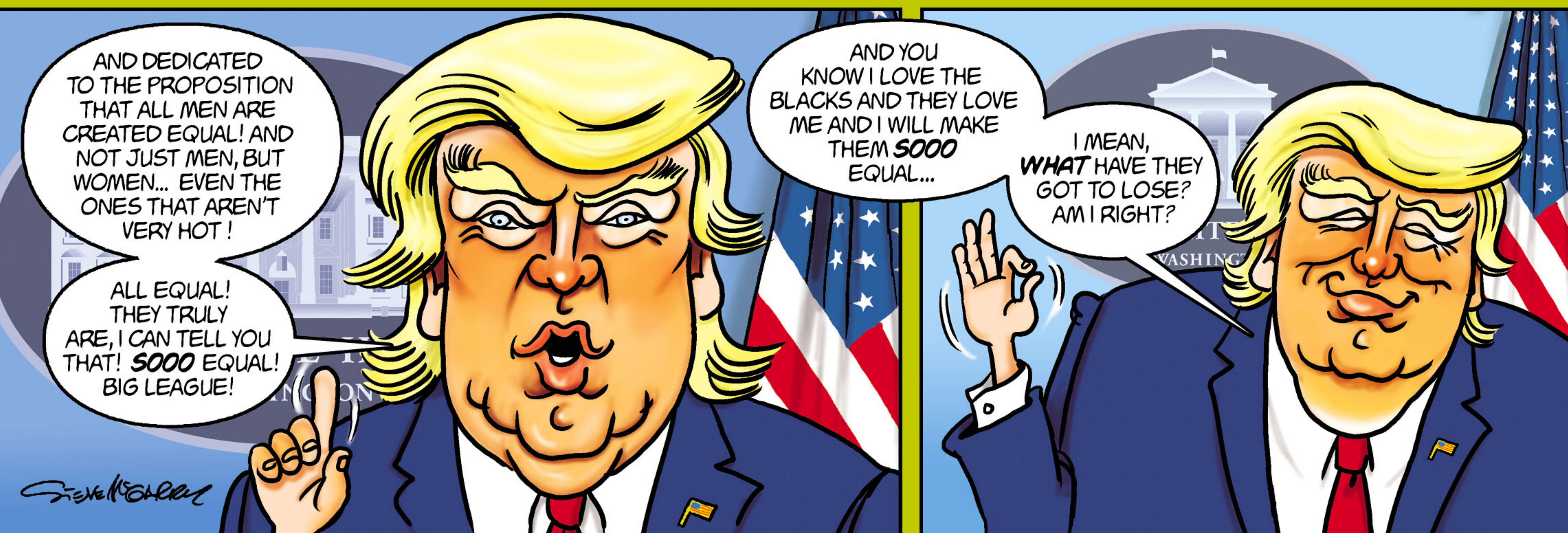


"DO YOU KNOW CPR OR HAVE ANY FOOD?"

WRITER & ARTIST **P.C. VEY**

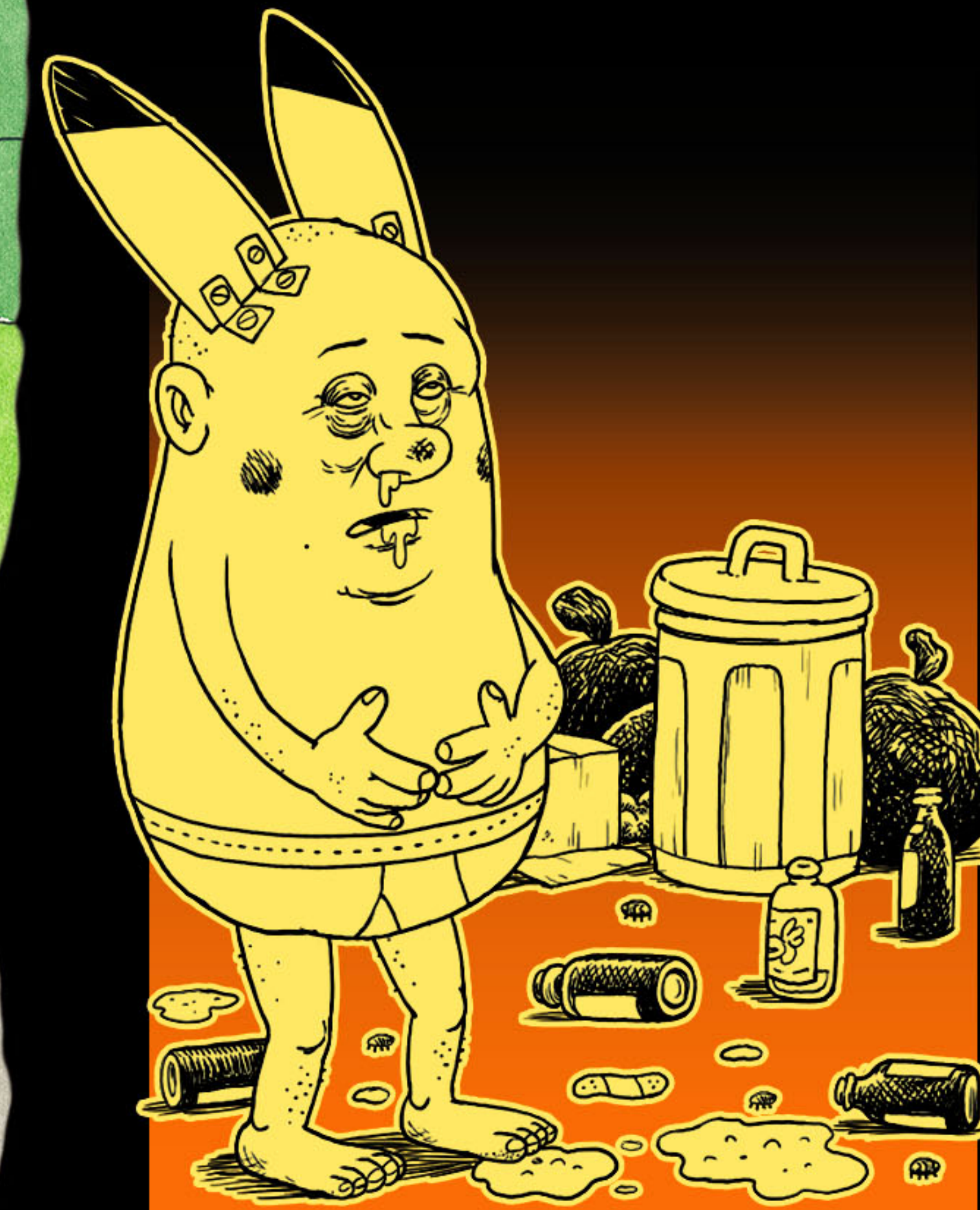


IF TRUMP HAD GIVEN THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS...



WRITER & ARTIST **STEVE MCGARRY**

MAKE YOUR OWN HALLOWEEN COSTUMES...CHEAP!



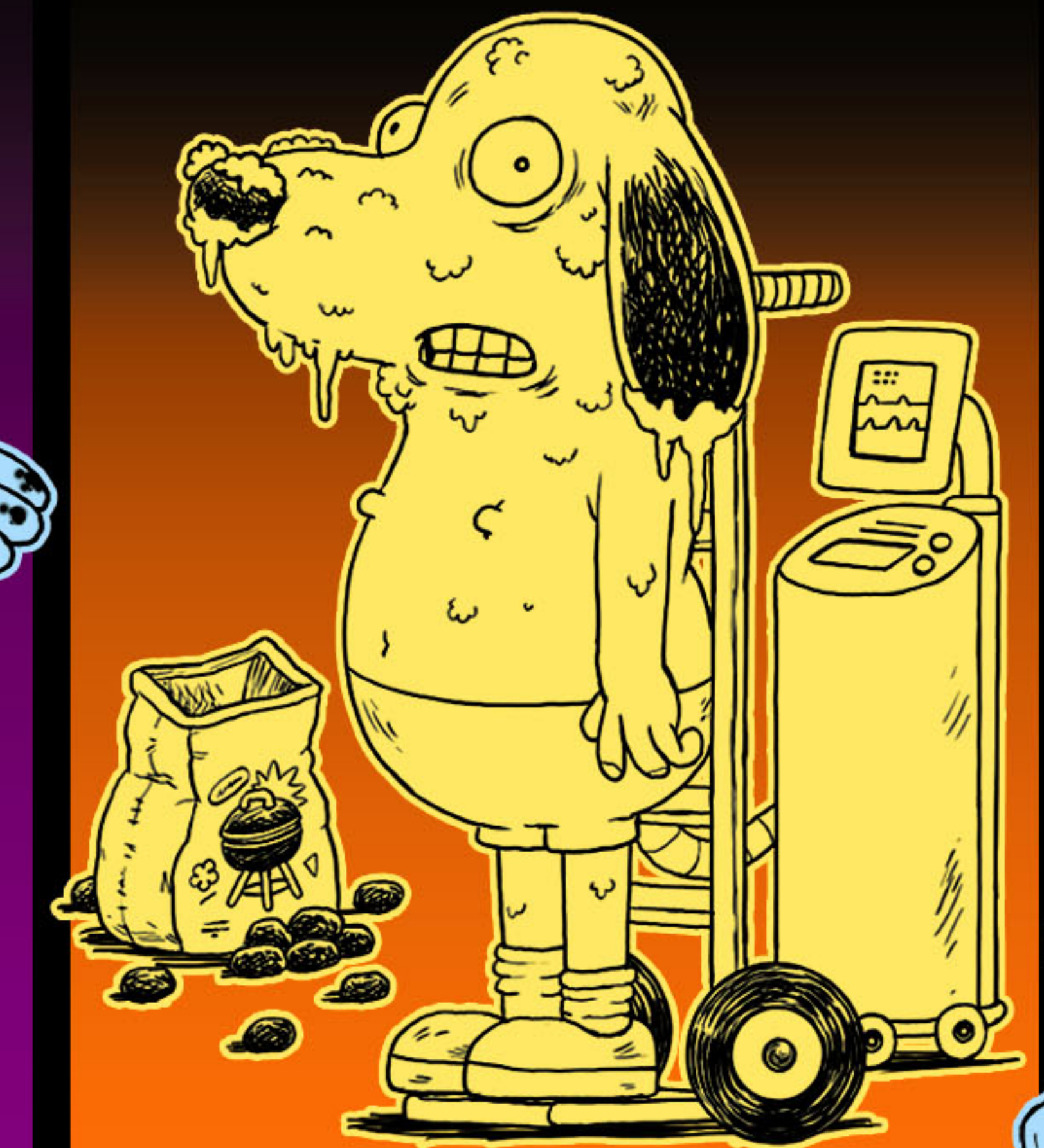
Beloved Pokémon character **PIKACHU**

1. Ears: Disassemble propeller blades of German World War One Aviatik (don't settle for a Fokker!). Paint yellow with black tips.
2. Instead of makeup, develop dangerous levels of bilirubin by contracting cirrhosis, gallstones, or hepatitis—leading to a case of jaundice.
3. Paint pink circles on cheeks. Get ready to be part of the "all" that must be caught!



Hey, kids, dress like **MICKEY MOUSE**

1. Mimic genetics experiment where they grew human ear on back of mouse, only volunteer at lab to do opposite—on your head.
2. Repeat Step 1 on other side of head.
3. Paint mouse ears black.
4. Hire army of super-lawyers for inevitable Disney lawsuit.



Charlie Brown's best friend, **SNOOPY**

1. Capture perfect Snoopy white by obtaining sediment-free Antarctic glacier ice; sculpt to fit entire body.
2. Maintain freezing temperatures by "borrowing" array of supercooling equipment from semiconductor factory.
3. For little black nose, visit grocery store and demand to buy single charcoal briquette. If they make you buy whole bag, recruit 500 friends to also be Snoopy!



Want to be breakout superhero **BLACK PANTHER?**

1. If you're white, don't do it.

WRITER **ROB KUTNER**
ARTIST **TRAVIS MILLARD**



Leave the bottle.

WRITER & ARTIST **JASON CHATFIELD**



"Welp, time to move."

WRITER & ARTIST **LARS KENSETH**



TYPE-A MAD FAN

The quality of your magazine has really gone down since 1975. The way it's set up has deterred vastly from its original format. Why? Computers!

They've destroyed the Garden of Eden that was once MAD, and we readers have bit into the technological apple.

I would like to request an issue of MAD be typed using typewriters. It would bring great pleasure.

Ren Houel, Avoca, MI

Antiquated in Avoca—Uh, sure, we'll unearth our Underwoods and get on that...as soon as we finish crafting some Iran-Contra jokes and organizing our eight-track tape collection. But be prepared for an increase in cover price—as in, the price to cover a vat of Wite-Out and our proofreader's mental-health care!

—Alex Taffer,
MAD Intern and
Chief Letter Answerer

MAD ABOUT SAN DIEGO COMIC-CON

A derisive ditty, a touching toast, a pie in the puss, and more were packed into MAD's Comic-Con panel (which included, from left to right: **Bill Morrison, Dan Telfer, Suzy Hutchinson, Doug Thomson, Allie Goertz, Paula Sevenbergen, Luke McGarry, Sergio Aragonés, Tom Richmond, and Peter Kuper**; noggin in foreground: unknown). Didn't catch us in person? Make up for it by staring extra hard at all our work in this issue.



ALFRED LOOK-ALIKE

For a few years I have promised my Alfred-looking son, Oliver, that I would try to submit an unaltered photo of him with the hope it could be printed in your silly magazine so we could show it to all our friends. For you this could mean as many as four extra issues sold!

William White & Son, San Francisco, CA

Great White Pop—We've long wondered how Alfred would look if his eyes were even and he was all-around more adorable. Thanks for solving that mystery! Now don't let the fame and glory of having your pic published in MAD go to your son's perfectly tousled-haired head. —AT

MONKEYS NO LONGER SHINE

I'm enjoying the reboot of the magazine, but something is missing. In the late Fundalini Pages, there was a feature called "Monkeys Are Always Funny." If a recurring feature is cancelled from a comedy magazine, one would conclude that it was no longer funny. But, wait—monkeys are ALWAYS funny, are they not?

Tim Young, Tokyo

Young Tim—Since MAD has been out of the monkey business, no one but you has piped up—which makes us wonder if monkeys *aren't* always funny. Regardless, for now it seems there would be too much overlap between covering simians and covering simpletons (i.e., certain White House occupants), but we'll keep the feature in mind for the future. P.S. We still have a Fundalini-like section—it's called **Shorts & Briefs!** —AT

HIS SPECIALTY IS THE FUNNY BONE

Here's how MAD has influenced me over the past 47 years:

- 1) Read MAD too much rather than study enough in medical school.
- 2) Skipped out of work twice to attend MAD art auctions (anything still for sale?).
- 3) Retained my juvenile humor to become a pediatrician rather than being a doctor for grown-ups.

Can you please publish this letter so I can add it to my résumé as a piece of scholarly work and get promoted?

Jeffrey W. Taub, Birmingham, MI

Dr. Wha?—Wait, pediatricians can get *promoted*? Do they just give you bigger, sicker kids? Do you guys have a caste system or something? Is there a "king pediatrician" who rules by decree and exiles those who don't hand out enough lollipops? We don't mean to belittle your profession, but your question only raises more questions.

Anyway, here you go, doc. You've now been published in a top MADical journal! —AT

FANCY-SCHMANCY ART OPENING



Artist **Eric Joyner's**

recent gallery show in L.A. included his original painting for the cover of MAD No. 2 (appropriately, the Hollywood issue). We don't

know if he sold the piece, which features Alfred falling into cement head over sneaks, but if so we hope the buyer didn't pay Eric in tiki mugs like we did!

ENVELOPE OF THE ISSUE



We spied this beaut in our mailbag and thought we should give props to
TYLER ANDREWS
 of West Hollywood, CA. Not only did he nail White Spy and Black Spy, he also nicely captured the old and new MAD logos. Good versus good!

Each day we receive dozens of letters ranging from “barely legible” to “we should report this to the proper authorities.” And though most are doomed to be fed into the MAD intern’s shredder, occasionally we stumble upon a perfect candidate for...

THE MADIFESTO

MAD, Dept. 003
 2900 W. Alameda
 Ave, Burbank, CA
 91505

91505-422099

REARWARD READER

I sure miss the letters department being the first thing I read when I get a new issue, but you guys must know what you’re doing by now. So I started reading from back to front. A little OCD, I know.

Ben Carter, via email

Captious Carter—Funny enough, our pal Alfred E. Neuman reads his magazines the same way—bass-ackwards. So to please our MADscot, we did an about-face with our format. Glad to hear that the switcheroo didn’t outsmart you! —AT

GIVE A HOOT. PUT OWLS EN ROUTE!

I tried to send this letter via owl, and as proof I have included photos of Toki (criticizing your magazine with his judgmental glare) and Frankie (trying to figure out if it would be better used as nesting material). So as you can see, I am a proper wizard and everything.

Despite my magical abilities, it is still hard to get MAD in this country. So imagine my joy when I found a few issues on a stall selling old comics. But the most recent issue was February 2016. I noticed a strange orange fellow was running for president. Did you know that in England “trump” is a euphemism for flatulence?

I hope you print my letter, and I can’t wait to read it in your magazine in two-and-a-half years.

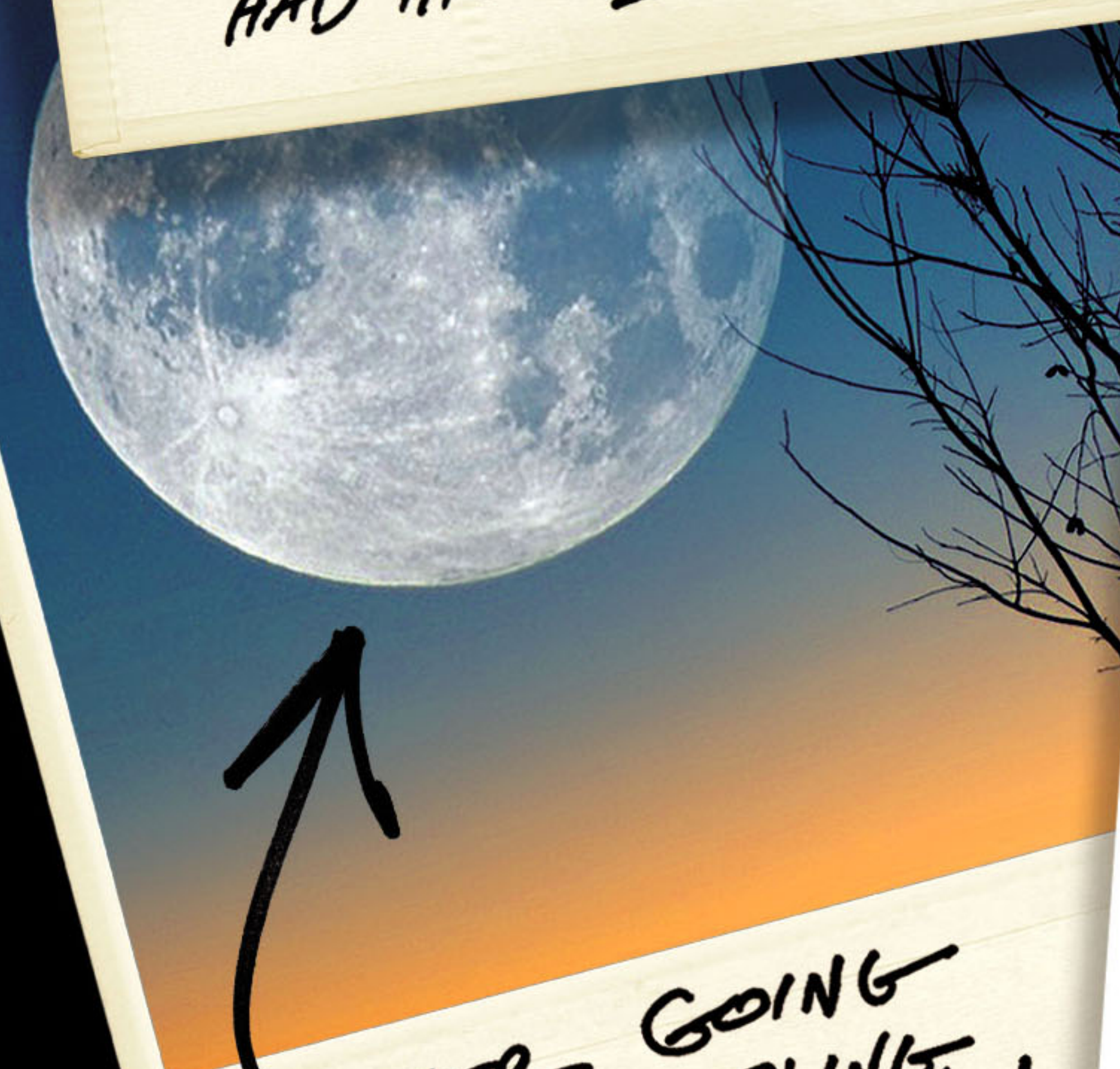
Amy Jo Lawrance
West Yorkshire, England

Amy Jo of West Yorkshire (May We Call You Puddin’?)—Though we’re grateful to have a magical reader send us fart-based news, it’s imperative that you understand owls are known for delivering timely mail. So don’t settle for “try”—get these freeloaders registered with the Hogsmeade Owl

Post tout suite! It would be much faster than waiting for MAD to arrive on a British newsstand, and it will give them something to do other than trump around (thanks for teaching us that term of endearment, Puddin’). —AT



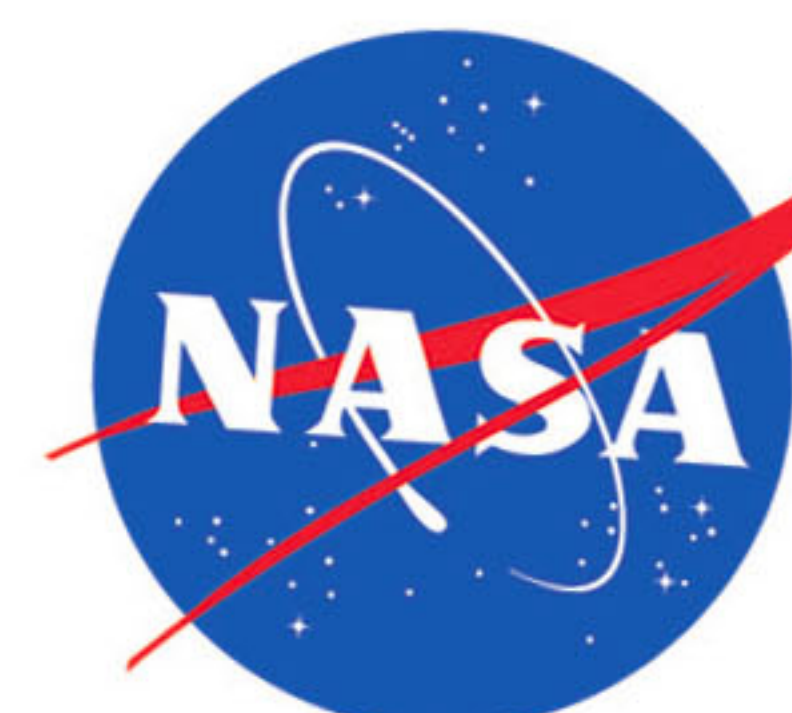
I STILL SAY THIS COSTUME
 HAD THE RIGHT STUFF!



NEVER GOING
 TO THIS THING,
 I GUESS!

WRITER **CHRIS STEPHENS**
 ARTIST **MIKE LOEW**

National Aeronautics and Space Administration
Headquarters
 Washington, DC 20546-0001



Dearest MAD,

Every living thing has a dream it must chase or else its soul may wither and die. The ant’s dream is to find the perfect crumb and show it to every ant that ever doubted him. The tour guide’s dream is to say “If you’ll look to your left...” and see, not just a few, but every head turn to witness the house that Ron Perlman grew up in. And then there is the astronaut’s dream: to go to space. A dream that I, an astronaut, have been denied. And it’s all because of Halloween.

In October of 2017, after being with NASA for 24 years, my boss Bradley informed me that I would be piloting the next shuttle mission. I’ve always prided myself on my ability to mask my emotions, but this time was different. I, a man who saw Chris Kattan do stand-up comedy at the mall and somehow managed to hold in my laughter, leapt from my chair. I thanked Bradley profusely, and then he invited me to his Halloween party. It was then that he handed me my death sentence.

After doing some research, I learned that historically Halloween is a night when people dress up as something they’re not. I started trying to think of things I’m not. “A man?” No, I was that. Eventually I was able to jot down things I wasn’t, and one immediately caught my eye: “belly dancer.”

I arrived at the party with my wife I don’t love feeling confident. I had spent all week getting into character and was ready for any curveball someone might throw. Perhaps they would ask what my favorite kind of music was. “Something I can belly dance to!” I’d reply. Maybe a partygoer would inquire where the bathroom was. “I don’t know, but I’m certainly a belly dancer!” I’d shoot back. I was a woman of the East through and through.

The door opened and my entire life changed. My coworkers, not wearing costumes, stared at me in stunned silence. I tried to lighten the mood with an amusing comment from my character’s perspective. “Why is the front door made of wood instead of beads?” My contemporaries continued to stare, and I began to cry. “Halloween is the designated time for goofing around!” I screamed. Bradley approached me and tried to calm me down. “Relax,” he said. “Relax? Would you tell an ant to relax after he found the perfect crumb?” This seemed to confuse nearly everyone present. Realizing I was in an unwinnable situation, I left.

The next day I was taken off the mission. I was told that NASA prefers pilots who respond well to pressure instead of ones who go completely insane. And that is why I’m writing to you today: I need something akin to a doctor’s note that says I’m A-OK, but my analyst refused. Surely MAD Magazine could supply such a document?

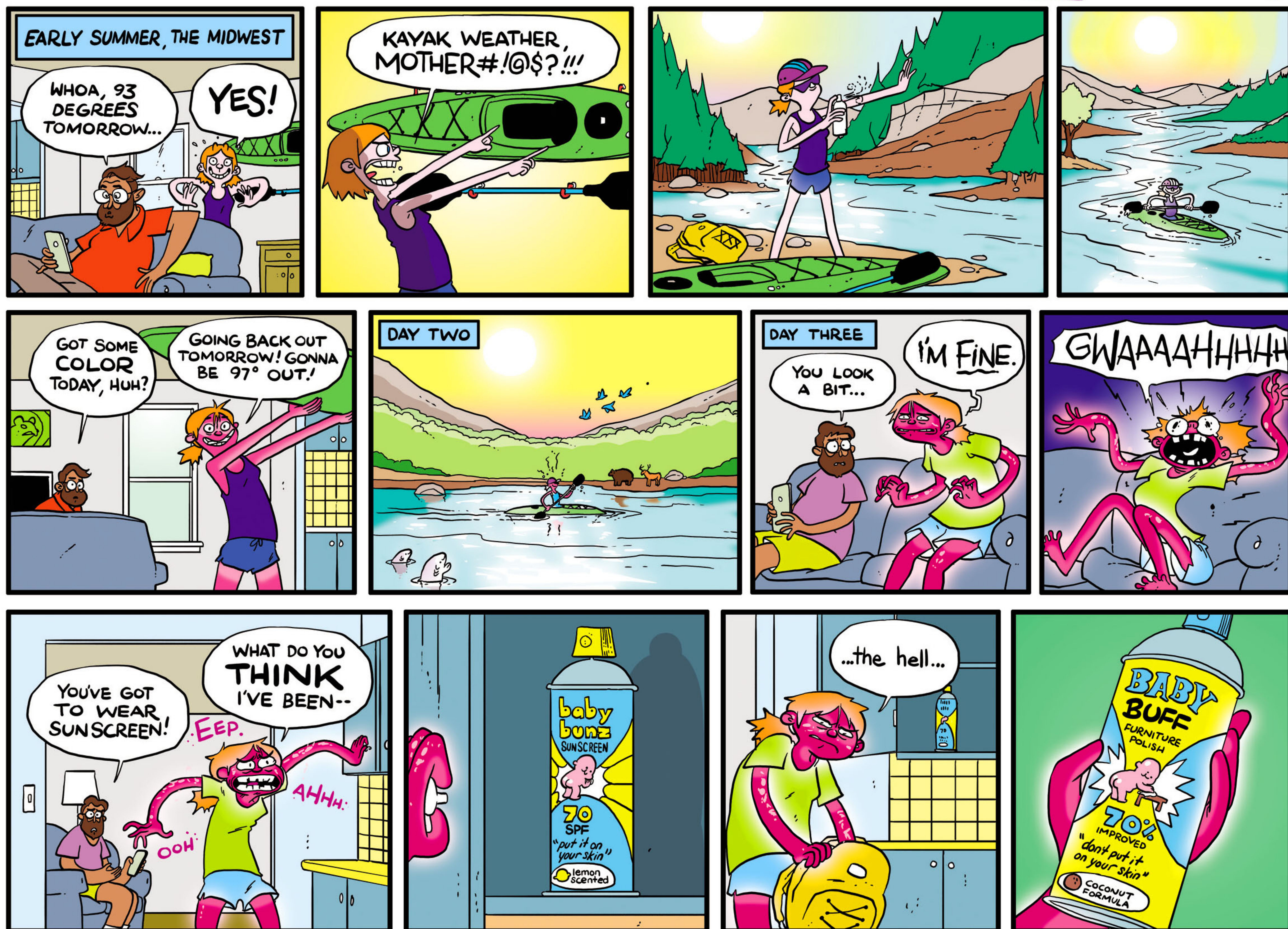
If not, maybe I’ll just leave NASA and move to where I would feel most at home: Japan. Because that is where belly dancers are from.

Sincerely,

Commander Brian Bergheim

Sometimes it's not enough for us to have your fan mail—we also want your SOUL. Well, we finally figured out a way to take that from you: Just send us a true story about something STUPID you actually did, and acclaimed cartoonist **Mike Holmes** might make it into a comic strip! It's...

REAL, DUMB



This issue's story submitted by **Grace Staley**.

Have a real, dumb story that happened to you? Want to share your shame with the world by having it illustrated in MAD? Write it up and send it to realdumb@madmagazine.com! If it's dumb enough, we'll make it into a comic!

All stories submitted to realdumb@madmagazine.com may be edited (including changing the names of people or places mentioned in the story), illustrated at MAD's discretion, and published in MAD's Real, Dumb feature or in any MAD publication in any format and will not be returned.

MAD

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WHAT GROUP
PROFITS THE
MOST FROM
HALLOWEEN?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS
MAD FOLD-IN

Every year Halloween brings businesses millions of dollars in revenue. To find out who benefits most from this tricky trade, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



DEMAND FOR HALLOWEEN PRODUCTS IS HIGH THIS YEAR. ENTERTAINING NEW TRICKS ARE POPULAR AND EVERYTHING IS SURE TO BE VERY PROFITABLE FOR ANYONE WHO INVESTS.

A

WRITER & ARTIST **AL JAFFEE**

B

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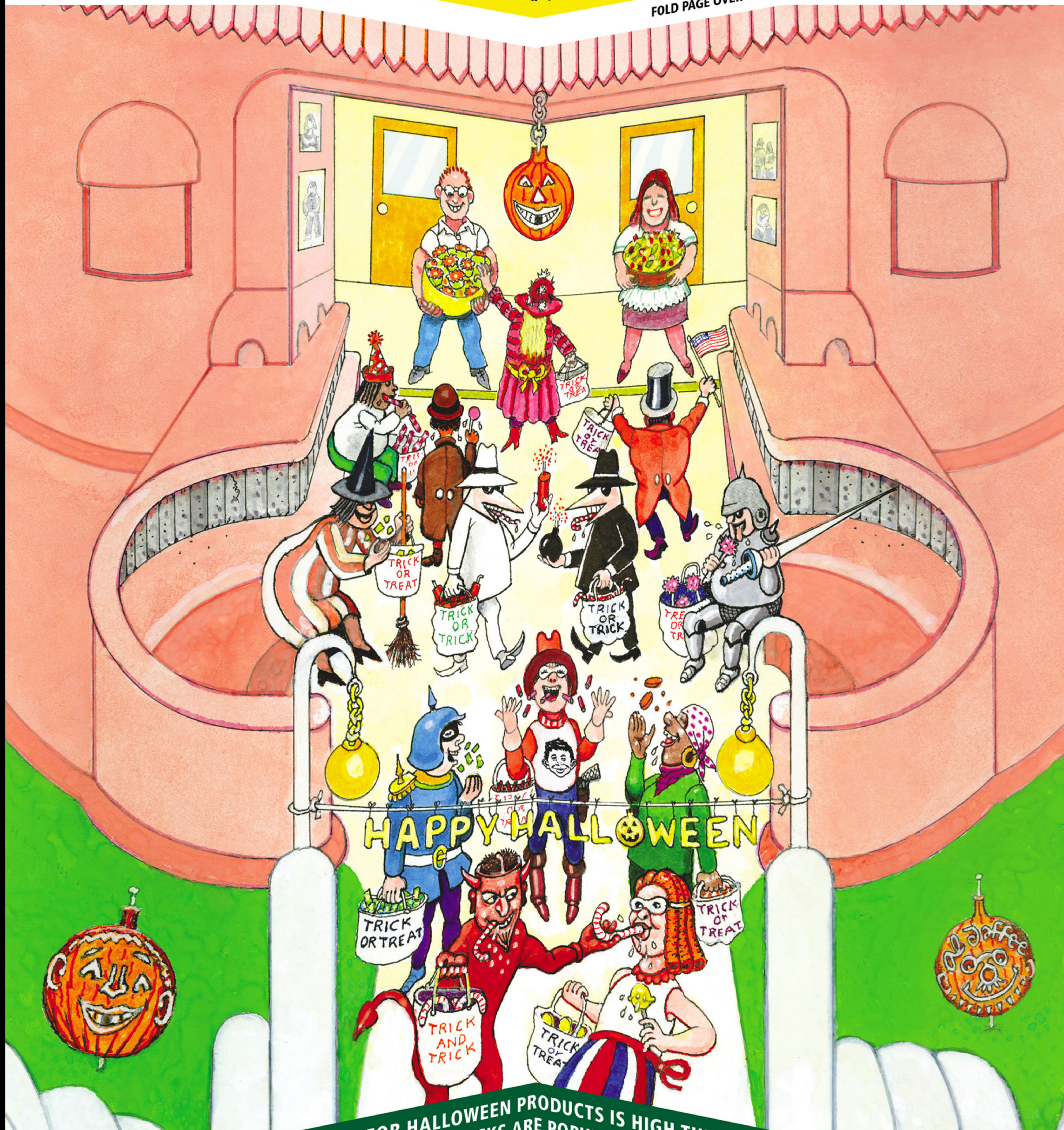
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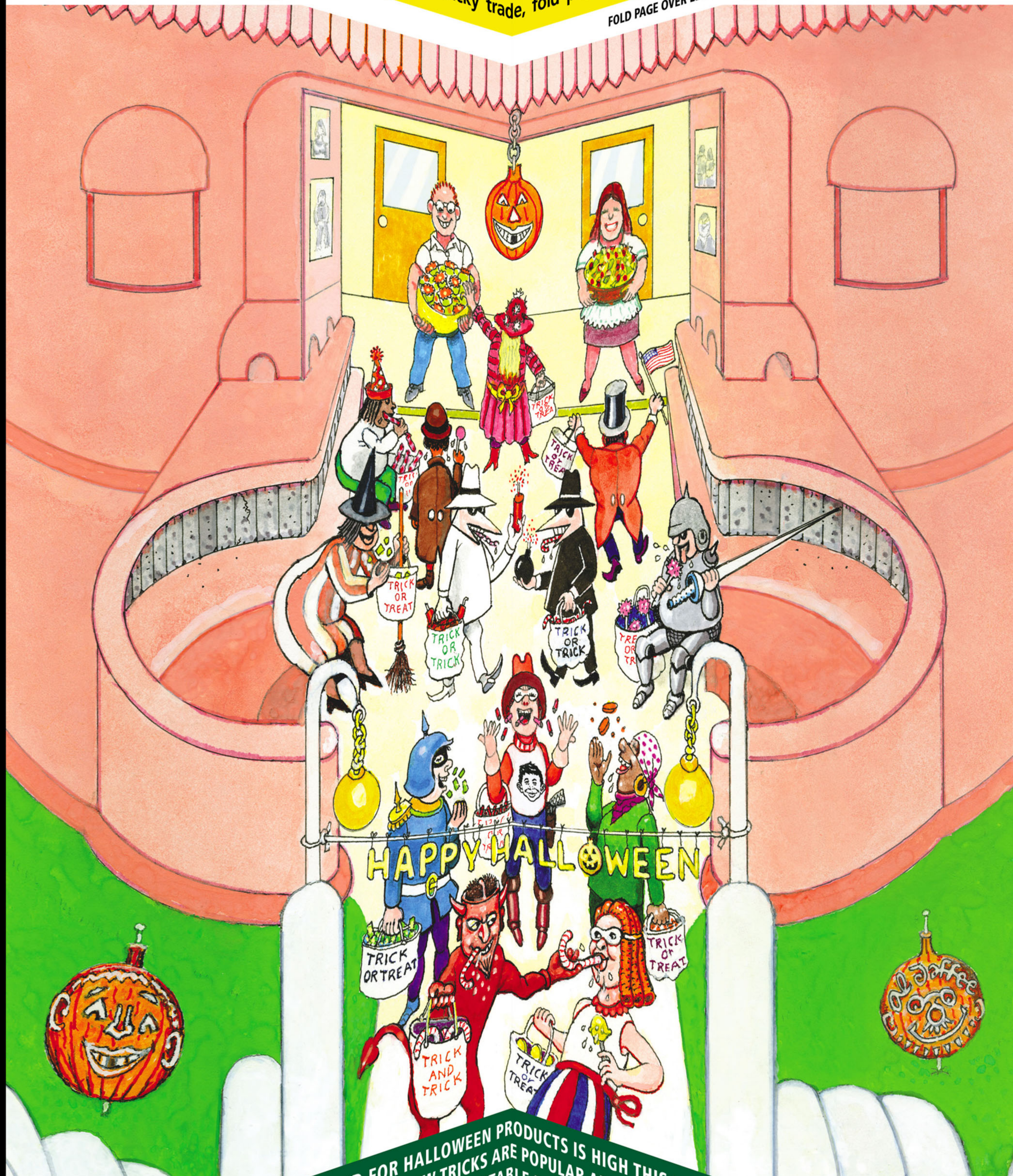
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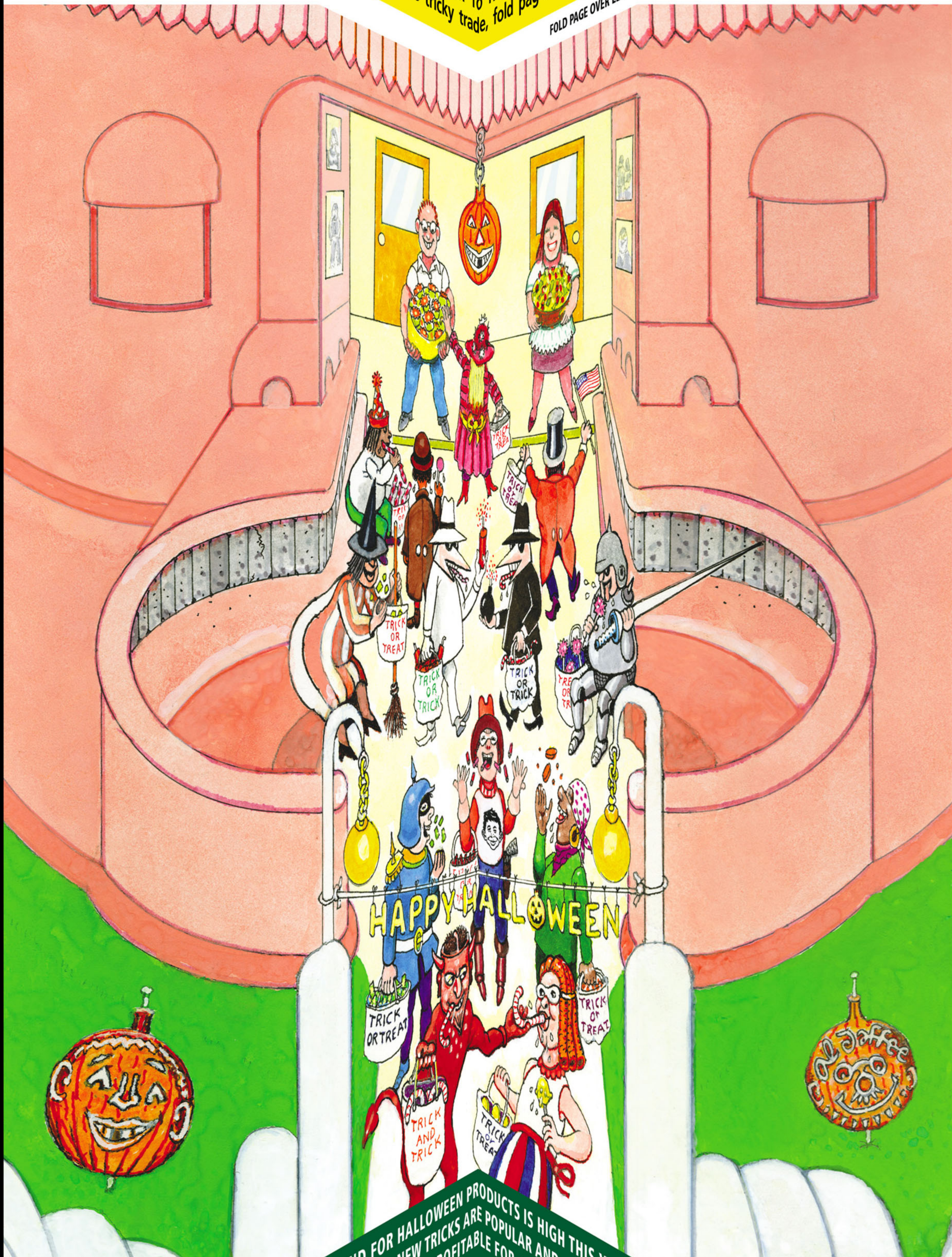
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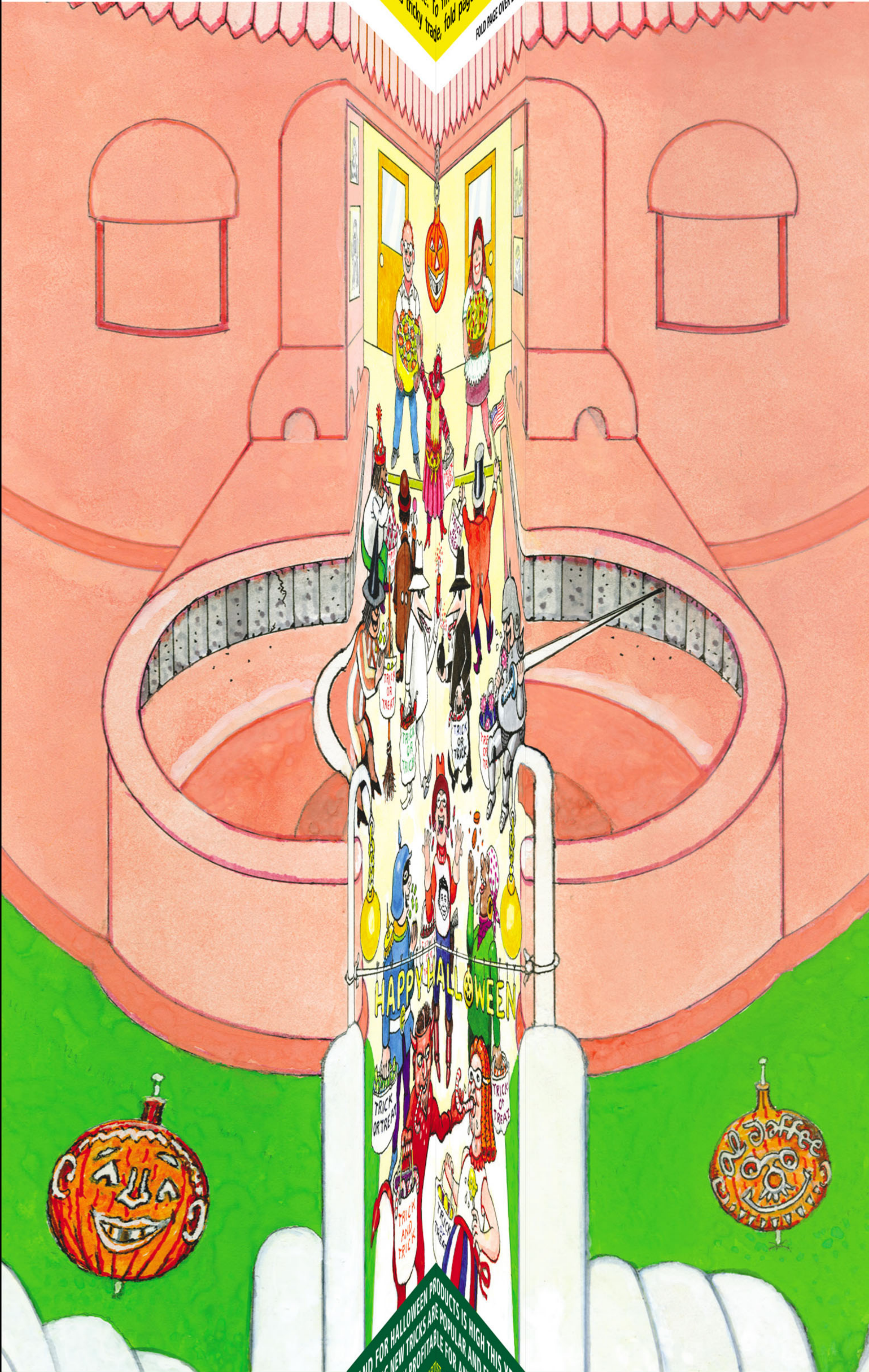
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WRITER & ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

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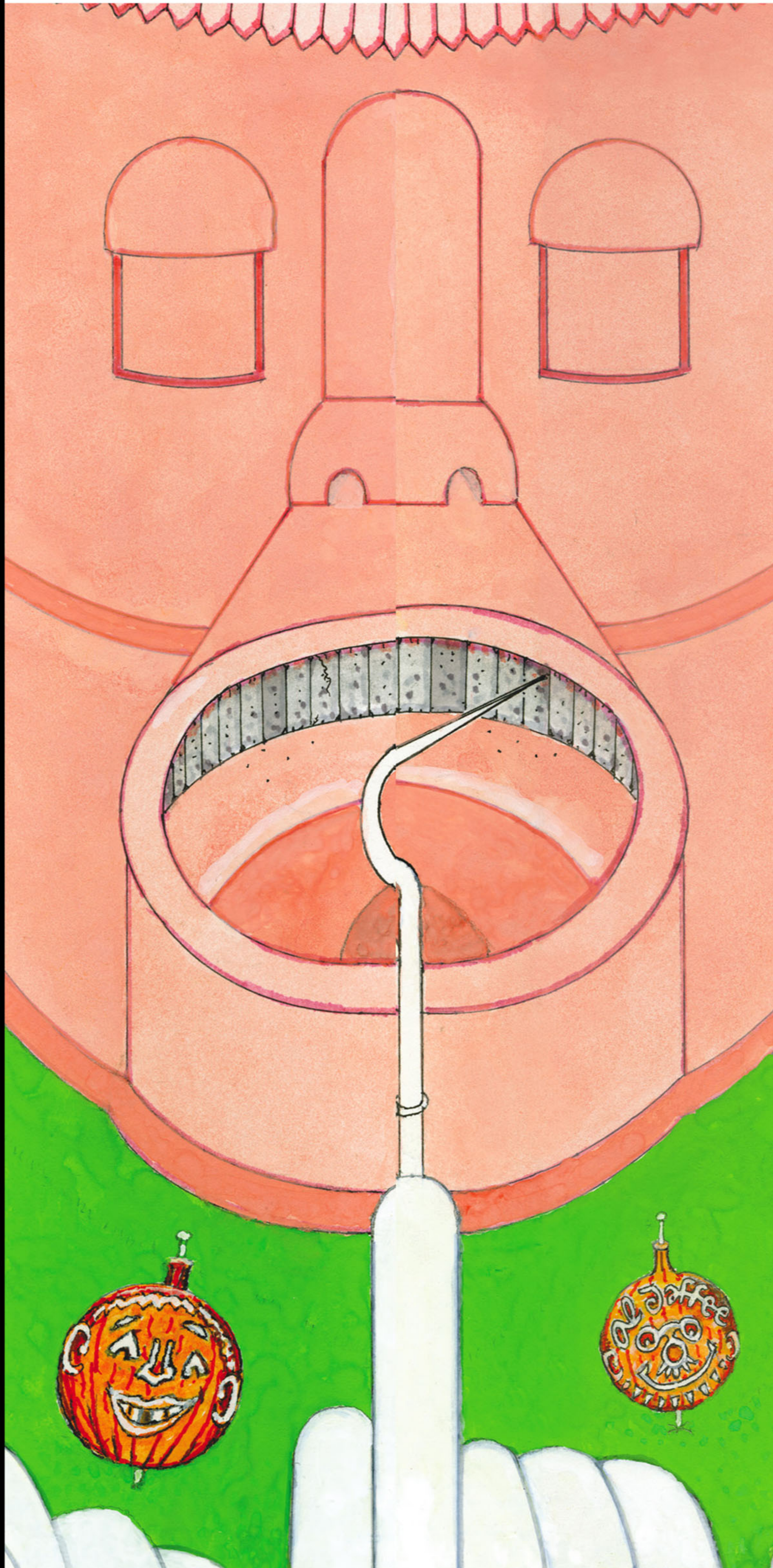
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WHAT GROUP PROFITS THE MOST FROM HALLOWEEN?



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DENT-

ISTS.

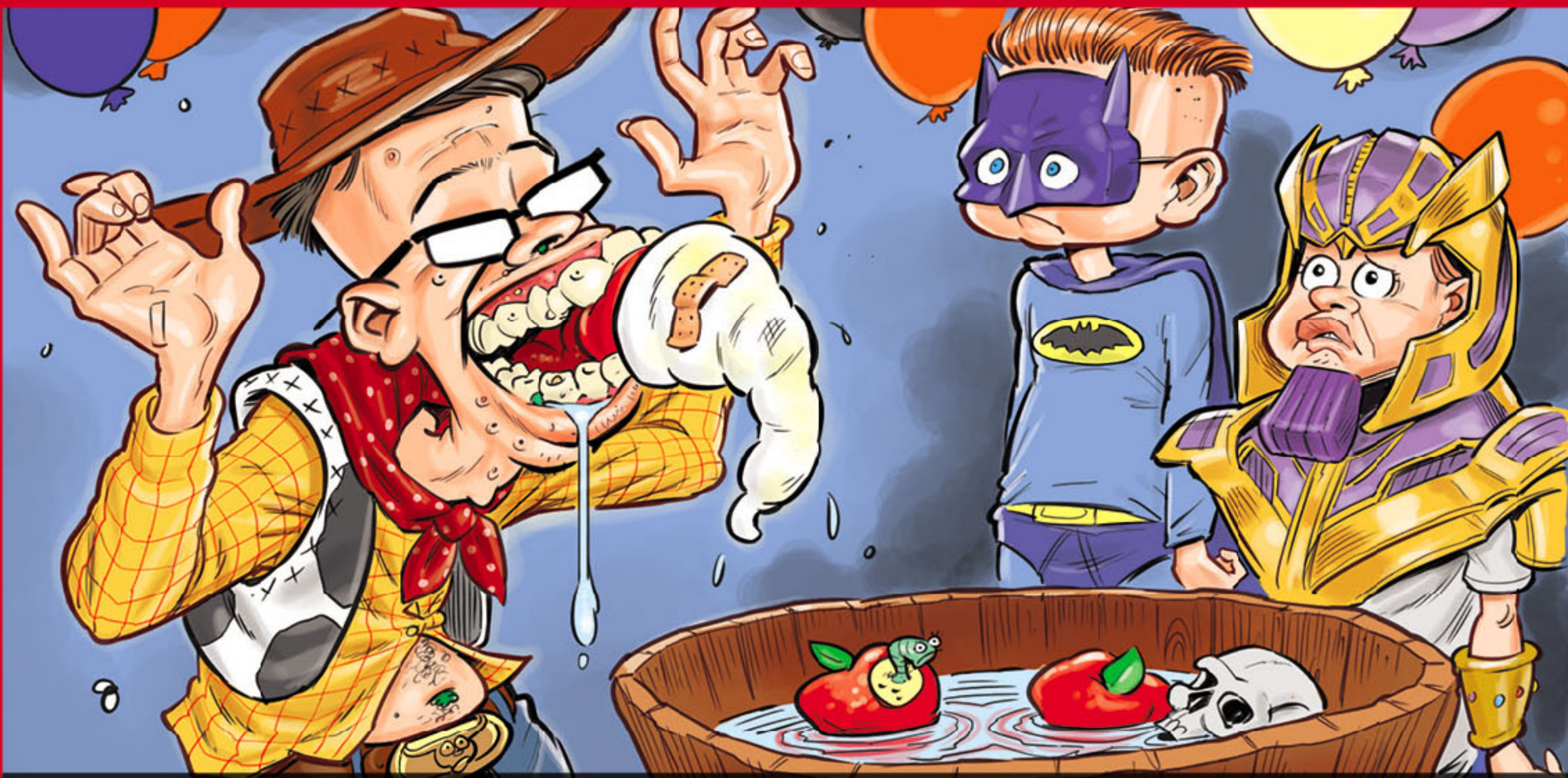


It's easy to forget that Halloween is a time to celebrate the *idea* of death and dismemberment, not actually *experience* it. Allow us to hold your hand during this holiday of horror and guide you away from the afterlife for at least one more year!

DON'T DIE THIS HALLOWEEN!!!

Here are MAD's **BLOODY** good safety tips for parents of boys and ghouls!

ARE YOUR KIDS BOBBING FOR APPLES—OR DISEASE?



Throwing a party where everyone's dipping their heads into the same water and then biting that floating fruit? Disgusting! Your guests will feel so much safer bobbing for apples knowing each one is nestled in a protective condom!

SHOW KIDS JUST HOW SAFE YOUR CANDY IS!



When passing out treats, unwrap one and take a bite as the kids watch. Then hand them the uneaten piece. They'll see there's nothing "bad" inside. **BONUS:** You'll be giving out a lot less candy this way!

MAKE SURE YOUR KIDS CAN BE SEEN AT NIGHT!



Use plenty of reflective tape on your child's hands, wrists, arms, back, front, neck, legs, feet, and head. At crosswalks, tell them not to linger in front of cars that have their headlights on.

SAFEGUARD AGAINST DEADLY FIRES!



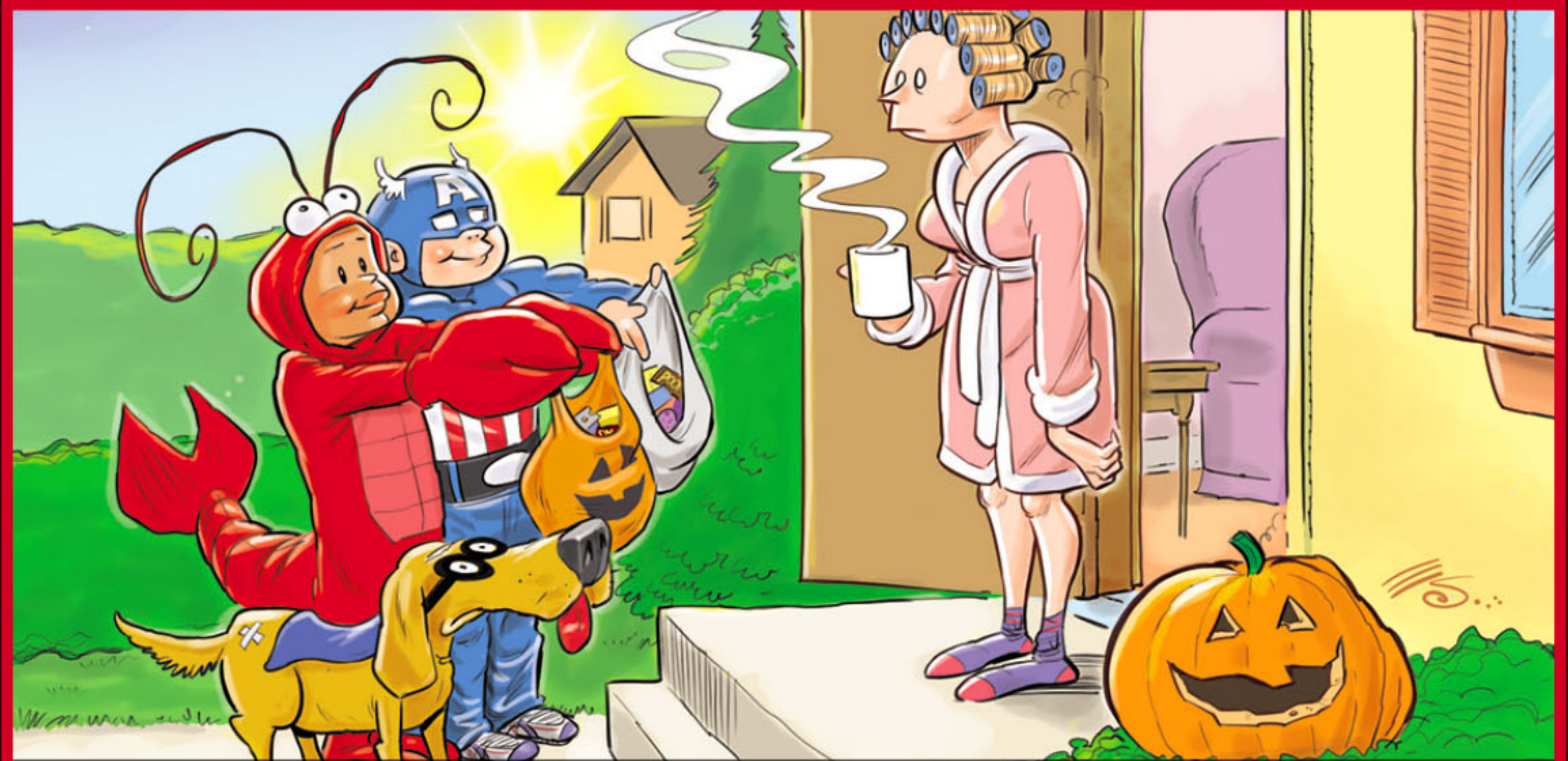
Decorations are often the first thing to ignite at Halloween parties. Be sure all decorations are far away from people. Don't use electric or battery-operated lights, and definitely don't use candles! Every decoration is a potential catastrophe!

SET A CURFEW FOR YOUR KIDS TO BE HOME!



Make it really clear that your kids **MUST** be home at least one minute before the set time!

PICK THE LEAST DANGEROUS TIME FOR FUN!

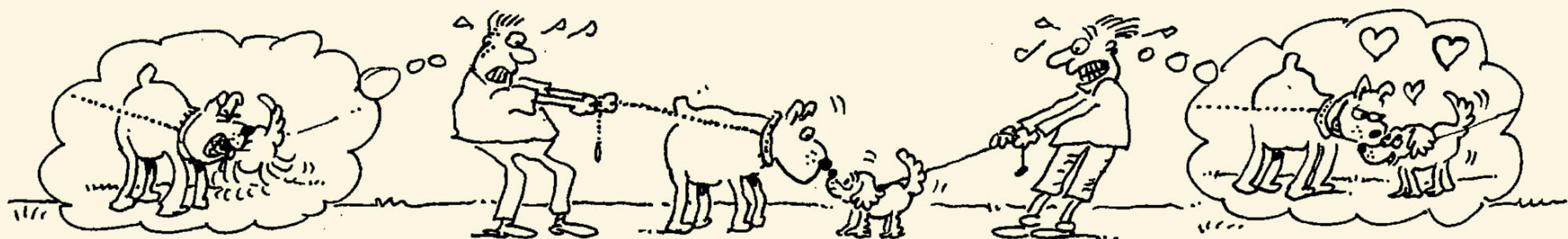


Prime-time trick-or-treating leads to trampling and—worst of all—sugar highs too close to bedtime. If you want them to be safe and *really* scare the neighbors, have them "trick-or-treat" at 7 A.M. Halloween morning!

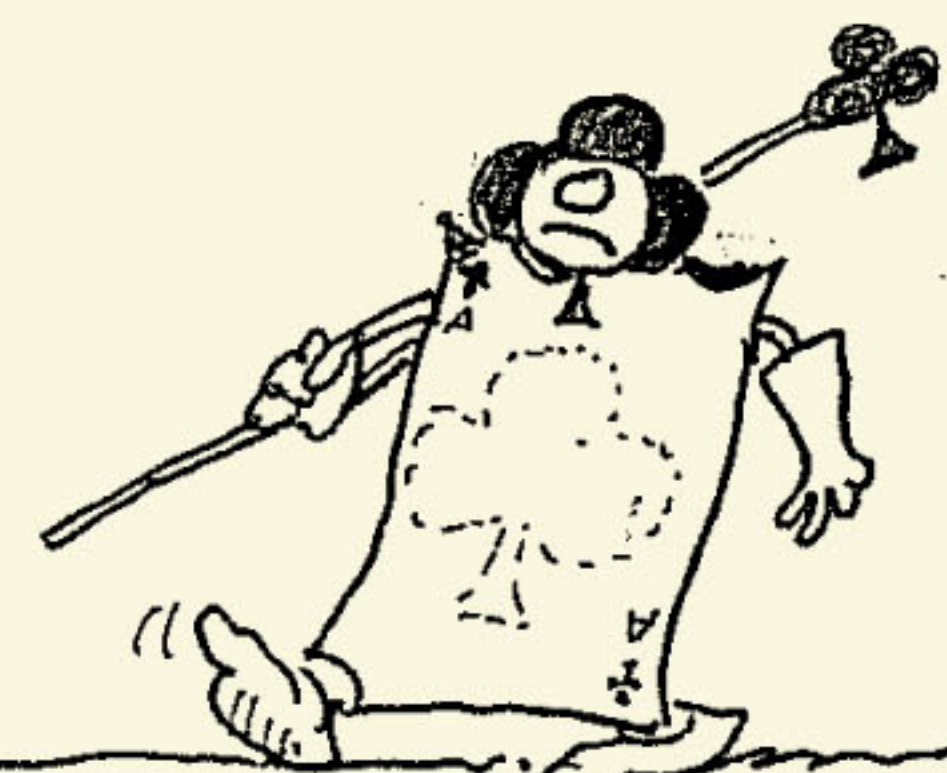


DRAWN OUT DRAMAS

by *Sergio Aragones*



LOST & FOUND



THE END IS NEAR



**HERE WE GO AGAIN WITH
ANOTHER OUTING OF THE**

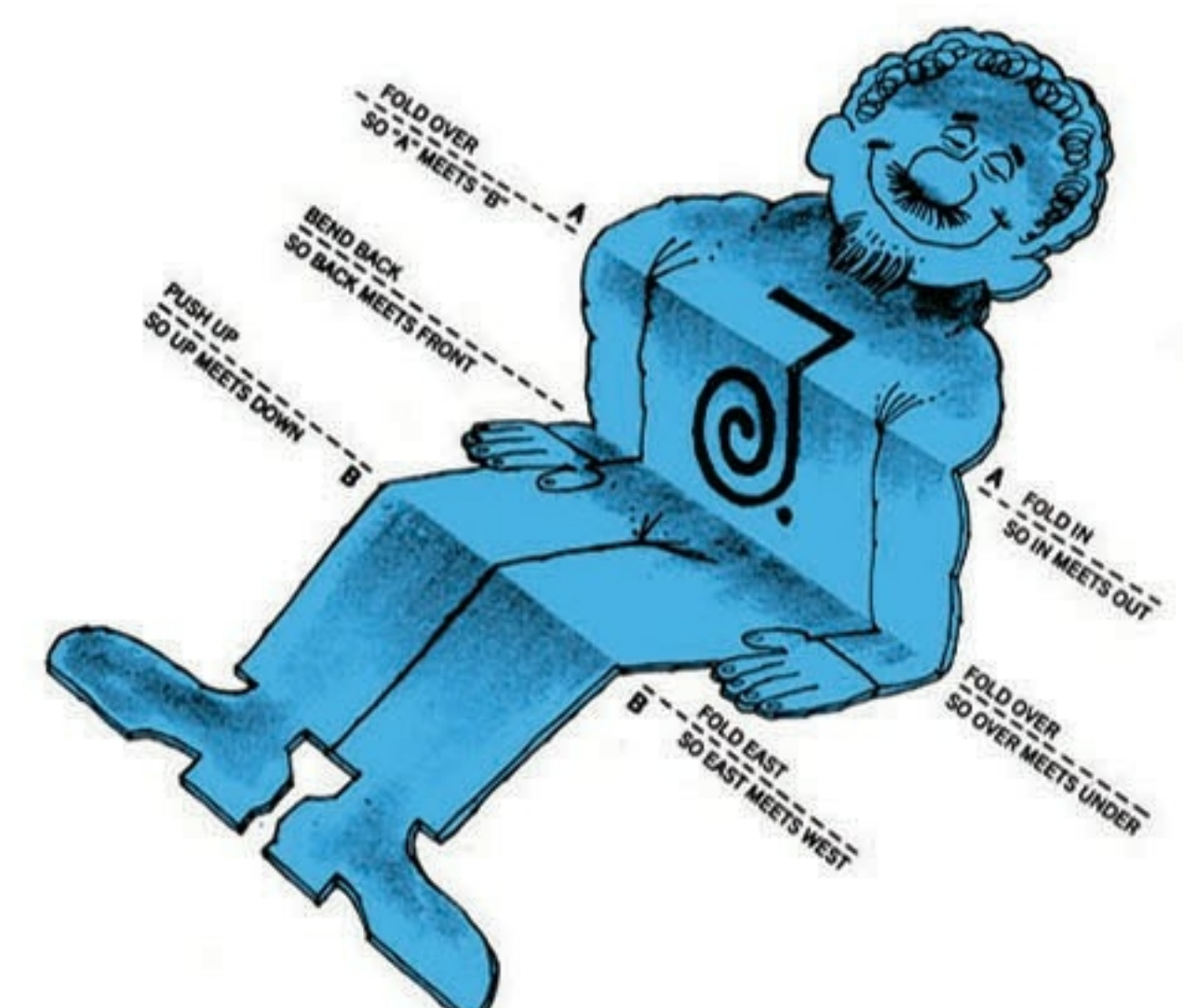
MAD

**DIGITAL EDITION
BONUS MATERIAL!**

Before Destinations were Final and dooks were Baba, there was Invasion of the Body Snatchers! And now, thanks to the bottomless pit of MAD archival material we are sitting on, you can enjoy a parody from deep within the depths of outer space...and our computer server. Booty-licious (yeah, we said it)



The greatest horror? Folding an old issue of MAD!
Allow us to free you with this classic, DIGITAL Fold-In!



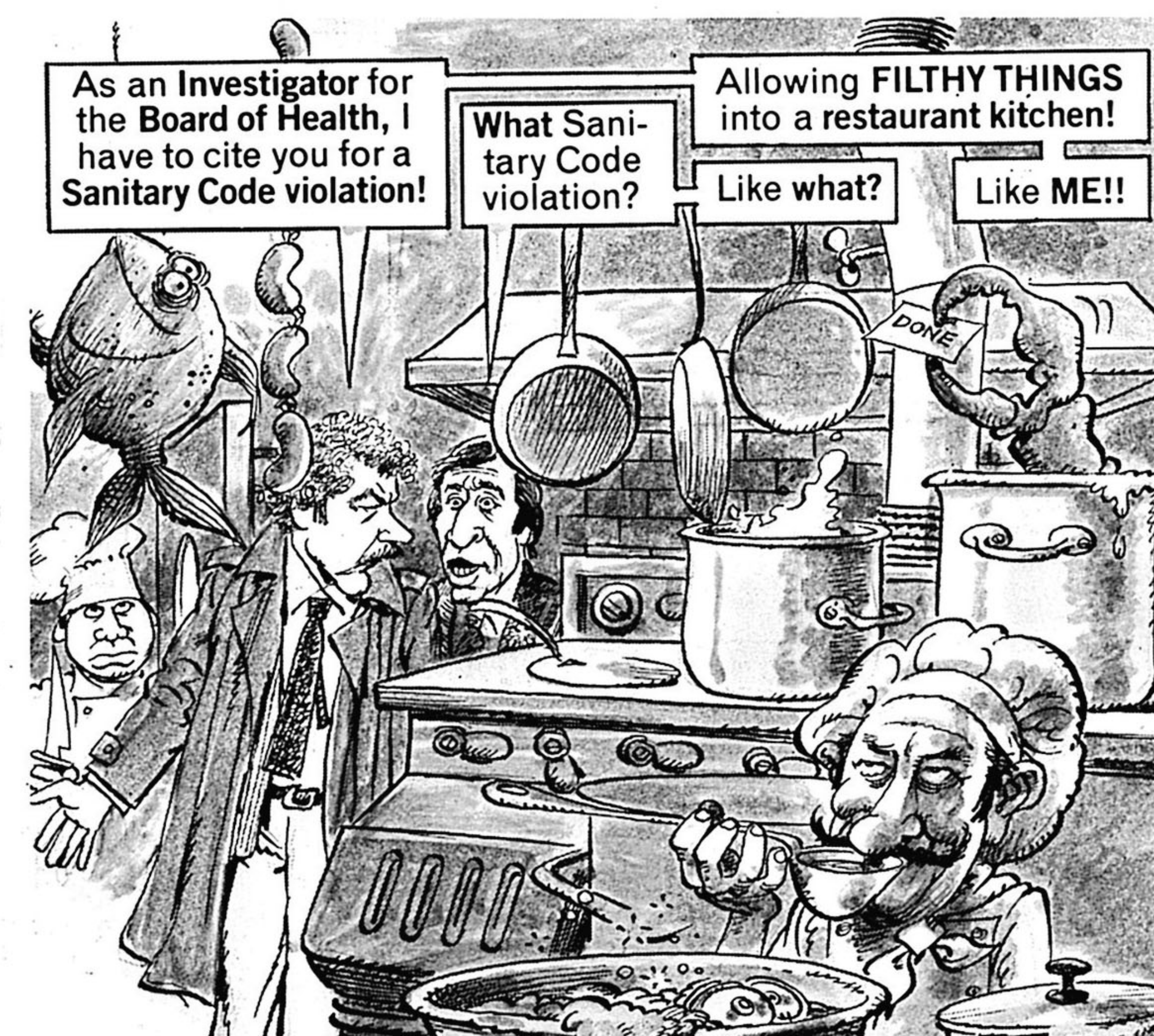
In 1956, a wonderful, exciting motion picture came out, entitled, "Invasion Of The Body Snatchers." Well, recently, some money-hungry Hollywood wise men figured: If it was good then, imagine how great it could be now! And they were right! The original is still wonderful! Unfortunately, this re-make is merely an attempt to cash in on the Science-Fiction craze and reap big profits. That's why our version is called . . .

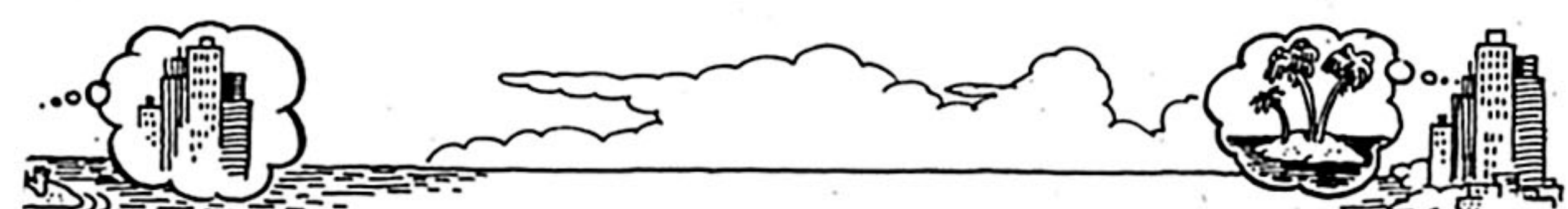
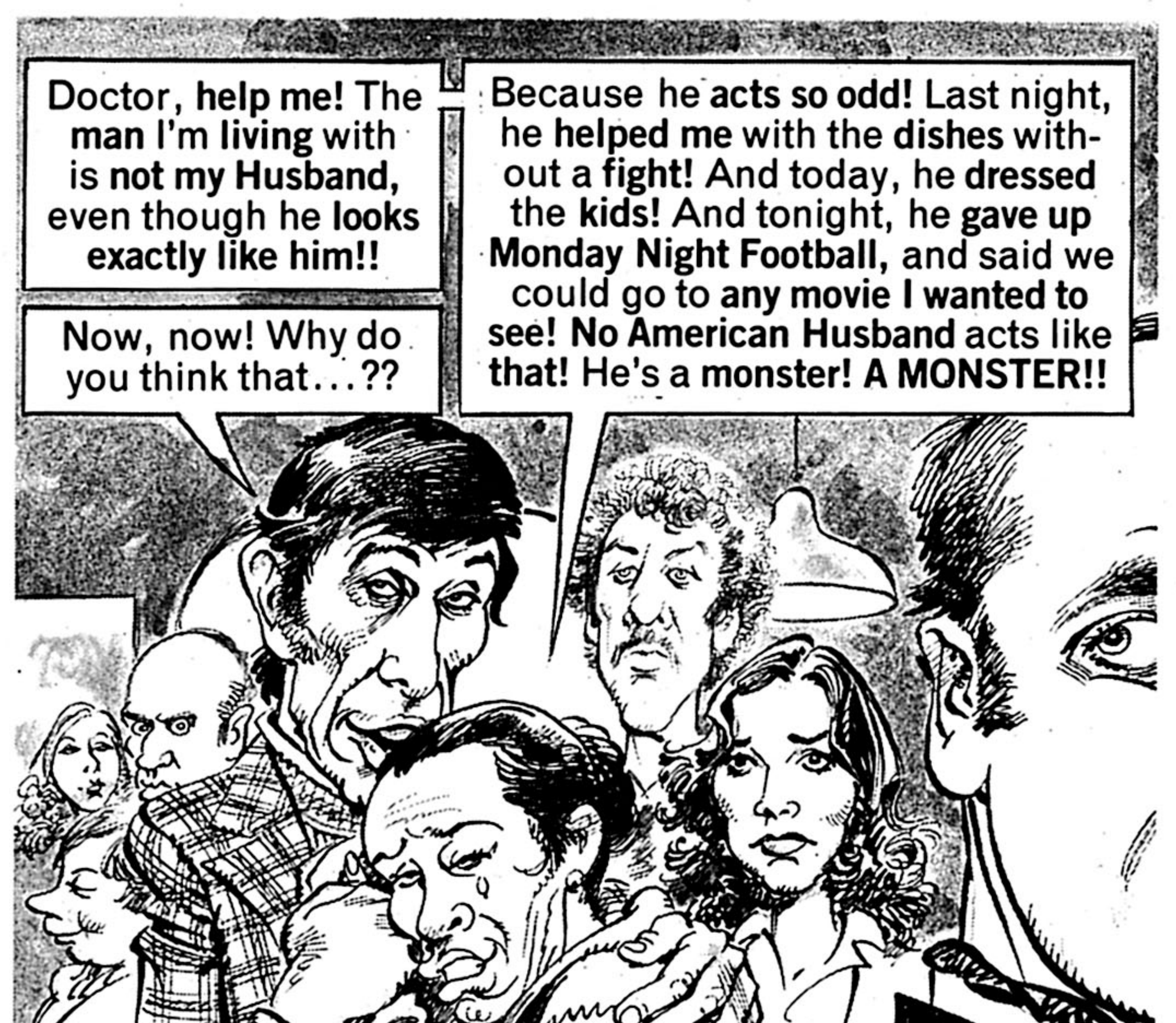
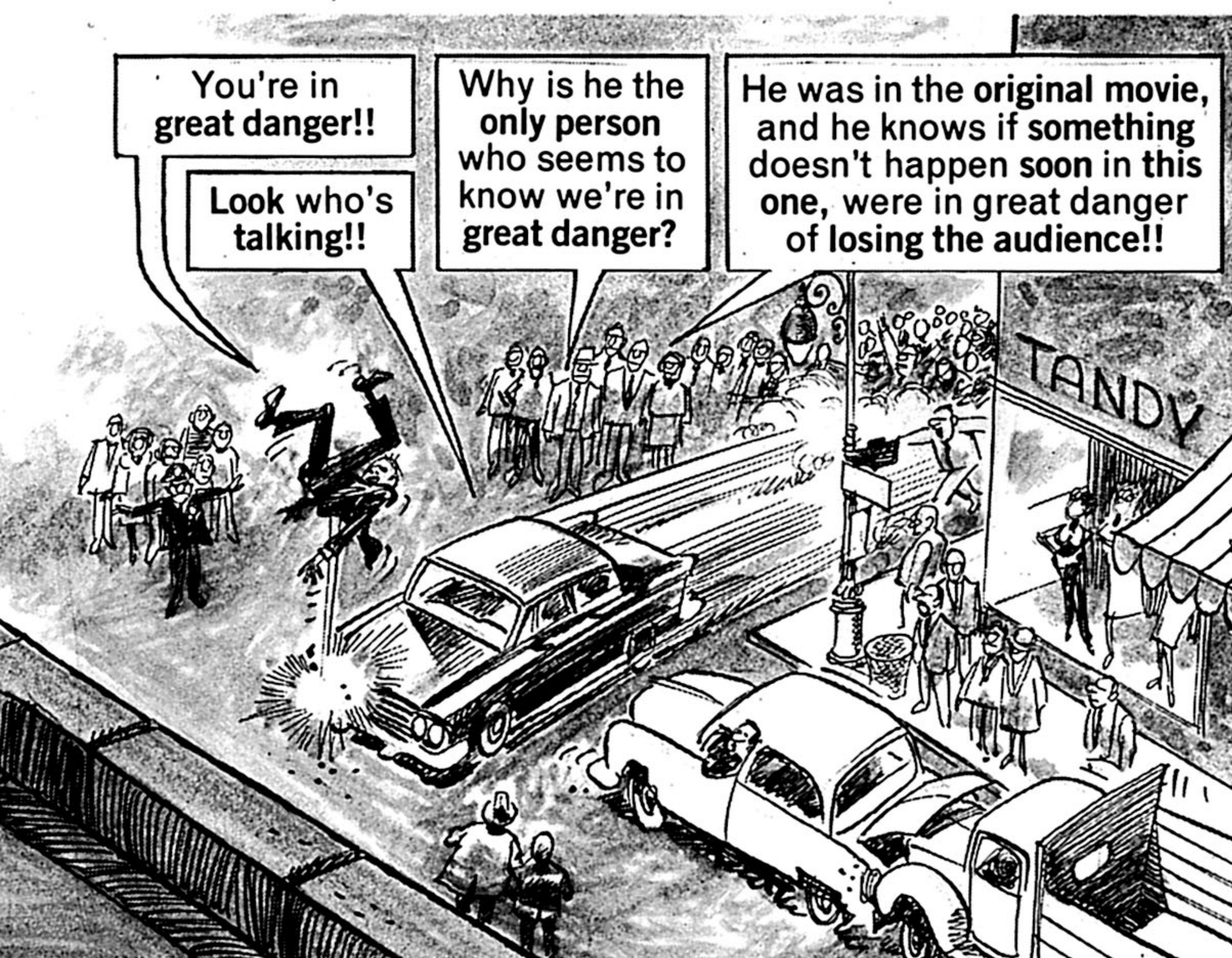
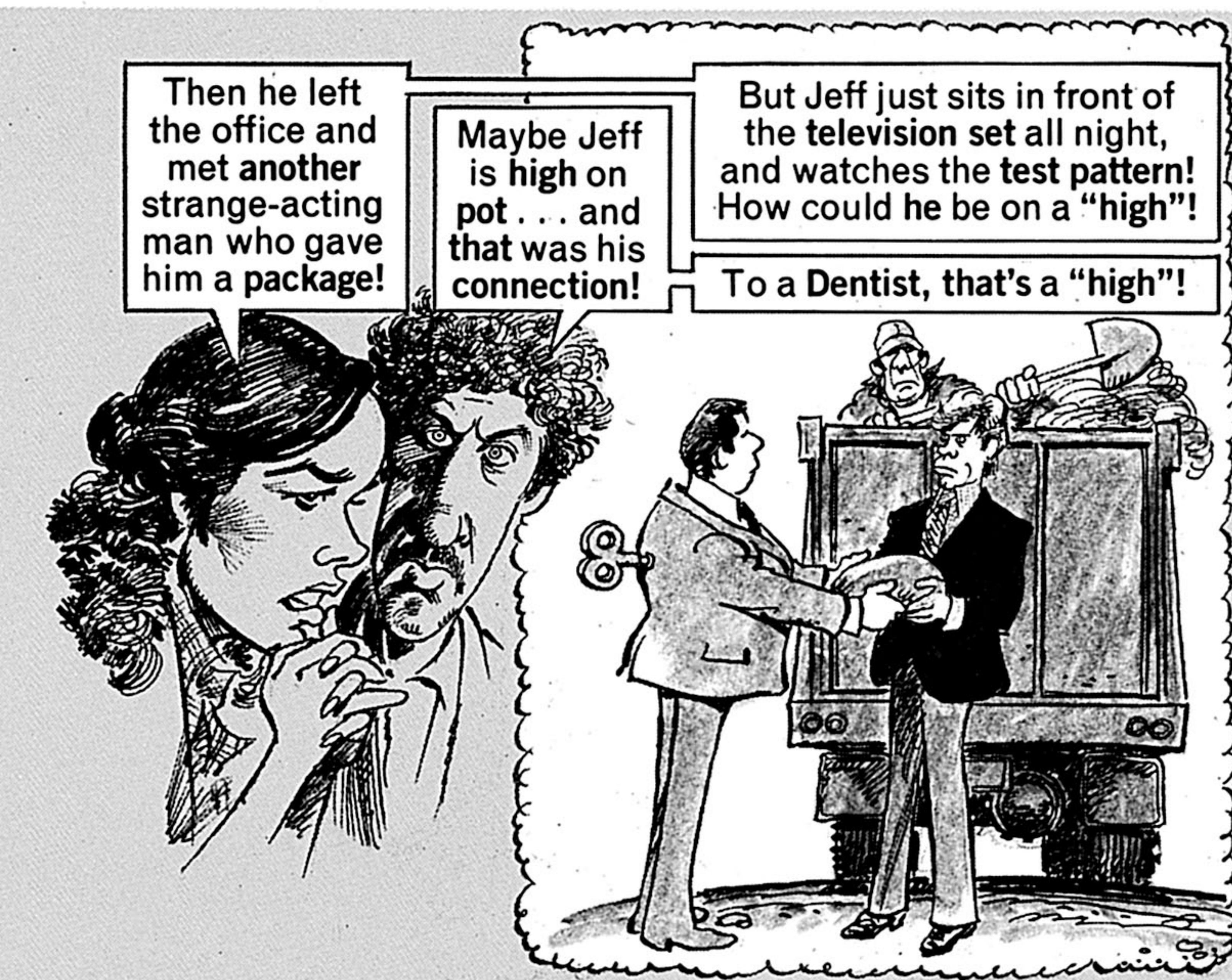
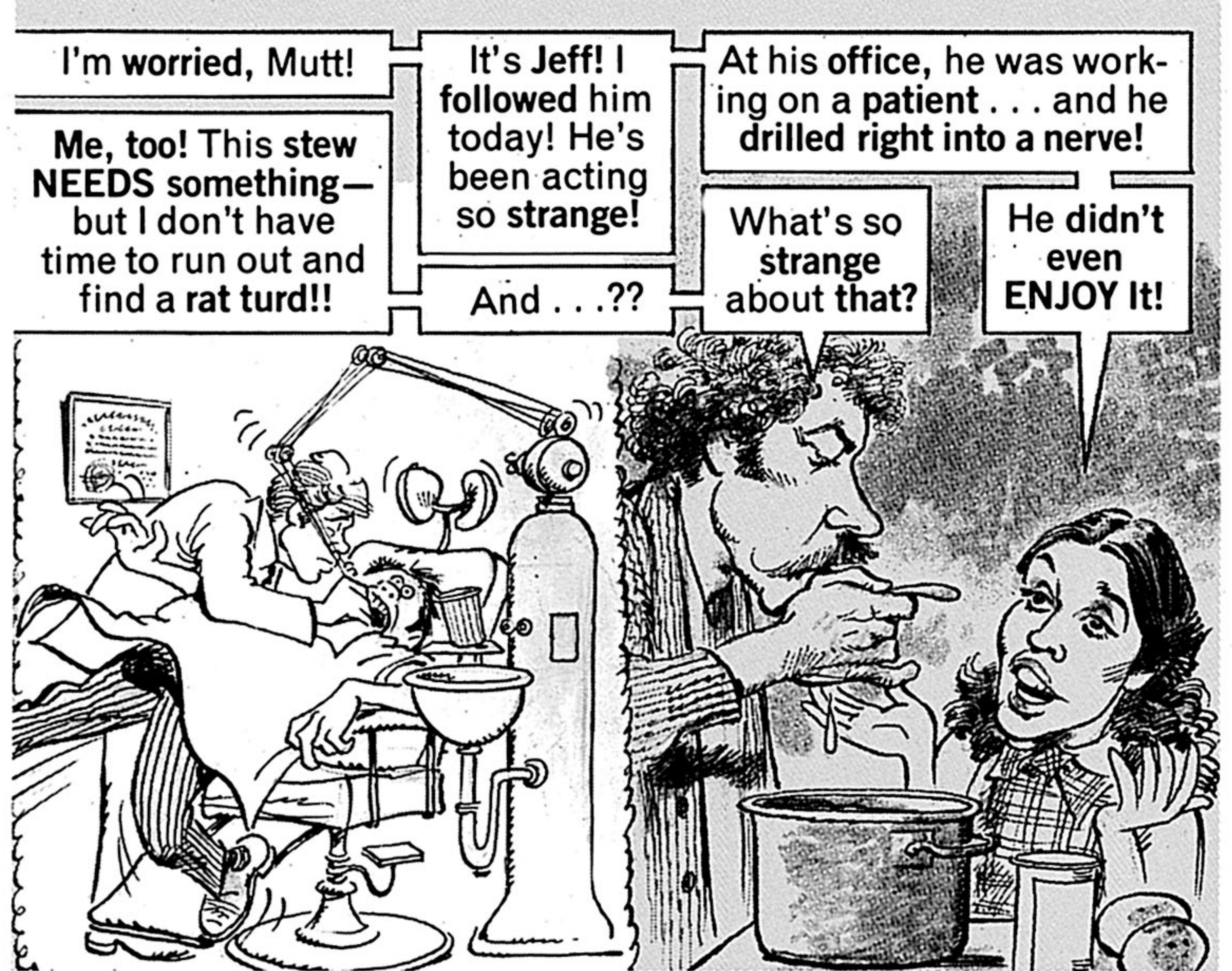


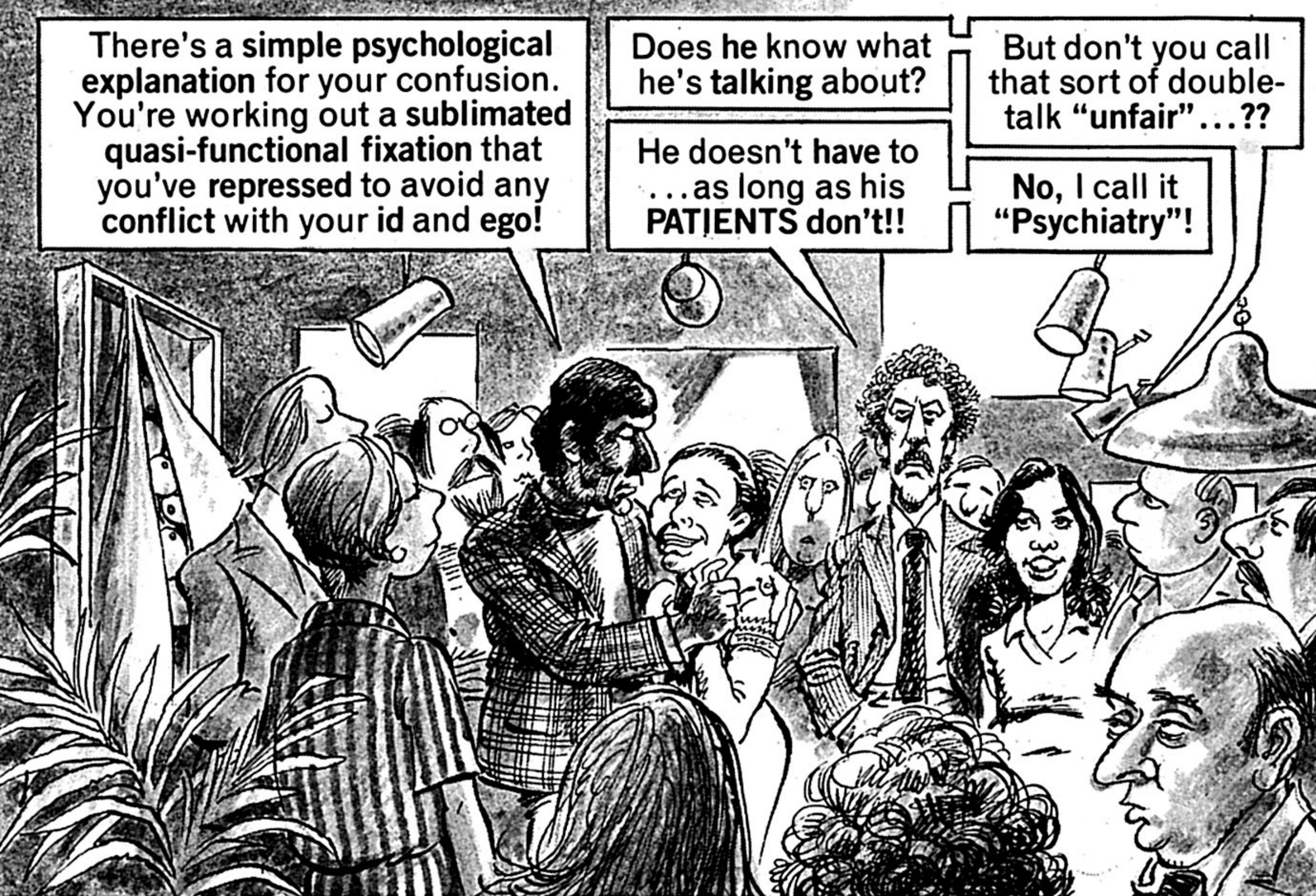
Invasion Of The Booty Snatchers

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: STAN HART



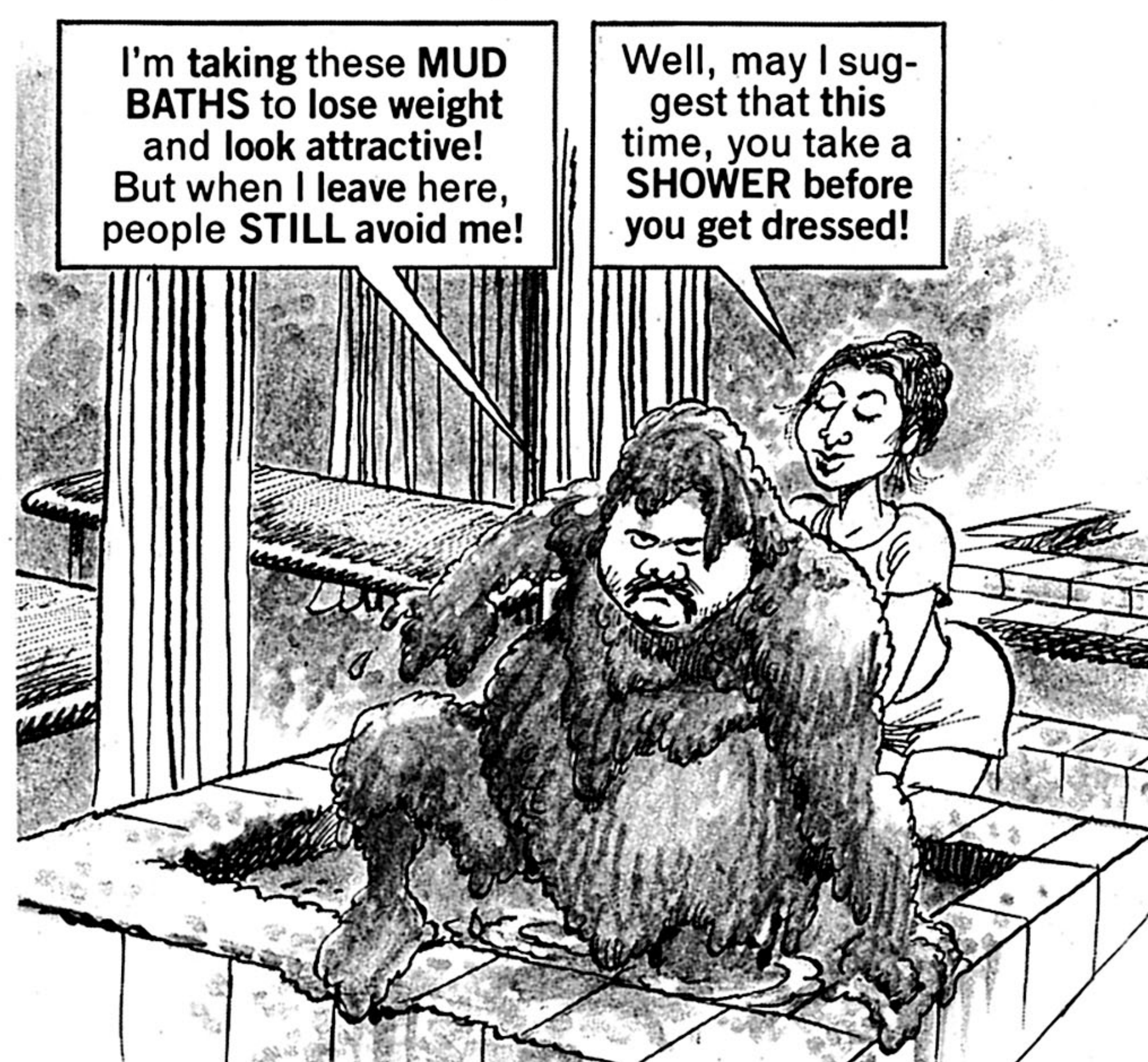




There's a simple psychological explanation for your confusion. You're working out a sublimated quasi-functional fixation that you've repressed to avoid any conflict with your id and ego!

Does he know what he's talking about?
He doesn't have to ... as long as his PATIENTS don't!!

But don't you call that sort of double-talk "unfair" ...??
No, I call it "Psychiatry"!



I'm taking these MUD BATHS to lose weight and look attractive! But when I leave here, people STILL avoid me!

Well, may I suggest that this time, you take a SHOWER before you get dressed!



I called you, Mutt, because something horrible happened! Under this sheet is the most revolting, ugliest creature I have ever seen...

Come on, now! You must be exaggerating!
Here...! See for yourself!

Good Lord!! You're right! That IS disgusting!!

Yeah?! Well, you don't look so hot yourself!!

Oooops! Sorry!! Wrong table!!



Yecch! Someone whirled to death by a Cotton Candy machine!

But he's not dead! He's alive! He opened his eyes, looked at me, then closed them!

That just proves the creature has intelligence!
Why do you say that?

No one in his right mind wants to look at you without your MAKE-UP on!!



My God! There's Liz... and next to her, an exact duplicate of her! Except that the DUPLICATE is completely NUDE!

I've got to get her OUT of here, and go somewhere safe... where we can start a new life and have fantastically wonderful times together!!

No... on second thought... maybe I better save LIZ!!



You must stay awake! Please! You can't sleep!

Because it will be so terrible! First, when you sleep, they steal your body! And worse—

When you wake up, your BREATH is so AWFUL!!

Why not...?

What, Mutt? What...?

Dr. Schmock, you really don't believe that an alien force is making duplicate bodies out of all of us?

That's utter nonsense! How do they accomplish it...??

They make the exchange when people fall asleep!!

Ah-hah! That shows you how **WRONG** you are!

How come?

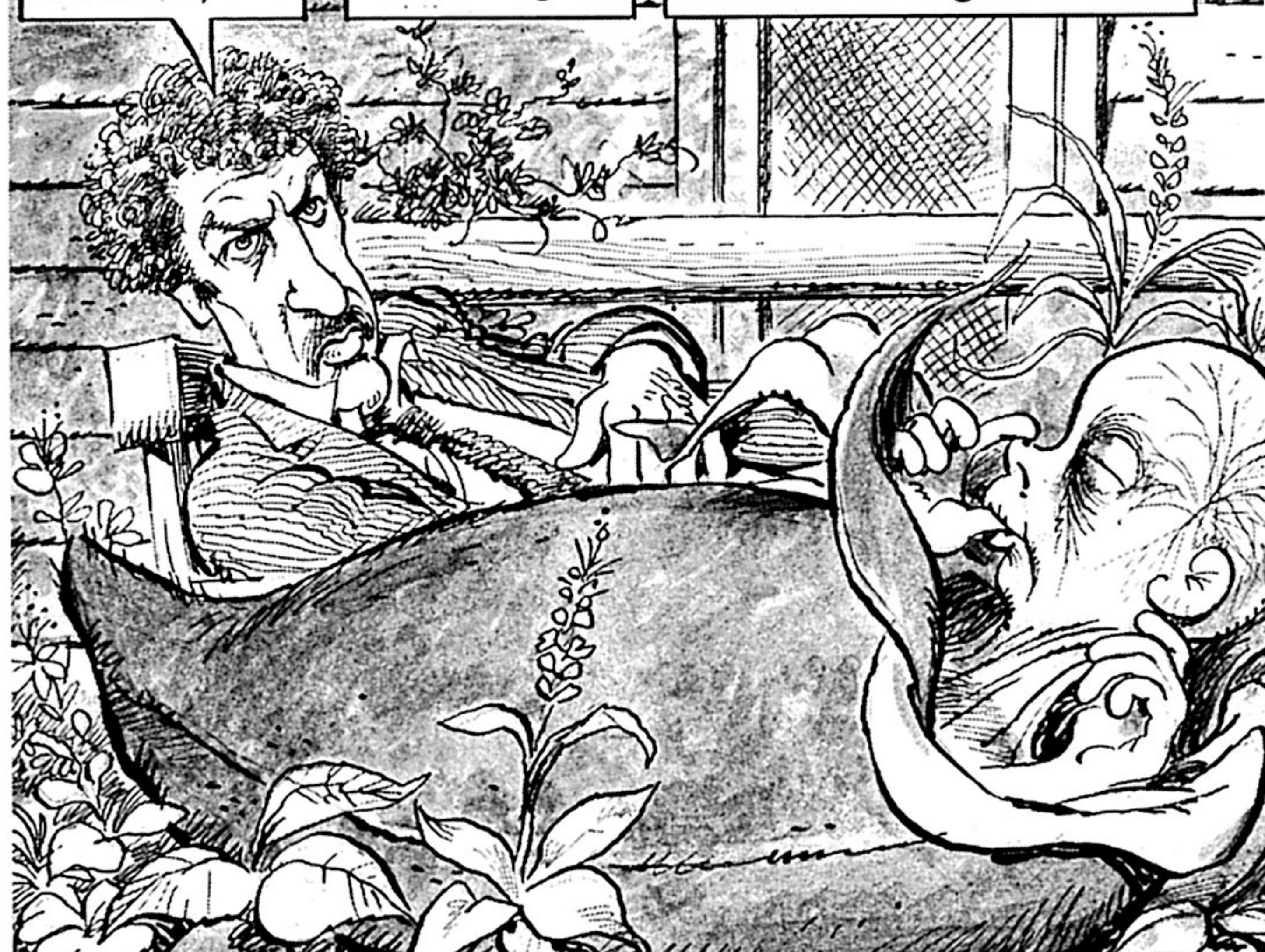
If they did that, the entire audience of this dull movie out there would be duplicated by now!!



So that's how it's done, eh?

Well, I'll say one thing...

It certainly takes the fun out of making babies!!



They've completely changed the method of reproduction!

Oh, well! If you can't fight 'em...join 'em!

Hi, there! You come here often? You want to go to my place for a drink? You believe in sex on the first date?

Please...not tonight! I have a **POD ACHE!**

Gee...it hasn't changed all that much!!



Now, they've gone too far...making a disgusting-looking idiotic creature like that! It must be **DESTROYED!**

Why are you doing that dreadful thing?

I've **GOT TO!!** So far, this has been a horror film without any horror, a science-fiction film without any science-fiction, and a suspense film without any suspense!

At least if we have some **VIOLENCE**, people won't mistake it for a Disney film!



It's all so terrible...stealing people's bodies and making them into creatures who become submissive and say absolutely nothing!

I can think of only one case where it would do some good!

Which one?



THAT one!!





Gasp!
Gasp!
We'll
be
safe
here!

Remember
now, you
can't fall
asleep
for even
a moment!

Really? Then why did
you make me run all
over town and get
tired out, instead
of just hiding...?!

I was worried about
your resistance...!

You wanted
to build
it up?

No...
tear it
down!



Here's some-
thing that
will help
you...!
Take six of
these pills!

What are they...??

Uppers! They'll keep
us awake until morn-
ing! And better take
one of these also!

What's this for...?

Birth control!
It'll keep us
BUSY until
morning!!



So the
famous
Doctor
is
actually
the
LEADER
of the
INVADERS!

That's correct!
We've come from
another planet—
blown here by
seeds—and we
intend to take
over your Earth
—city by city!

So, first you
take over San
Francisco and
make everyone
here into the
same mindless
empty person!

That's right!

And
then
you
take
over
New
York!

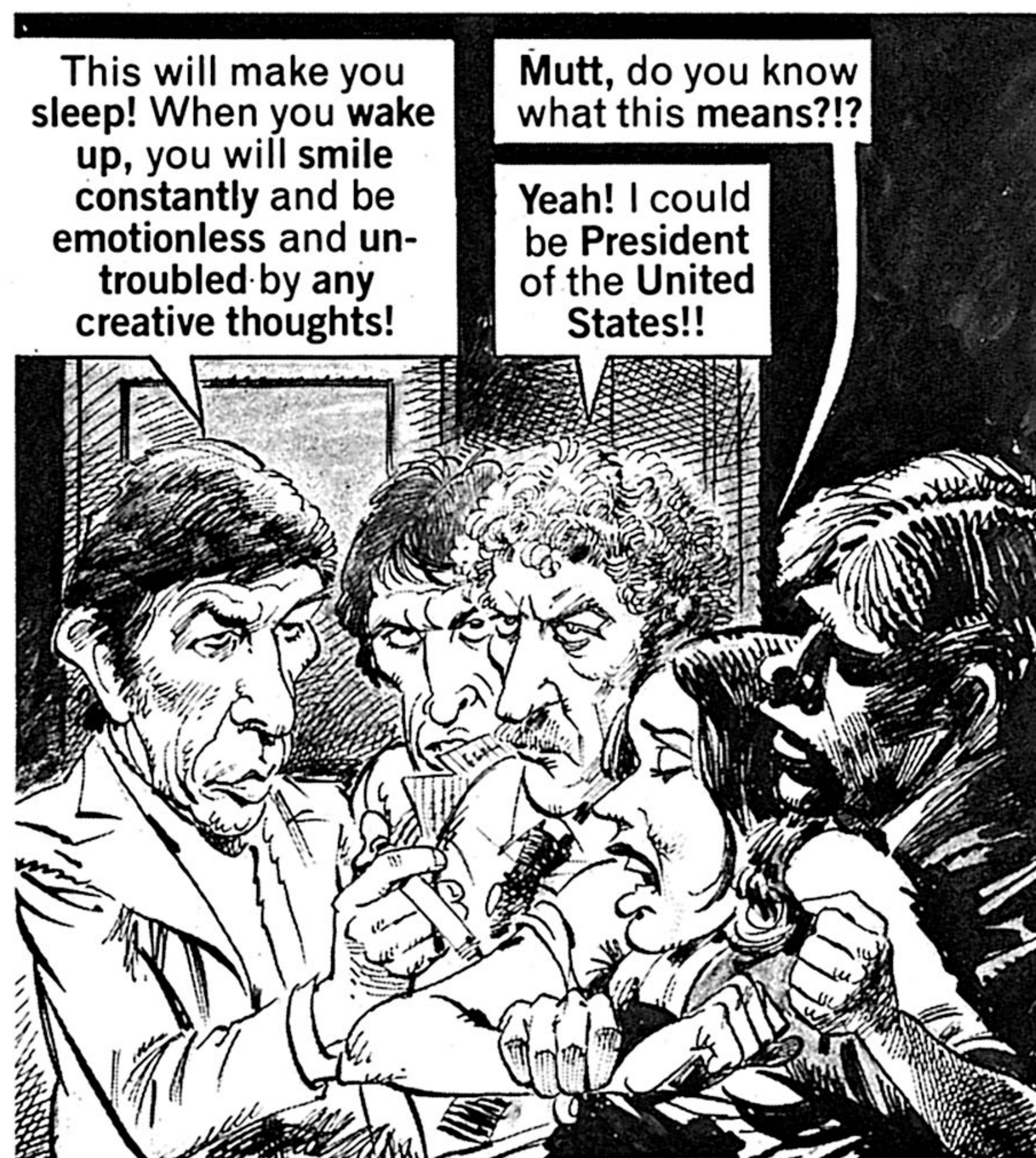
Right!

And
then
you
take
over
Chi-
cago!

Right!

And then...
Los Angeles!

Wrong! We
don't have
to! In Los
Angeles,
they're that
way already!



This will make you
sleep! When you wake
up, you will smile
constantly and be
emotionless and un-
troubled by any
creative thoughts!

Mutt, do you know
what this means?!?

Yeah! I could
be President
of the United
States!!



Take that...! And that...!!

If I had any "normal" human
senses, I would have said "Ow!"

If you had **ANY** sense
at **ALL**, you wouldn't
have been in this movie
in the **FIRST** place!!



Run, Liz! Keep on running!!

What's the use?! They're
going to kill us anyway!!

But—gasp—look at
the brighter side!!

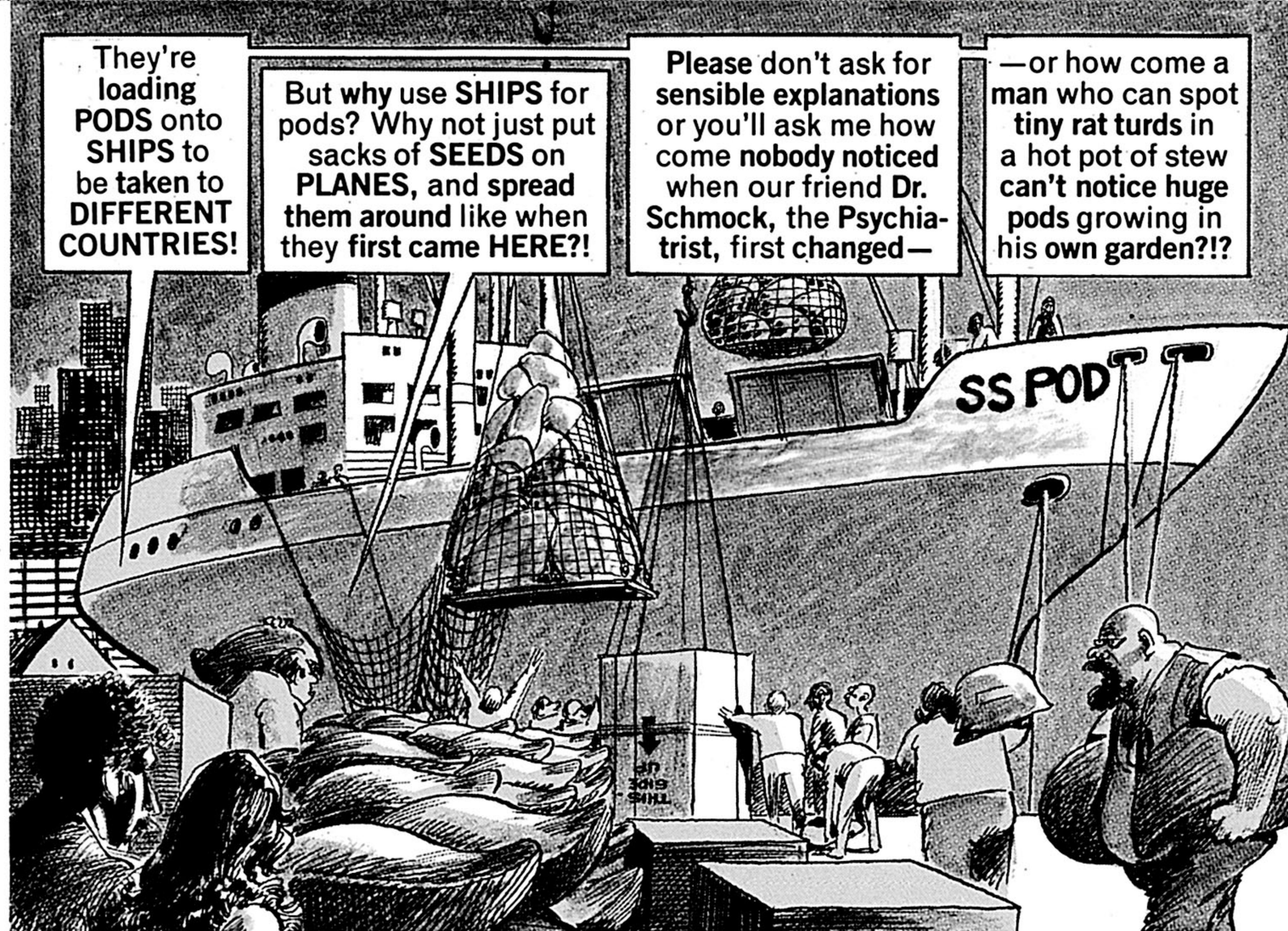
What brighter side?

When you **DIE**
—puff-puff—
you'll be in
GREAT SHAPE!



Don't show any emotion... or they'll know for sure we're not one of them!

I haven't seen so many numb-looking people since my **ALGEBRA Class** in High School!!



They're loading **PODS** onto **SHIPS** to be taken to **DIFFERENT COUNTRIES!**

But why use **SHIPS** for pods? Why not just put sacks of **SEEDS** on **PLANES**, and spread them around like when they first came **HERE?!**

Please don't ask for sensible explanations or you'll ask me how come nobody noticed when our friend Dr. Schmock, the Psychiatrist, first changed—

—or how come a man who can spot tiny rat turds in a hot pot of stew can't notice huge pods growing in his own garden?!!



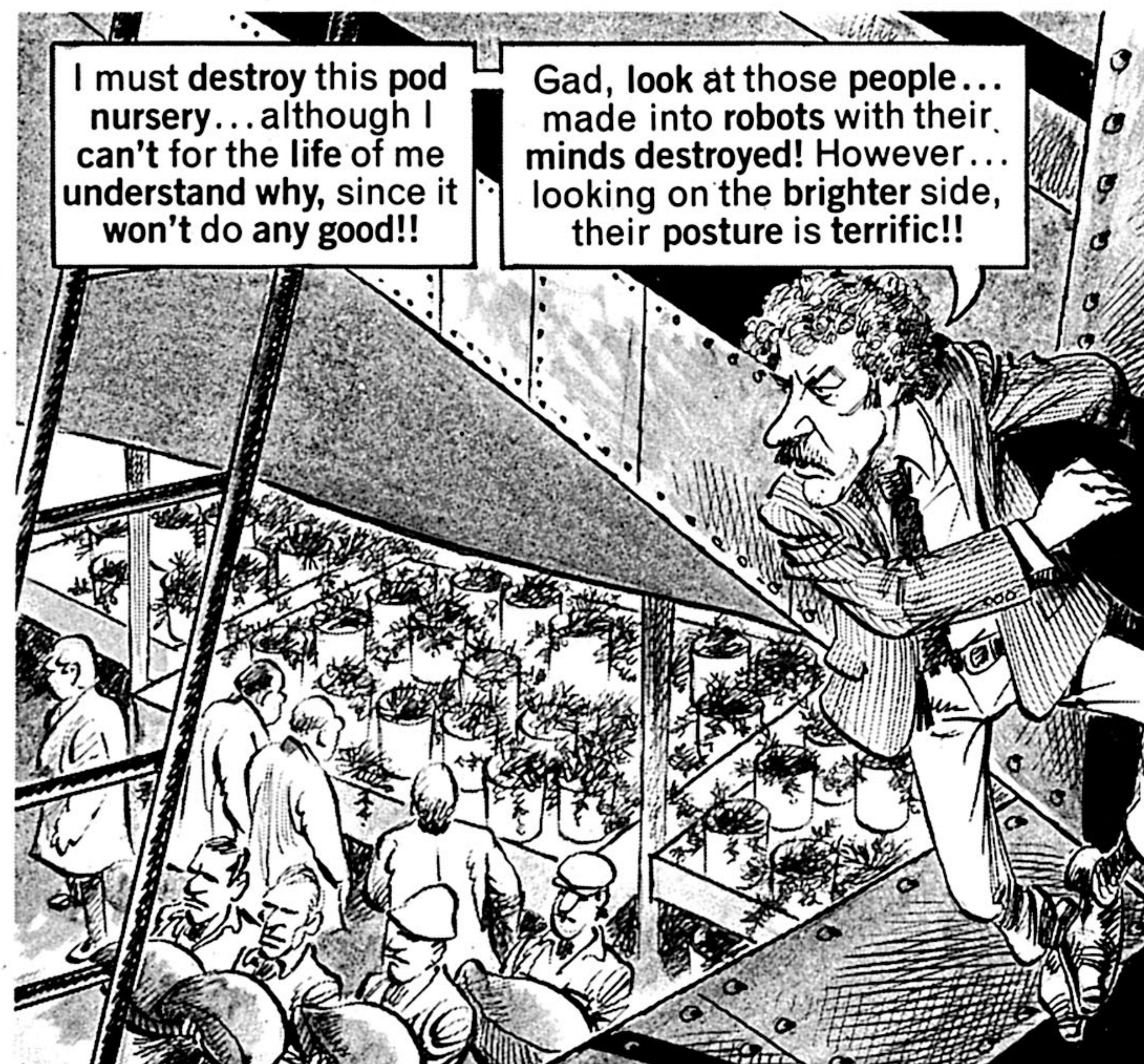
Liz... wake up! Wake up!

But if you do, you'll leave me forever! Liz... there's something I want to tell you!

I did! But on second thought, I just want to say... "Sweet Dreams!"... and "YICCH!"

I—I can't! I—have to sleep...

You... you want to tell me... that... you love me...?

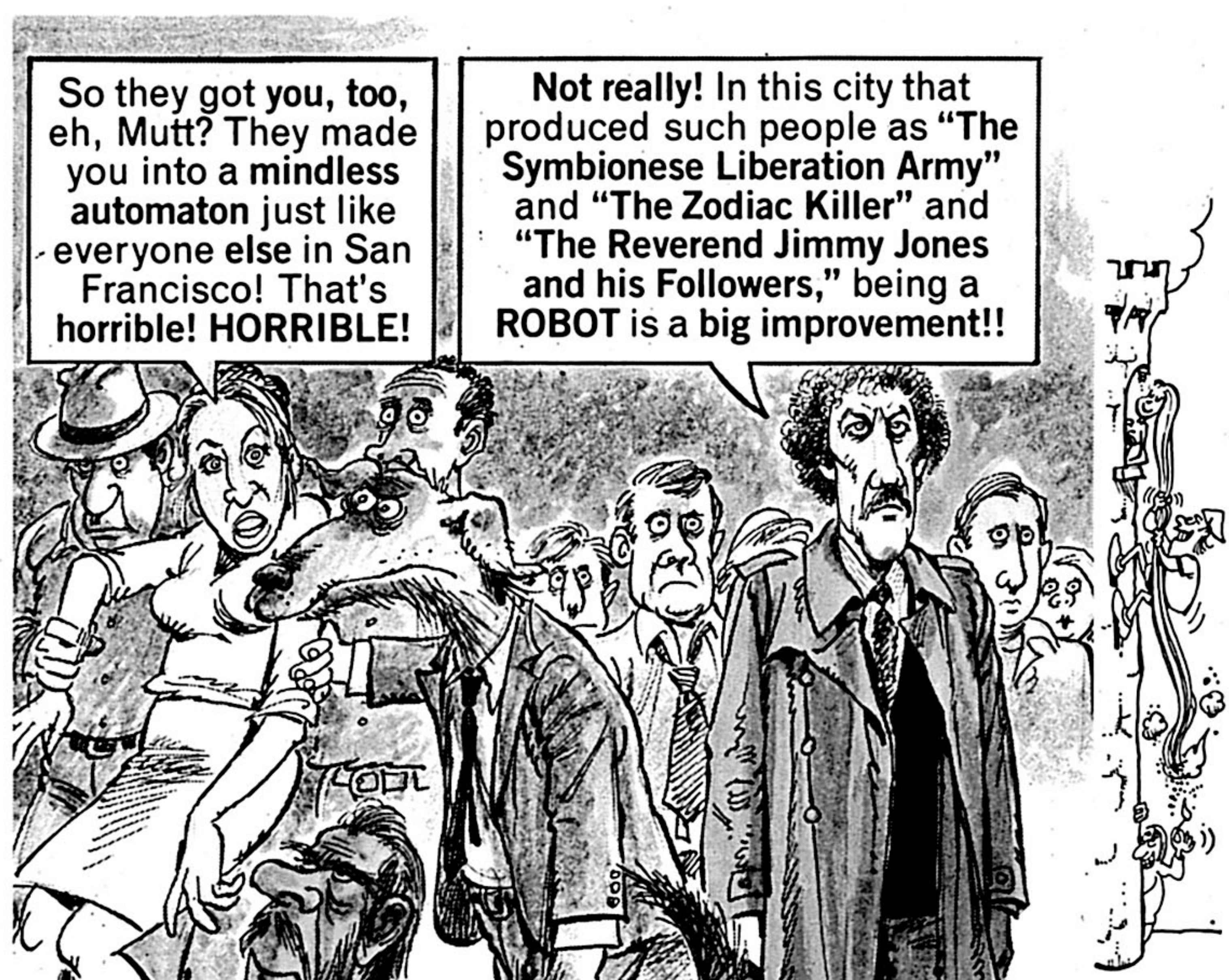


I must destroy this pod nursery... although I can't for the life of me understand why, since it won't do any good!!

Gad, look at those people... made into robots with their minds destroyed! However... looking on the brighter side, their posture is terrific!!



Mutt...! Mutt, it's me!! They didn't get me! Mutt! Mutt...?



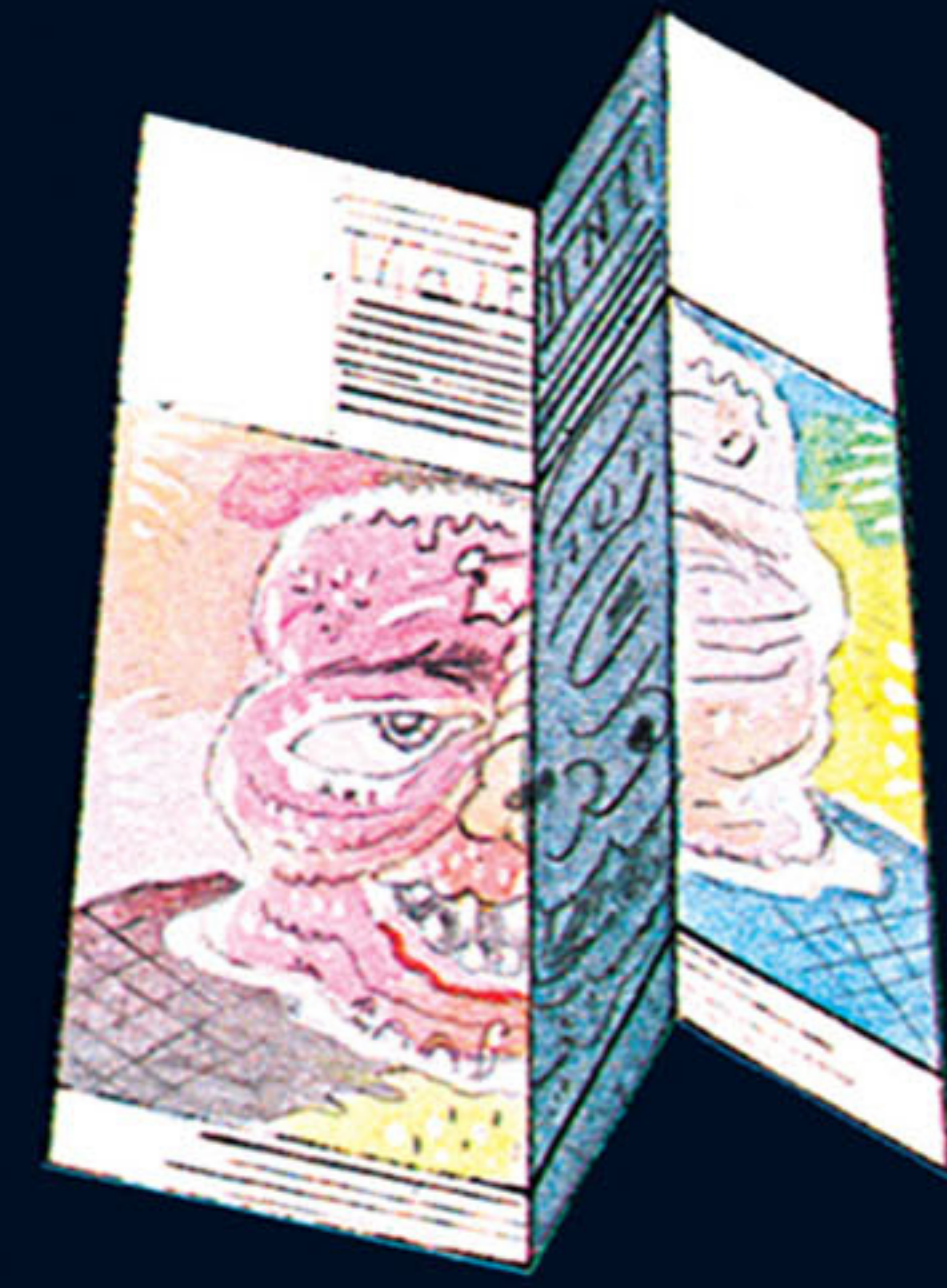
So they got you, too, eh, Mutt? They made you into a mindless automaton just like everyone else in San Francisco! That's horrible! **HORRIBLE!**

Not really! In this city that produced such people as "The Symbionese Liberation Army" and "The Zodiac Killer" and "The Reverend Jimmy Jones and his Followers," being a **ROBOT** is a big improvement!!

**WHERE SHOULD
MOST MODERN
CLASSIC
EXPLOITATION
HORROR FILMS
BE KEPT?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Today's "Horror Film" is a special art form, and it deserves a special place all its own. To find out exactly what that place is, fold in page as shown.

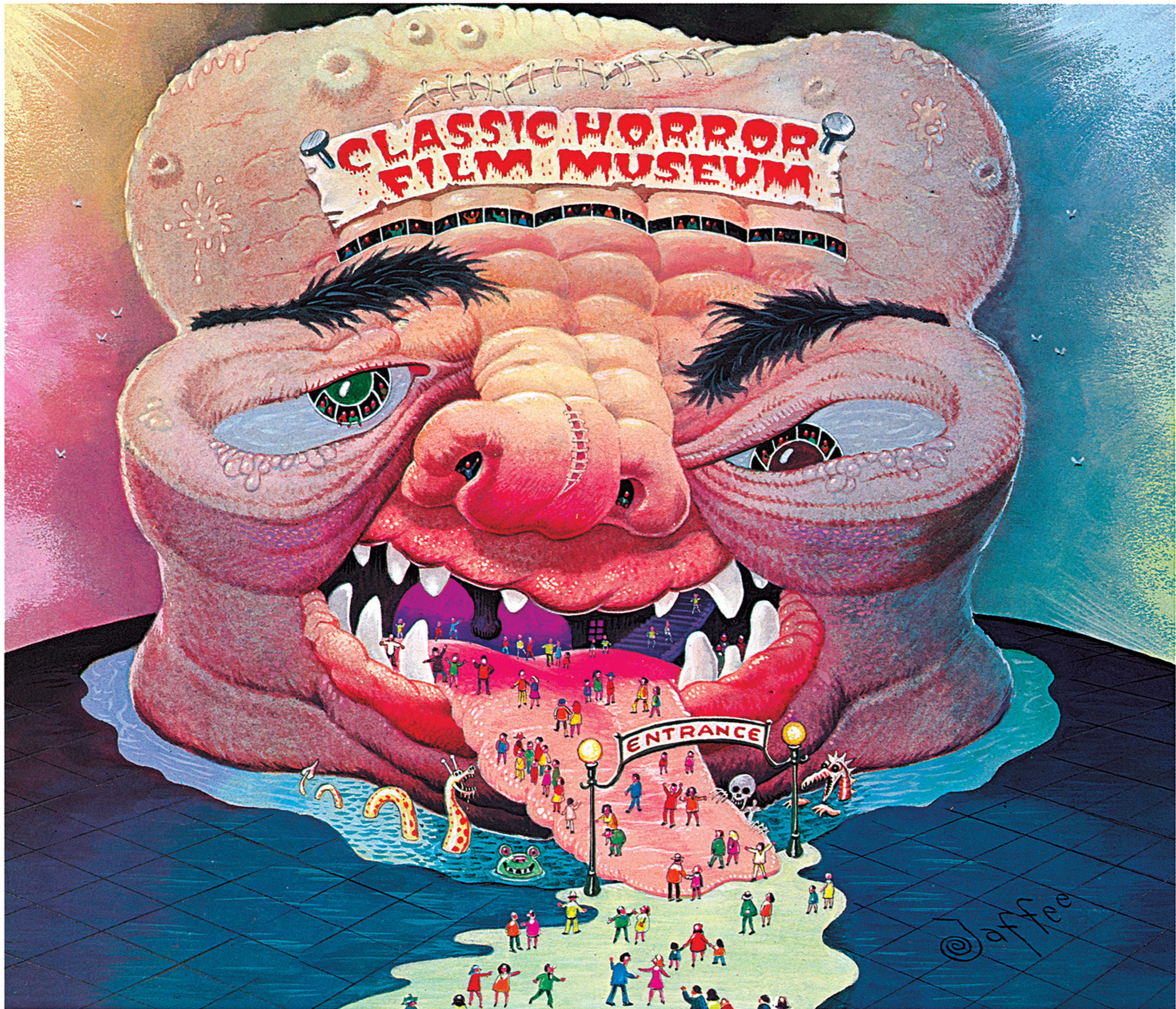


FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

INTEREST IN "HORROR FILMS" IS GROWING
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A SAFE PLACE FOR FUTURE FILM FANS.

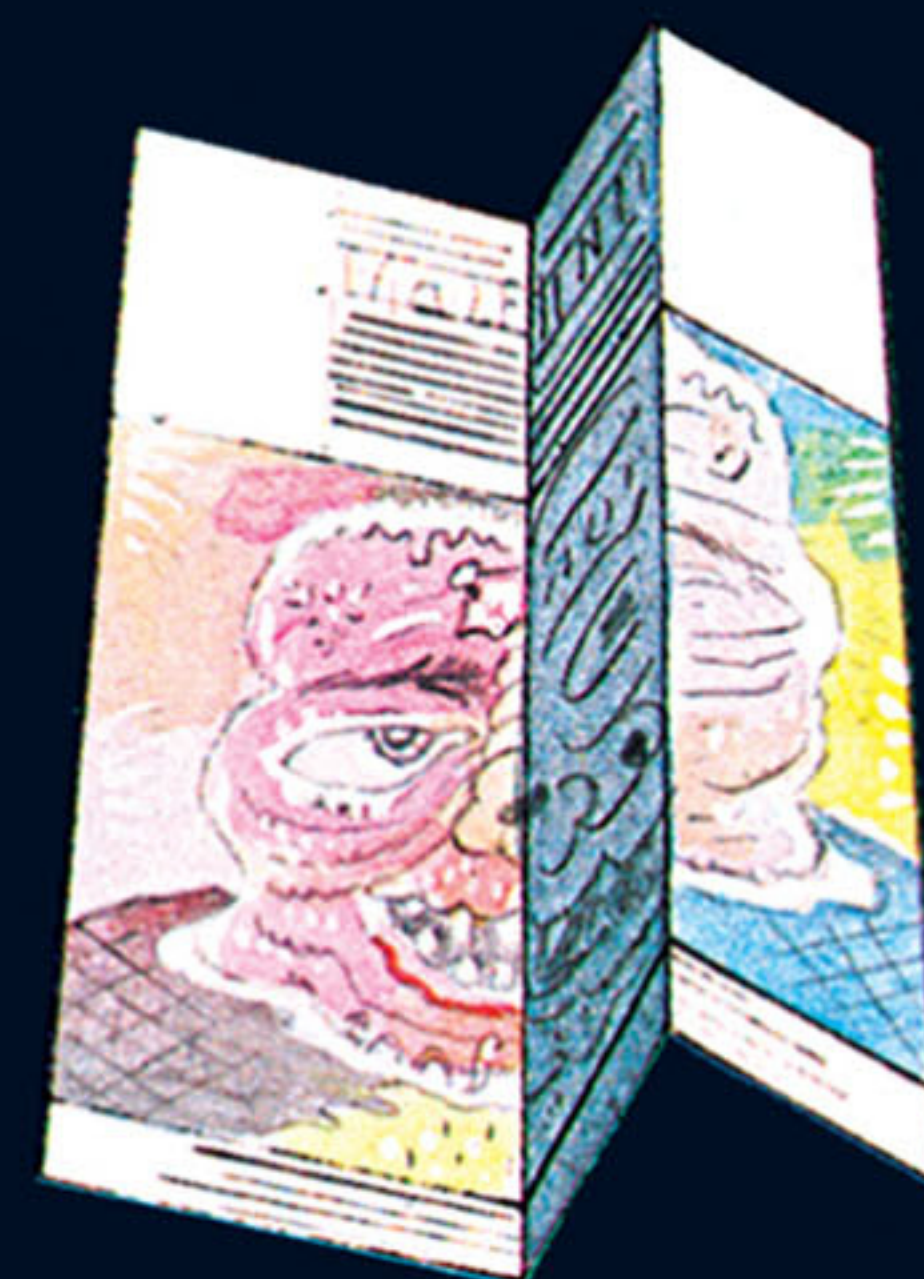
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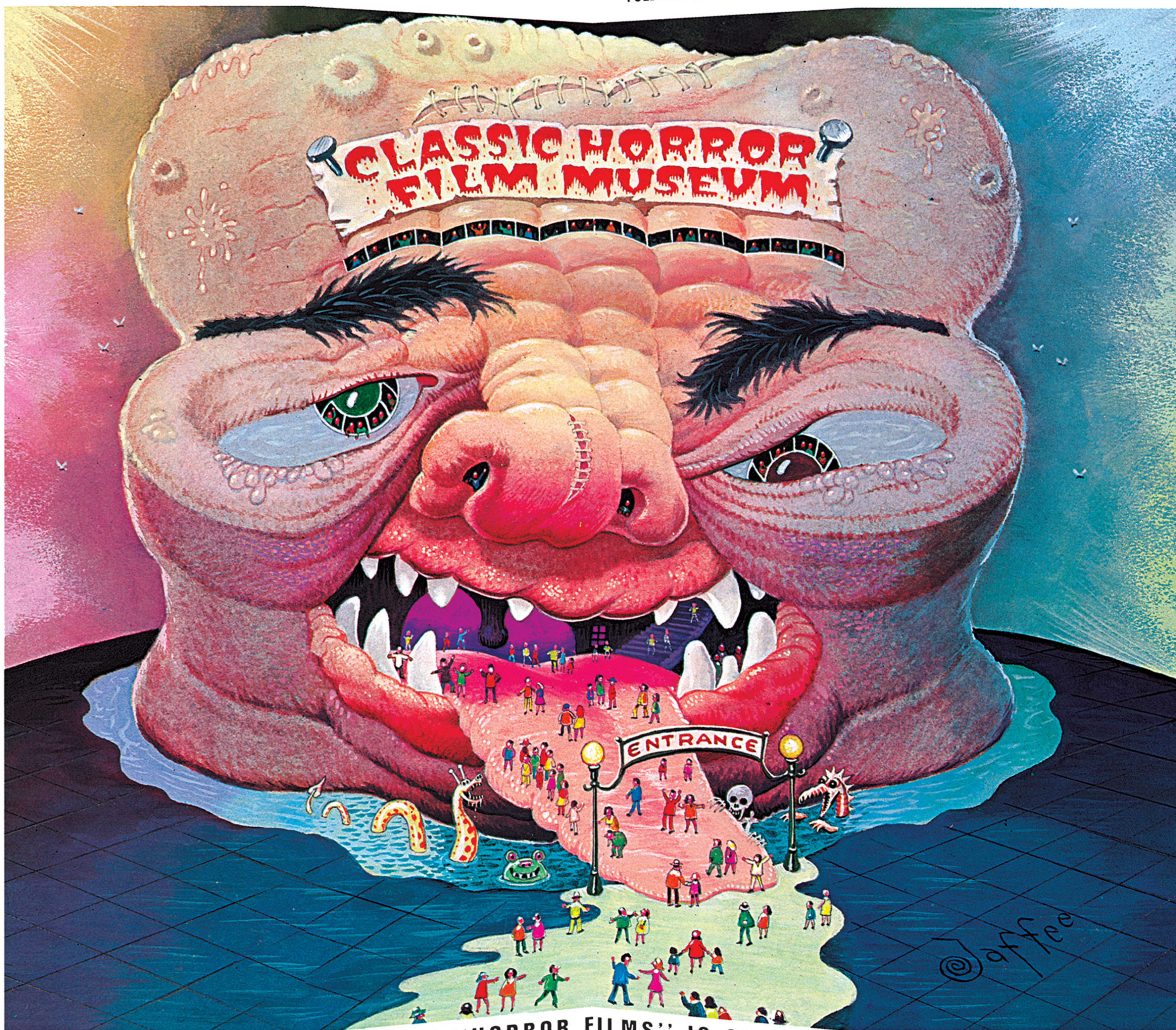


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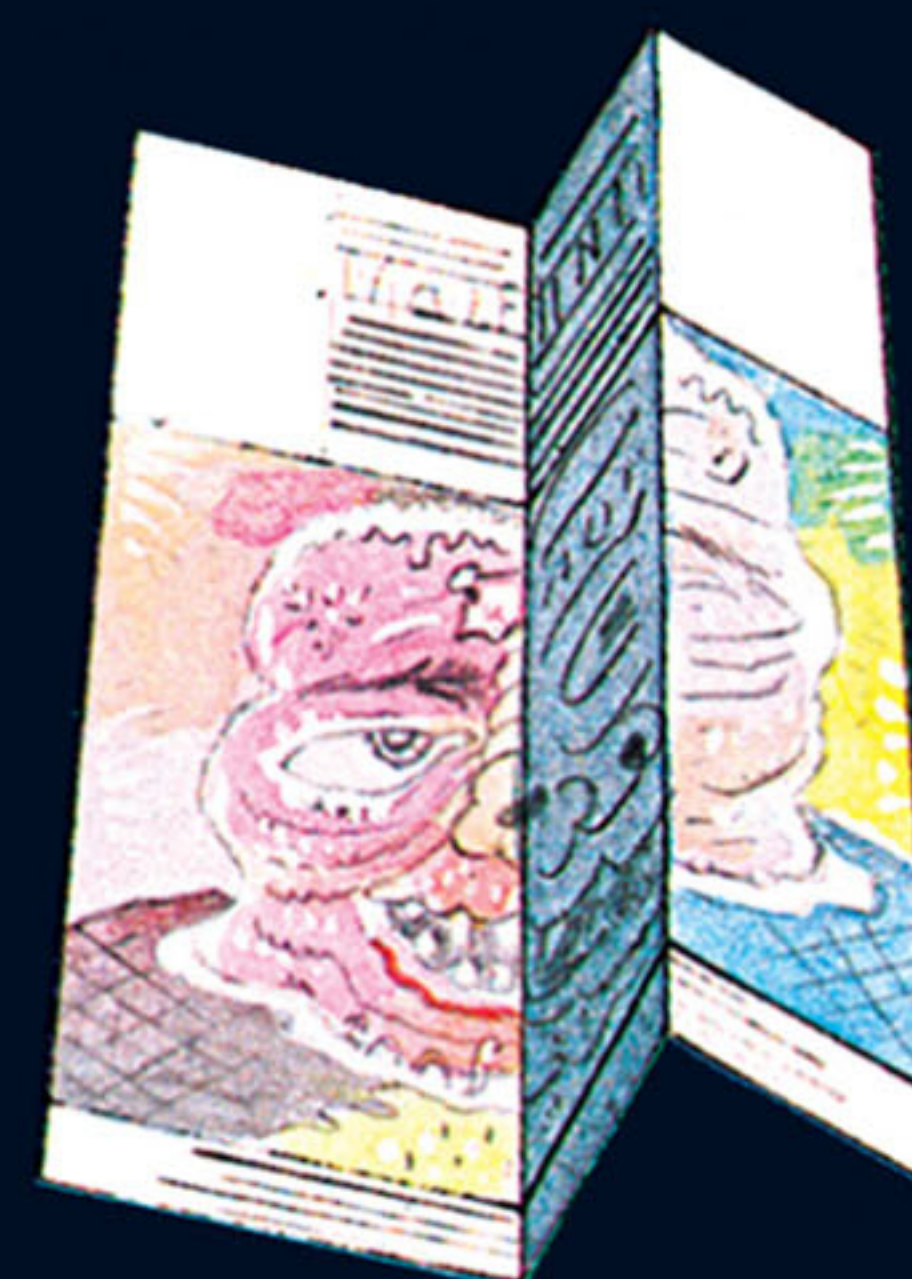
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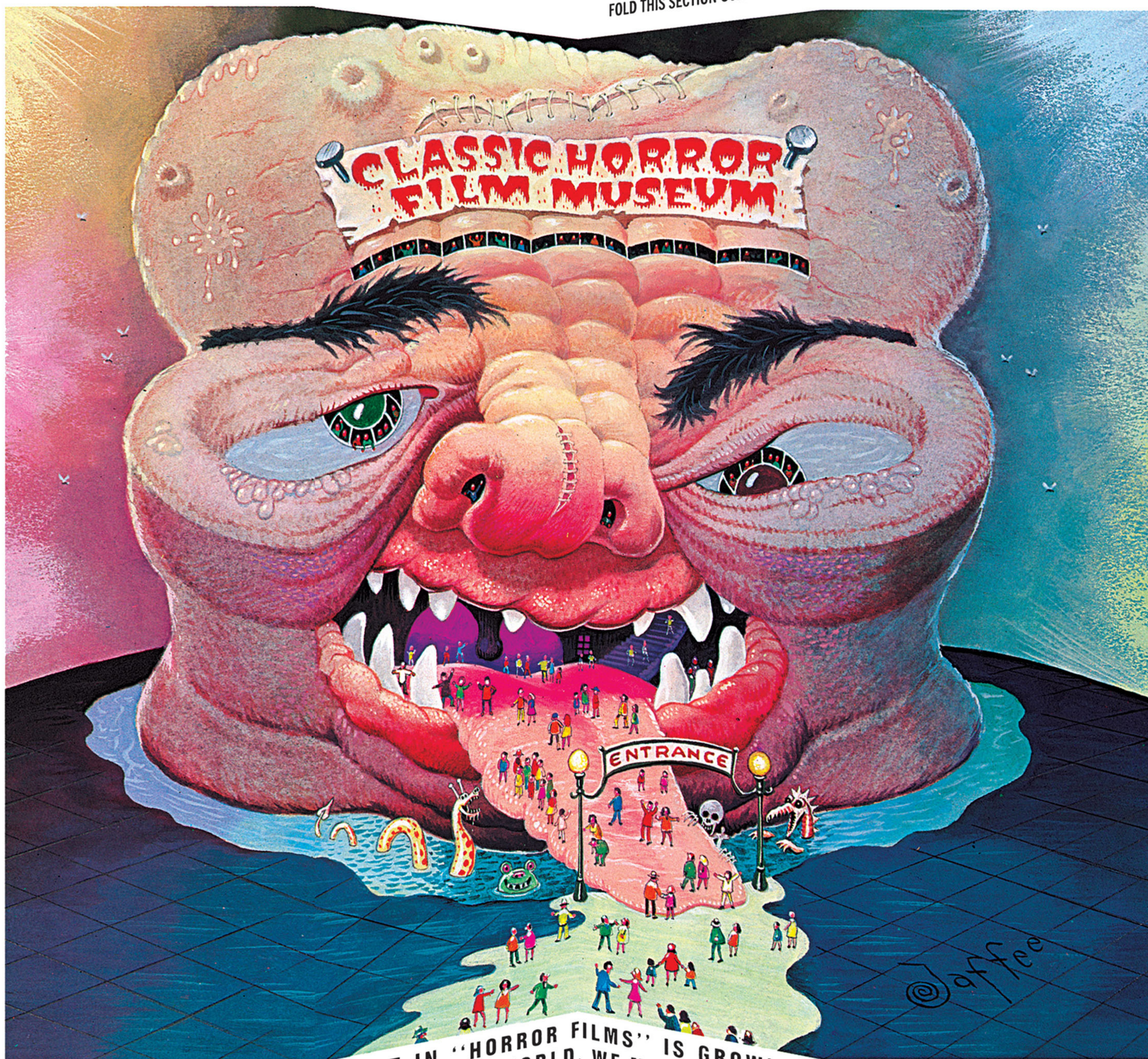


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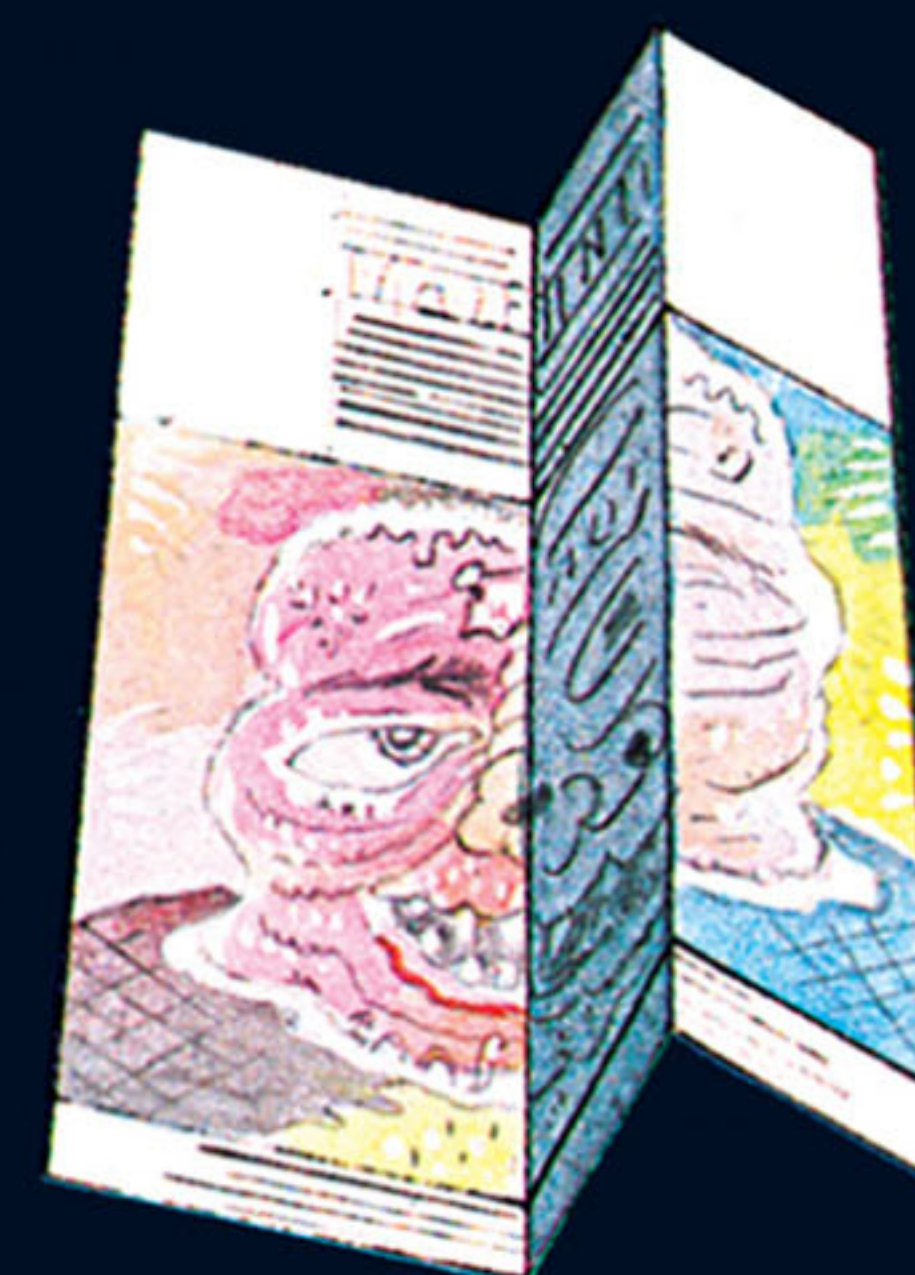
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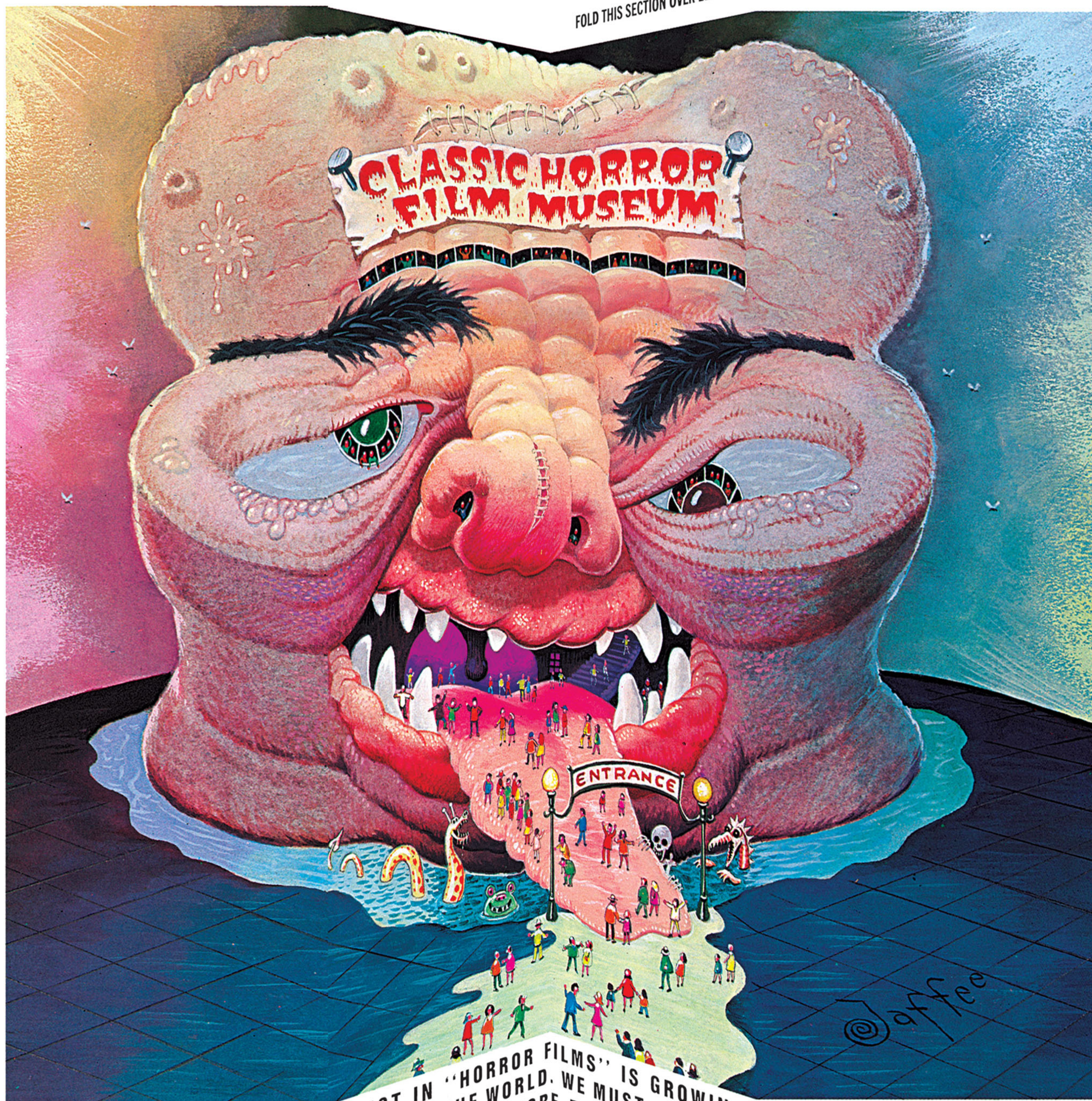


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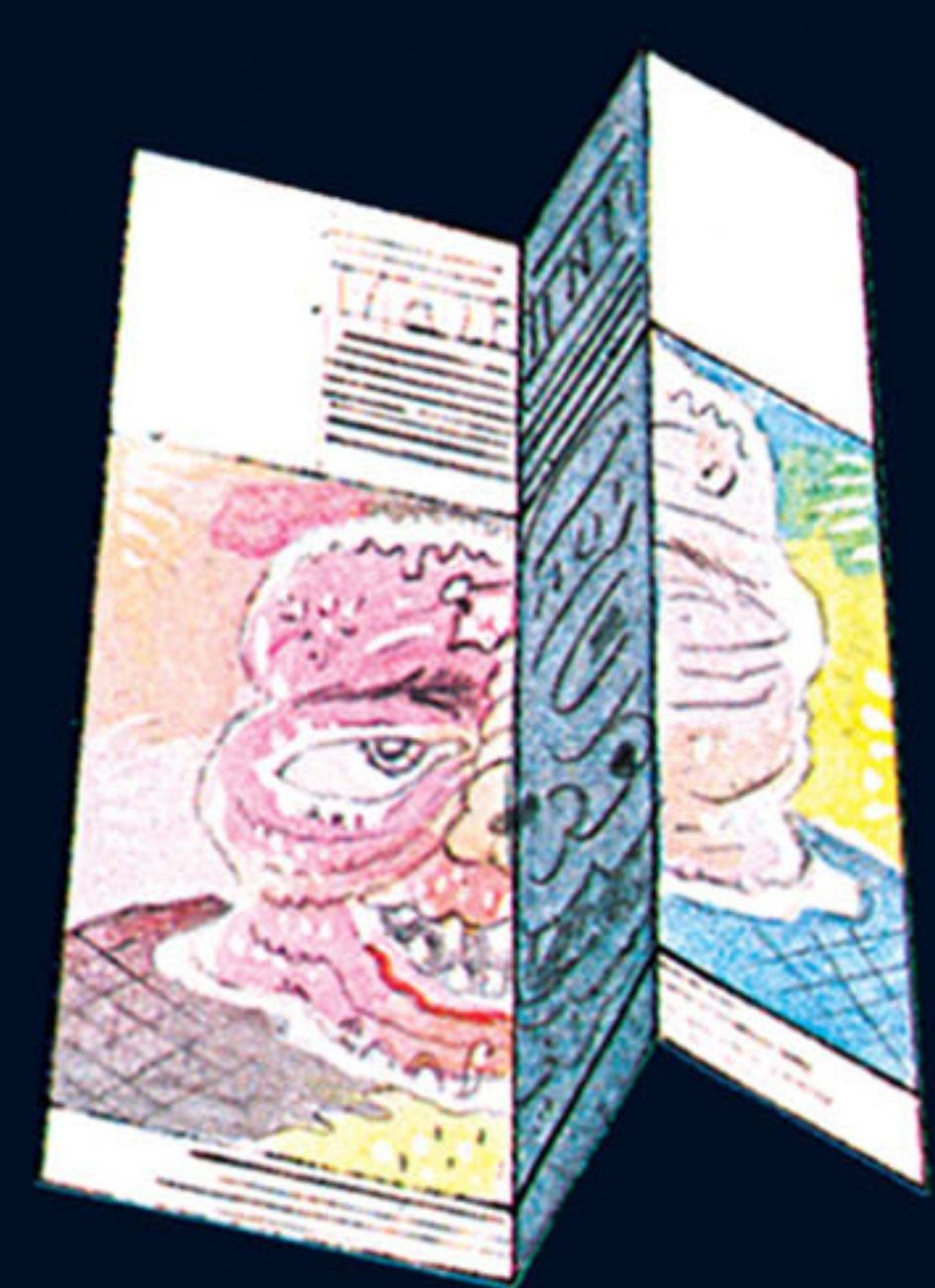
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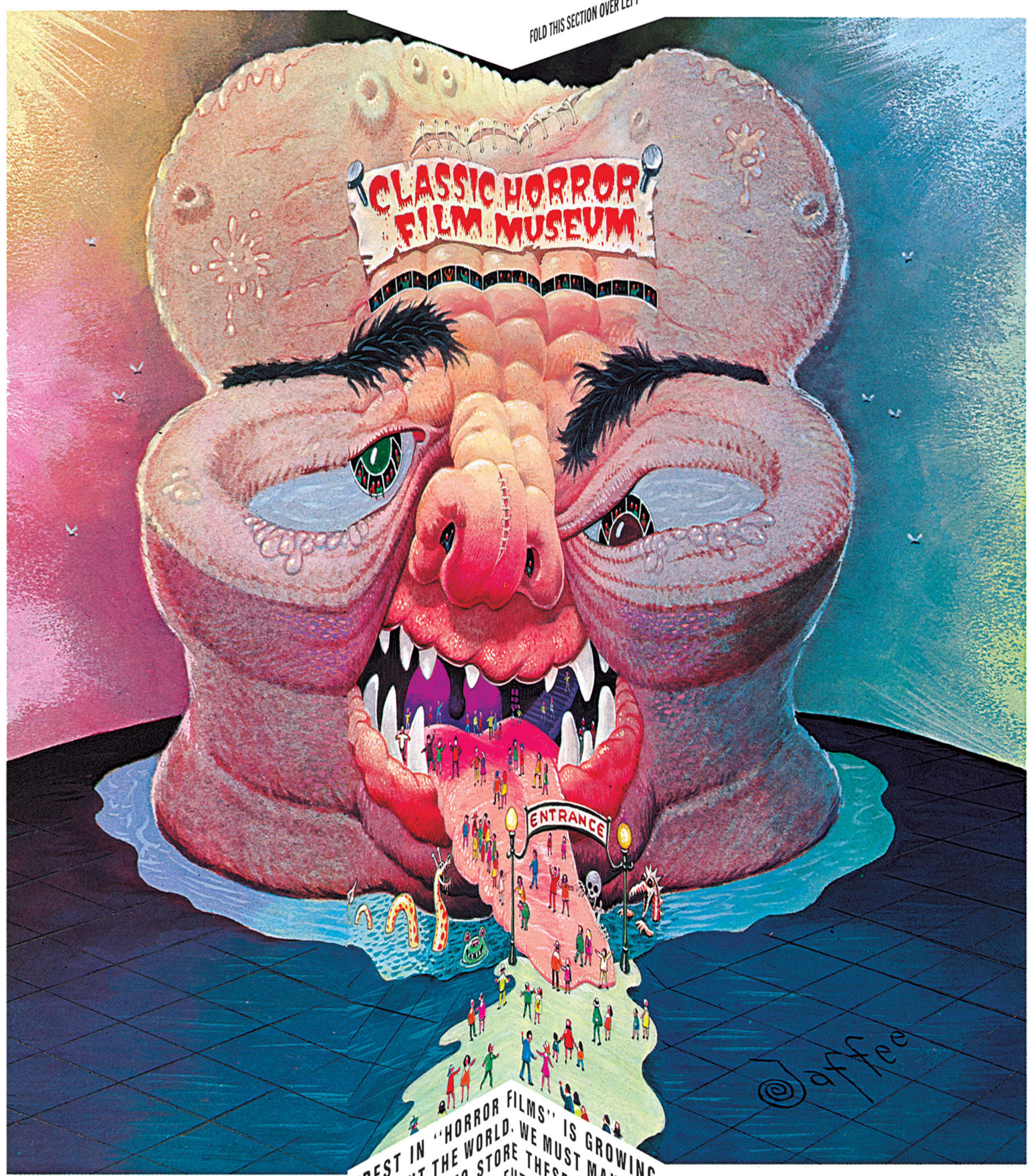


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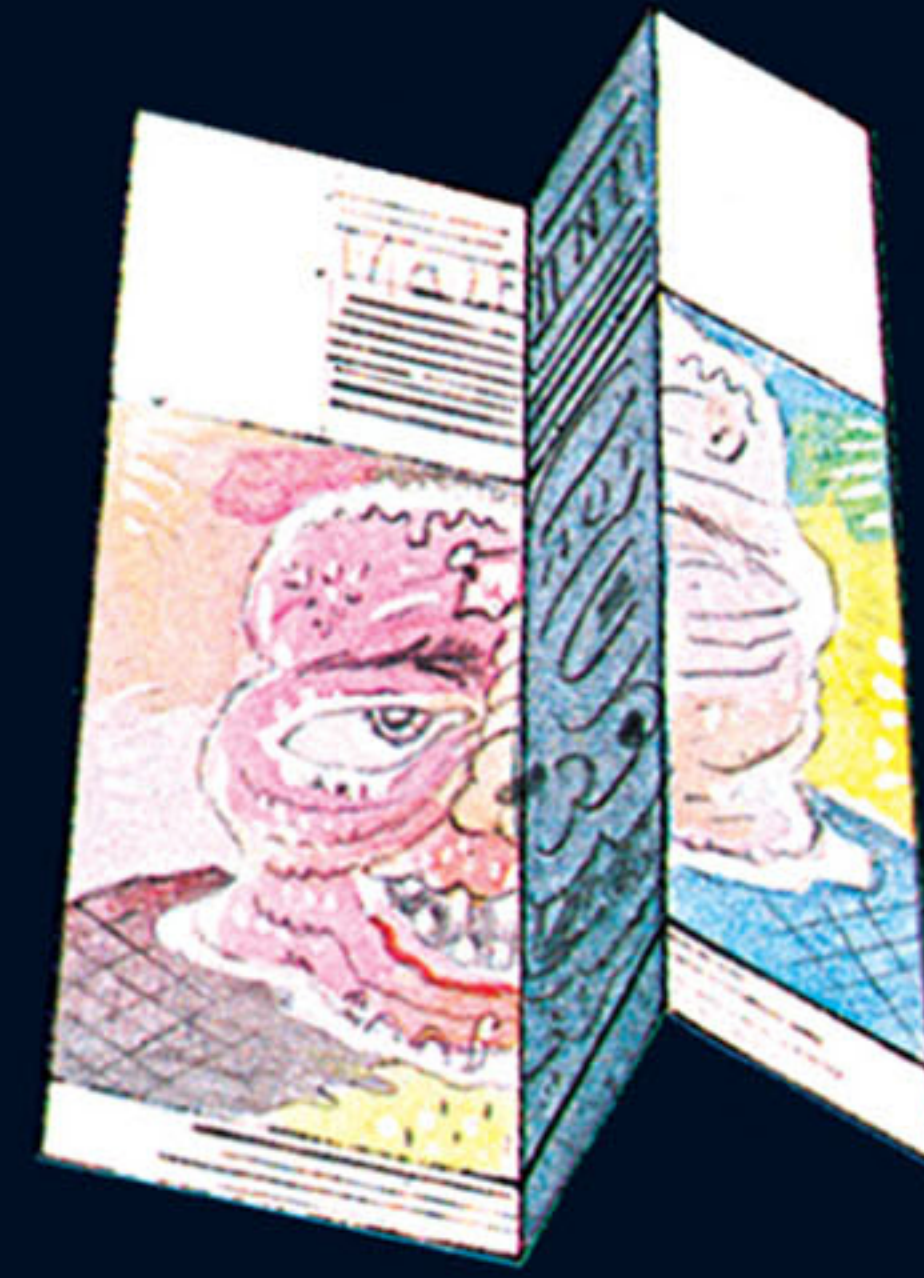
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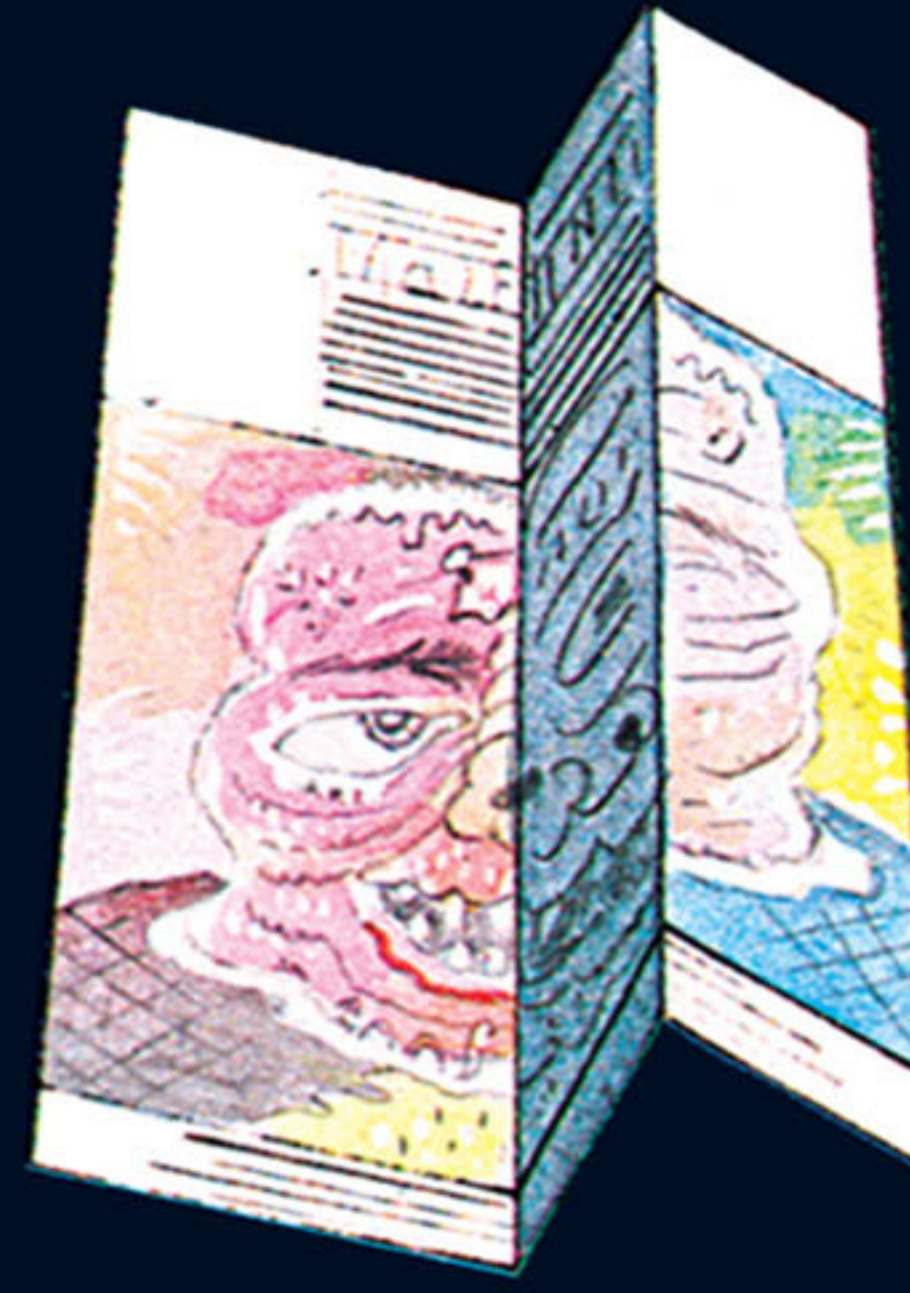
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**IN
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CAN**

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MAD

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...
THIS MONSTER!"

